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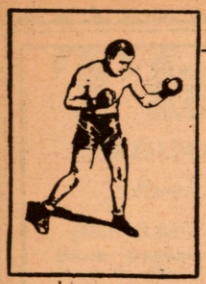

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World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Heavyweights again are in the spotlight. The most active champion of all time, Joe Louis, placed his title on the line against Arturo Godoy a few days after this issue went to press and as this number was distributed to the homes of our army of readers, another important contest, one between Max Baer and Tony Galento took place in New Jersey. Interest in both affairs was keen. You who couldn't see these fights will obtain first hand information, complete details, an analysis of each contest and six full pages of ringside photographs taken by our special staff. An issue you won't want to miss, is the September Number.

Back in the "good old days", Kid McCoy toured the world and made friends wherever he went. Among those he met both in the ring and socially and whose friendship he cherished, was our veteran correspondent from Australia, Bill Doherty, former middleweight champion of that land. Bill fought Kid in Johannesburg and was knocked out, but thereafter he and McCoy were like brothers. In a story full of human interest, "Memories of Kid McCoy", Doherty takes you back to the "roaring days" to give you "inside dope" on his pal who recently passed into the Great Beyond.

Ballyhoo—how is it accomplished? What means does a live-wire press agent pursue to instil new life into a bout of importance that needs considerable perking up? Hype Igoe will tell you why former champs like Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Abe Attell, Jack Johnson, Benny Leonard and others are brought into the picture at training camps and answer the query for you.

And special articles by other Ring writers—Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Ed Borden, Bob Edgren, Jr., and Ted Carroll. An issue with a punch. Don't miss it.

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Sweetwater Lew

Texan Who Staged a Blitzkrieg on Ambers, is Answer to the Promoters' Prayer—Katie, His Pretty Wife, Has Been Big Factor in Jenkins' Success

By T. W. MCNIEL

Larrupin' Lew Jenkins, world lightweight champion.

TOO bad old Horatio Alger isn't around today to take the case history of the new lightweight champion, Lew Jenkins, and weave it into one of those "up-from-the-ranks" boyhood thrillers that was all the rage a generation ago. Too bad, too, that old John L. Sullivan, who used to declare in no uncertain terms that the little fellows had gone to pot with the passing of Kid Lavigne, Terry McGovern and Battling Nelson, wasn't parked in a ringside seat the other night when Larrupin' Lew Jenkins staged a blitzkrieg on the personage of Lou Ambers in Madison Square Garden.

So sensational and meteoric has been Jenkins' rise to fistic fame and fortune that we have half a notion to vacate Jimmy Braddock's title as boxing's Cinderella Man and give it to Sweetwater Lew. This, despite the fact that the cuss has kept us in hock for the past year betting that he'd get his ears batted off the next time he went to post.

We had heard a lot of this Lew Jenkins when he was batting out a meager existence in the bush-league circuit of southwest Texas. Most of the reports ran in the same vein—that while he could sock a bit with either mitt, the guy would be murdered by the first fellow he came in contact with who knew his way from one corner to the other.

Then one night we saw where Bobby Britton, son of the old welter king, stopped the Sweetwater Walloper in eight heats. That confirmed our already formed opinion that Jenkins wouldn't do. We promptly forgot the hombre. And when, a few weeks later, we saw where Chino Alvarez knocked him kicking in eight heats, we knew definitely then that Lew Jenkins might as well hang 'em up.

* * *

THEN, as time rolled by, we saw where one Lew Jenkins was swapping wallops with Mike Belloise in New York City. We felt sorry for the guy, though we did admire his guts. This Belloise was a cagy cuss, and one who had already forgotten more boxing knowledge than Jenkins would ever know. With all this data on hand, we went out and found a sucker who was willing to risk a couple of bucks on the Texan.

The fact that Larrupin' Lew flattened Belloise in seven sessions didn't alter our opinion of the fighting qualities of the Sweetwater Swatter. Just one of those things, we told ourself—and believed it, too.

So when Lew was matched with Billy Marquart, we rubbed our hands in glee. Here is where we get our dough back. So we went out and wagered a couple more bucks—even tossed in a few extra—on the Canadian. Well, you remember what happened. This ornery cuss from the land of the chaparral flattened Billy in something like three heats.

Then early this year, Lew was paired against one of the men who had already kayoed him once—Chino Alvarez. Well, according to our expert conclusions, Alvarez having scored one kayo, ought not to have any trouble in doing it again. So we went out and laid our dough on the boy with the Mexican monicker. We didn't even get a run for our money this time as Jenkins had the guy on his back even before the first bell had finished ringing.

* * *

THIS was beginning to get monotonous. We tried to sell ourselves the notion that maybe this guy could fight a bit after all. It was no sale. We simply couldn't see where Jenkins had any license to lick the family milkman, let alone any of the game's top-flighters.

Finally, when Mike Jacobs decided to pit the Texan against Tippy Larkin in a Garden event, we couldn't resist the temptation to rush out and bet a few bobs on Tippy. Here was a guy who knew all the answers. He'd licked a lot of good boys and he certainly should have a picnic in walloping the crude, unschooled cow-poke from the greasewood circuit.

To make a long story short, young Mr. Larkin finished with his schnozzle in the resin. To make us look even worse, Lew turned the trick in something less than three minutes of actual fighting time.

Then came the crowning error of our entire career. We simply couldn't see Jenkins as yet, and when we saw where he had been matched with Lou Ambers for a title bout, we beefed long and indignantly about this crowning mis-match. Why, the lanky Texan had no business in the same building with Herkimer Lou—let alone the same ring. We advised our constituents (who, incidentally, don't take our advice any more) that this was a worse mis-match than the Louis-Paychek thing.

Why, we were even on the verge of stumping the state on a platform of cruelty to mankind, when it suddenly dawned on us that here was a most golden opportunity to recover those sawbucks that we had lost betting against Jenkins in the past. So we abandoned our proposed crusade and went out and bet the family jewels on Herkimer Lou.

* * *

WELL, you know what happened this time. The echo of the opening bell was still buzzing when Mr. Ambers found himself sitting on his nice new black panties when Jenkins, crude cuss that he is, smacked the champion across the face with little or no regards for his being boss of the division. Not only that, he just waded in and kept smacking, and when along in the third round Al Weill, Ambers' manager, saw that Jenkins wasn't going to stop his uncultured actions,

(Continued on page 44)

Conn's Excursion Into

Boxing History Warns Billy to Move Slowly— Paychek's Knockout by Unknown a Case in Point

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

BILLY CONN'S victory over Gus Lesnevich in Detroit was followed closely by the announcement that the Pittsburgh fighter had conquered the light-heavyweight world, faced no more possible triumphs in that division, and would move into the heavyweight ranks. Moving into the heavyweights, of course, hints an early match with Joe Louis. For outside of a Louis fight, where is there any serious dough in the big division?

Joe's willingness to fight, his frequent appearances in the ring, have ruined competition among his challengers. For the public, accustomed to seeing Louis defend the title at least once every six months, contests between lesser lights are just anti-climaxes. This, of course, is not conducive to the best interests of the heavyweight division, and the growth of a proper challenger for the title.

However, there the situation is, and it has to be recognized and contended with. Now, back to Conn. He is going into the heavyweight class. His first fight is with Bob Pastor. Why?

Conn is not a big man. He is a true light-heavyweight. He is not a heavy puncher. The lighter man is justified in invading the heavier ranks if his weight deficiency is made up for by lethal quality. But Conn is not what you would call a knockout artist.

Billy has before him the experience of Tommy Loughran, who was a marvel in his own class, but who was a second-rater who was cruelly punished when he went into the heavyweight class. Tommy never was his old self again after that standup knockout he suffered against Jack Sharkey in New York.

True enough, the light-heavyweight division is a synthetic growth. Promoters Curley and Housman created it for Jack Root and George Gardner. However, the division has become an established, recognized and admired one. There is a definite place for light-heavies, especially during the tenure of a hard-hitting heavyweight champion.

Conn faces the chance to tour the country and make the light-heavies more attractive. The time is ripe for this, Conn is the man to do it. In shifting to the heavier division, Conn is looking for plenty of trouble. Yet he is justified. There is no money to be made in the light-heavy class. The heavyweight section alone offers big inducements.

To be sure, the fight with Lesnevich in Detroit was no financial success, grossing under $20,000. This would seem to hint that the fans are not light-heavy minded.

However, this slant on the situation doubtless is not going to make any difference to Conn and Johnny Ray. Mike Jacobs has decreed the graduation of Conn to the heavies, and into the heavies he moves.

Since this move has been determined, it would be well for Conn to make his graduation with some caution. Which means, don't rush into a match with Louis!

* * *

THE dangers of rushing too fast are stressed in the sad experience of Johnny Paychek. You will recollect that Paychek was hastened into a meeting with Joe Louis, who scared the Westerner into paralysis. Had Paychek stuck to his own class for a while longer, he would have made the game pay better, even if he never had developed into a real fighter.

The knockout by Louis, the ridicule of the press, the contumely of the fans, all sank into Paychek. That punching he got from Louis virtually ended his career. It was a cinch that no matter whom Paychek met next, Johnny would be walloped. And so it turned out.

Recently Paychek was knocked out in ten rounds—and drubbed soundly—by Altus Allen, a 19-year-old Negro heavy from Chicago, who only a year ago was in the amateur ranks.

The bout with Paychek was the fifth professional engagement of Allen this year. Last year he also had five bouts. Since January, Allen fought Lee Oma a draw in eight rounds, then Altus stopped Harold Dettman in five heats.

On April 15, Altus won in ten from Billy Muldune, and on May 20 the Negro stopped Italo Colonello in nine. Last year he was knocked out by Lee Oma in the tenth, but came back to kayo Oma in the fourth in a subsequent engagement.

Going into the engagement with Paychek, Allen was just a local crowd-pleaser who had beaten nobody in particular and who never had fought outside of Chicago.

But the psychological blow, as well as the fistic imprint, of the Louis defeat had left Paychek wide open for the sort of thing that happened against Allen.

Now Paychek says he is finished with the ring. It would be a fine thing for Johnny if he stuck to that decision at least for a while. He is in no shape to go on. Perhaps after a good rest he will decide to start afresh, and forget—if he can—the night he encountered Mr. Louis.

Lee Savold, you know, quit for a while and went back to the farm convinced that he was not made for fistic competition. Now there are competent critics who think Savold has the makings. He still looms as a good prospect because of the punch and speed.

In any event, speed is great where speed is needed. But sometimes caution and time are the better ingredients.

Our remarks on Paychek are not to be taken to mean that there is no merit in Altus Allen. Chicago fight experts say the big Negro lad has a chance to go somewhere—if he is not pushed too hard. Those who are steering Allen have a fine example before them—in Paychek.

* * *

SPEAKING of Allen, we are reminded that the Negro still sets the pace in the American ring. There is Louis. There is Henry Armstrong, bigger than ever in fistic stature after his smashing successes of the last two months. And now we find Jackie Wilson making serious gestures toward the lightweight title.

Wilson is a real lightweight, and stems from Los Angeles. He conducted a successful campaign in Australia, and now is a more serious menace to Lew Jenkins than Jenkins himself perhaps appreciates.

Wilson is something of a physical freak. Though he won't scale over 137 pounds, he stands six feet in height. A sort of heavier Panama Al Brown. He is not all fistic, either, for this Wilson lad has some pretensions to ability as an artist. He can draw color posters well enough to merit consideration as a professional in that line.

Wilson's 1940 record opens with a one-round knockout over Mike Gamiere in Los Angeles. That was on February 27. March 19 saw him win in ten rounds from Joe Ybarra. On April 8, Jackie beat Chief Thunder in ten at San Francisco, and on April 28, he scored over Tony Chavez in ten at Hollywood.

Inside of two months, Wilson won four fights. The victory over Chavez is important.

* * *

WITH the Louis-Godoy fight out of the way—with the Galento-Baer match off the boards—the stage is bare. Where do we go from here?

Heavy Class Risky

The Louis connections obviously are setting the scenes for another encounter with Galento. When asked to discuss all the contenders, Louis replied that Galento was far and away the most dangerous of the lot.

He reminded the interviewer that Galento had put him on the canvas, and had hit him about as hard as he had been belted by anybody except Herr Schmeling. Incidentally, news of Schmeling has come out of Germany to the effect he is not in the service. He is living on his estate.

It may be that ultimately the demand for a second meeting of Louis and Galento will prove strong enough to force the match. The public these days is decidedly with the underdog, and would come out to holler for Tony to stop the Negro.

The situation is shaping up for a big finish for the outdoor season, and a far more interesting indoor season in the larger cities, notably New York.

The war has taken a little edge off the game, but it is interesting to note that even in harassed England the boxers are carrying on, and fights are being held regularly. The article by Mr. Simpson, editor of *British Boxing,* which you will find in this issue of THE RING, is particularly intriguing to American followers of the fistic game.

* * *

IN exposing the failings of the National Boxing Association, its looseness of structure, its lack of cohesion and cooperation, and its at times illogical conclusions, THE RING feels it has done a fine service to the sport in the United States. Once again this publication wishes to emphasize the fact that it has no quarrel with Lieut. Col. Harvey Miller, president of the N.B.A., except in one detail.

He appreciates more than does anybody else that in accepting the leadership of the N.B.A. he forced himself to coincide with decisions that were distasteful to him and in which he did not, as an individual, concur. However, his term of office soon will be over and, doubtless, that will give him a keen sense of relief.

After THE RING had shown how the N.B.A. was constructed, and how it worked, newspapers awoke to the fact that the organization was not quite what they had believed it to be. The New York *World-Telegram,* through Lester Bromberg, and the New York *Journal-American,* through Hype Igoe, in particular took pains to analyze the N.B.A. along the lines suggested in THE RING, and were amazed to discover that the N.B.A. was making a lot of noise which was not justified by true importance, or ability to make its decisions stick.

THE RING does not doubt that there is need for a true national boxing body, composed of commissions and other authorities representing the true strength of boxing in the United States. It would like to see a boxing association with ability to make its decisions mean something. It would like to see a Landis of boxing, and subscribes heartily to a movement for the appointment of an outstanding man who knows the game and who would be acceptable to all parties concerned.

THE RING is eager to see boxing develop where it now has scarcely a foothold. It is against monopolies that hurt. But it favors logic in the treatment of boxing's problems in this country.

With this, we intend to shove the N.B.A. to one side and let Time take care of that and other foibles of the sport.

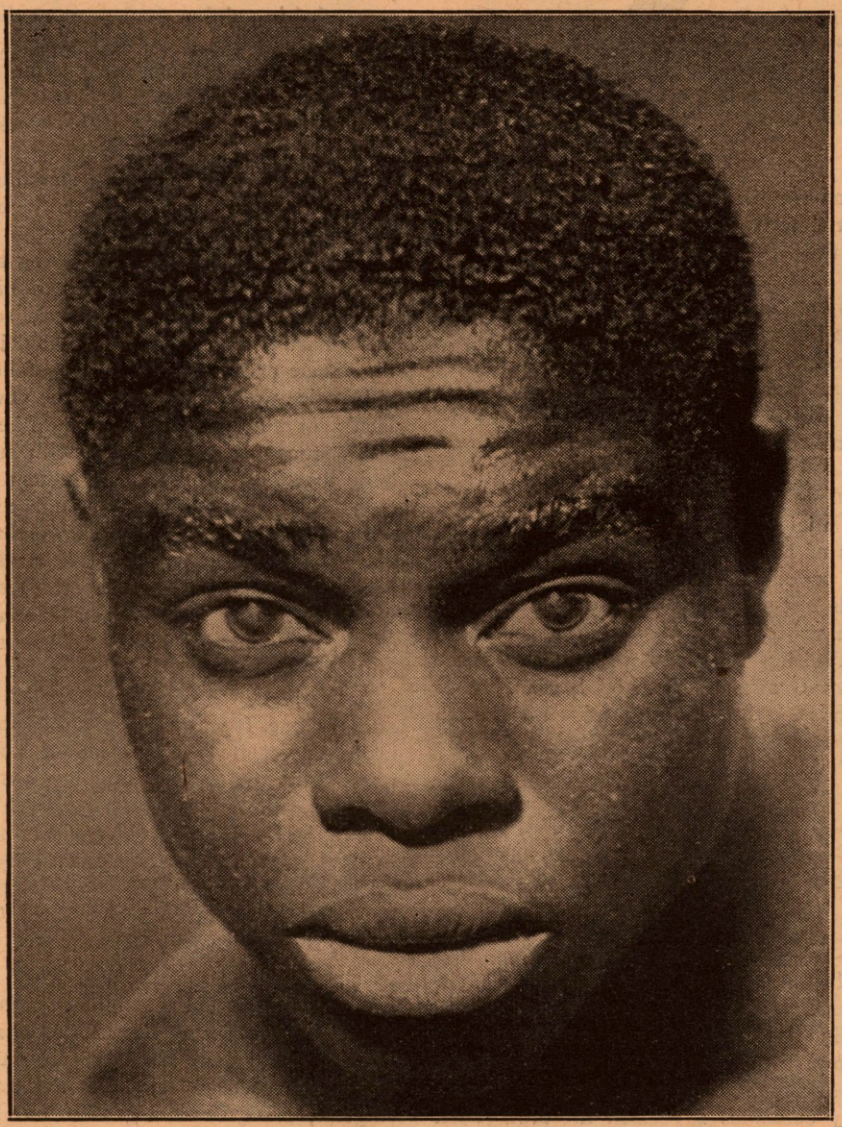
If there be a sincere desire, among all those who have any power for good in boxing, to establish a true national body to be known as the American Boxing Federation—a body which would not become a matchmaker—THE RING would be only too glad to offer its help, support and active participation.

* * *

THE recent poor gate at the world light-heavyweight championship fight between Gus Lesnevich and Billy Conn in Detroit proved that during the present business upheaval caused by the war in Europe there is only one place where lucrative bouts can be staged — New York. That city alone continues to support boxing on a large scale. To be sure, the receipts are not as big as they were a year or two ago, but big enough to satisfy all hands considering conditions. That's why America's leading promoter is billing all his important fights in the Metropolitan area.

Incidentally, while on the subject of big time promotion, why not stage one gigantic fight program to aid the Red Cross in its relief problem for war-torn Europe? Mike Jacobs cannot undertake such a charity affair without the consent of Madison Square Garden, because of his contract with the Garden, and, though the Garden has been opposed to charity shows, the time is ripe for a change of front.

Colonel Kilpatrick, an overseas war veteran, knows the meaning of the Red Cross aid and he should be the leader in a movement to throw all the resources of the Garden organization into Jacobs' hands to stage a card such as Ann Morgan put on in the old Garden.

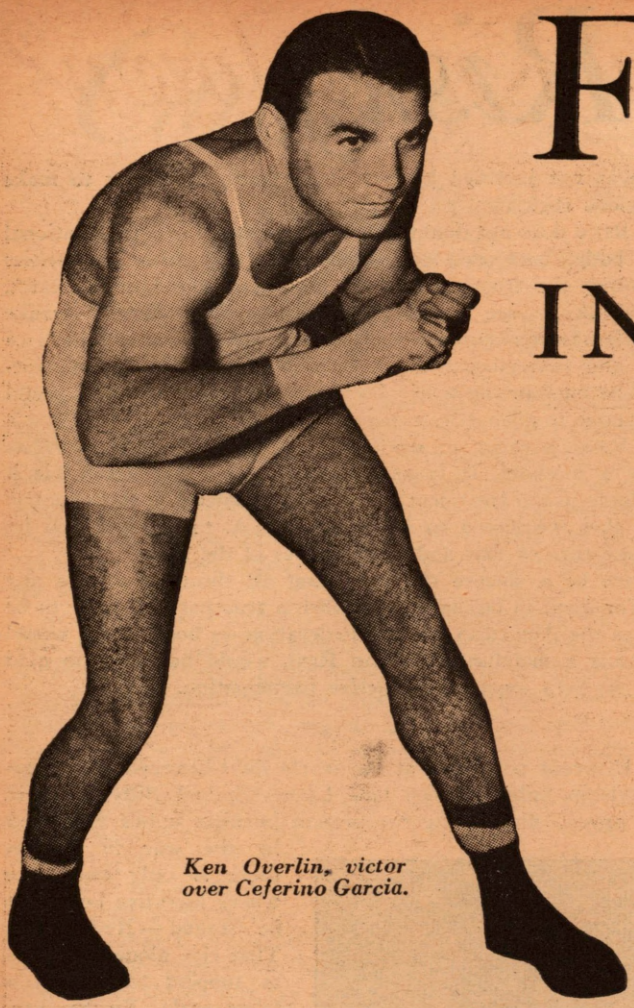


Jackie Wilson, California lightweight now campaigning in the East. He looms as successor to Henry Armstrong.

FORMER GOB IN NEW ROLE

Ken Overlin, Champion of U. S. Navy a Few Years Ago, in Clever Exhibition Takes Garcia's Portion of World Middleweight Title

By NAT FLEISCHER



Ken Overlin, victor over Ceferino Garcia.

THIS is open season for the dethroning of champions—synthetic and legitimate world title-holders. Three times within a space of fifteen days in May, boxers who have held international or sectional crowns have been shorn of their laurels. The first upset came when Lou Ambers lost the world lightweight championship to Lew Jenkins. Then came the crowning of a new featherweight king in Harry Jeffra, who won a fifteen-round decision from Joey Archibald, holder of the title, and this was followed four days later by the loss of New York State's portion of the world middleweight crown by Ceferino Garcia to Ken Overlin.

Overlin, former Navy champion, a veteran who has fought in every nook and corner of the country and last year held the record for flights to scenes of his activities, the underdog, came through with flying colors in one of the biggest upsets of the year. He not only was on his feet at all times throughout the bout, but prevented Garcia from using his famous bolo punch more than once. Ken gained the decision by unanimous vote of Referee Arthur Donovan and Judges George Lecron and Steve Hamas.

Donovan scored nine rounds for the winner and five for Garcia, the same tally my score sheet showed. Lecron gave ten rounds to the sailor and five to the Filipino. Hamas' count was seven and six in favor of the victor. Judging by the point system on the basis of ten points to a round, my card also showed Overlin in the lead by eighty to seventy. There could be no doubt about the winner. It was Overlin's fight by a safe margin.

* * *

THE former gob gave an exhibition of clever fighting that even surpassed the splendid work of Billy Conn in his mill with Lesnevich. Ken's defense was superb. He tied Garcia into knots every time the Filipino attempted a body attack, ducked wild swings, let Garcia's powerful hooks land on the side of the body by the simple method of slipping and made Ceferino Garcia miss by a mile on so many occasions it seemed the New York champ was a raw novice instead of a title-holder.

Overlin does not compare to the "greats" of other days, but there aren't many of the old school who could teach him any of the finer points of boxing. He lacks the wallop but can make it uncomfortable for the hardest hitters. Ken even went so far as to mix it, punch for punch, with the walloping Garcia when Ceferino began to toss his hooks to the chin and body. To the amazement of the fans, Overlin more than held his own. He succeeded in gaining the honors at that style of milling as well as in boxing.

It was one of the niftiest exhibitions of boxing seen in the Garden this year. It was a performance that compared favorably with that of Harry Greb when he took Tom Gibbons into camp, and that is saying a lot for current day fighters. He set his own pace, prevented Garcia from standing off so that his bolo punch could be effective, and made the defending title-holder play right into his hands. At times he feinted Garcia into knots and made the dark-skinned gladiator miss by a mile as he became riled at the attack and defensive tactics of his rival.

As the fight progressed, Garcia solved the riddle and pitched many hard blows to Ken's body and jaw, but no matter how rapid they came or how effective, they failed to down Overlin. In fact, only twice was he stunned by the powerful attack of the Filipino. Ken's counters were all that could be desired. He leaped forward when stung and hooked lefts with such telling effect to Garcia's body that they slowed up the attack of the champ.

When the going became tough and Garcia realized that his portion of the world middleweight crown was rapidly slipping, he became desperate. He rushed Ken about the ring, but couldn't get the challenger upset. Overlin kept stabbing Ceferino's face with stiff lefts and when Garcia finally succeeded in getting close enough to toss his famed hooks, he found that Overlin was outsmarting him by tieing him up.

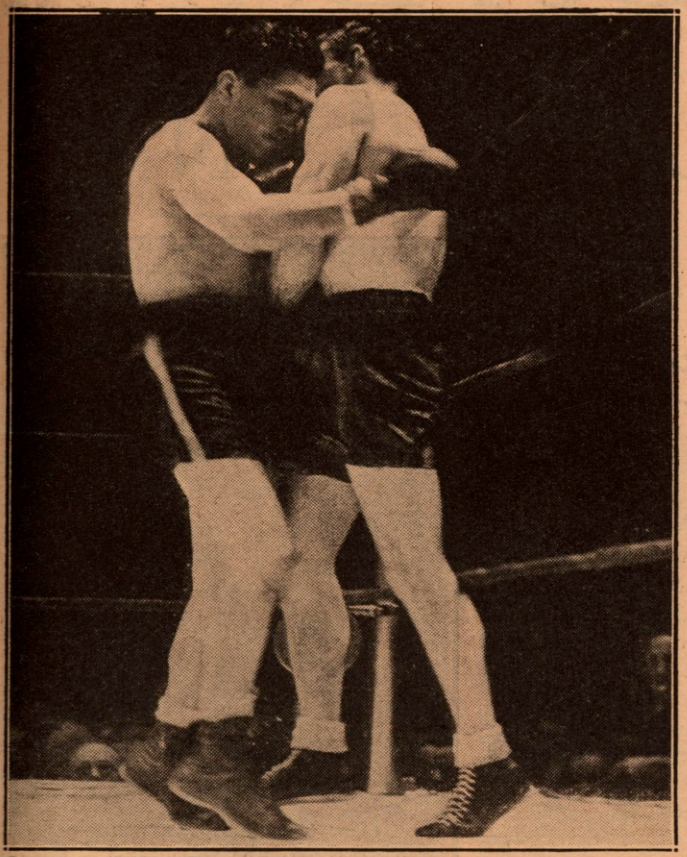
Following the breaks, Ken shot his left to the body, then danced out of range. It was a pretty exhibition, one that brought plenty of applause despite the absence of powerful hitting. The crowd, usually averse to watching a scientific match, appreciated the exhibit by the under dog.

There were no knockdowns, although Garcia was on the canvas in the first round for a count of one. Overlin had landed a left hook to the body and staggered Ceferino. He rushed into a clinch, and as Overlin pushed him back, Garcia lost his balance and dusted the canvas with his pants.

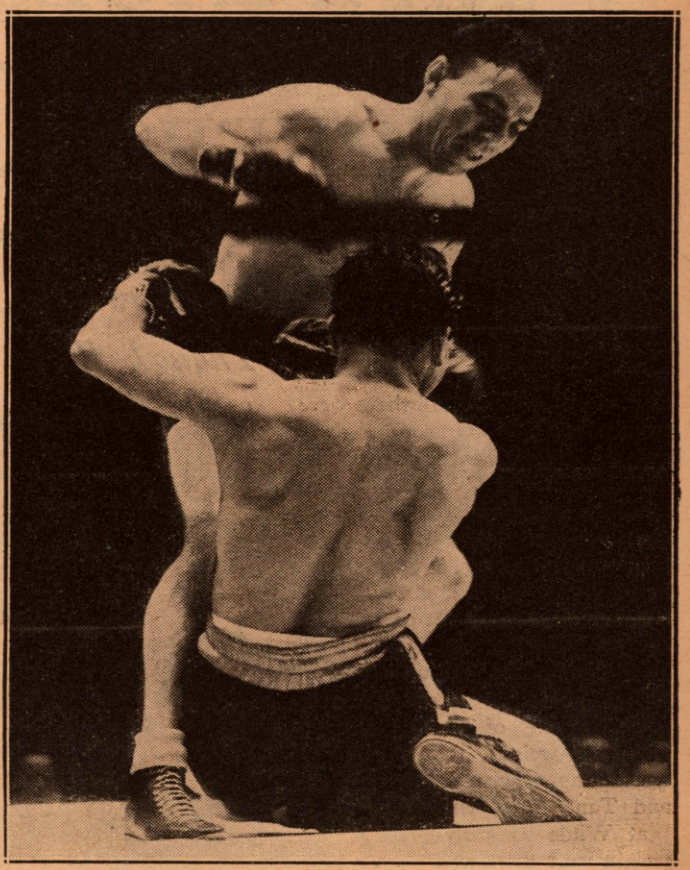
* * *

ALTHOUGH the fight brought into the field a new champion so far as New York was concerned, it failed to clear up the muddled middleweight situation. Al Hostak, the N.B.A. title-holder, who hails from Seattle, had his emissary at the ringside, Nate Druxman, and Nate, a veteran promoter, voiced the statement that if Hostak and Overlin meet, there will be no need for a decision. "Al will *(Continued on page 43)*

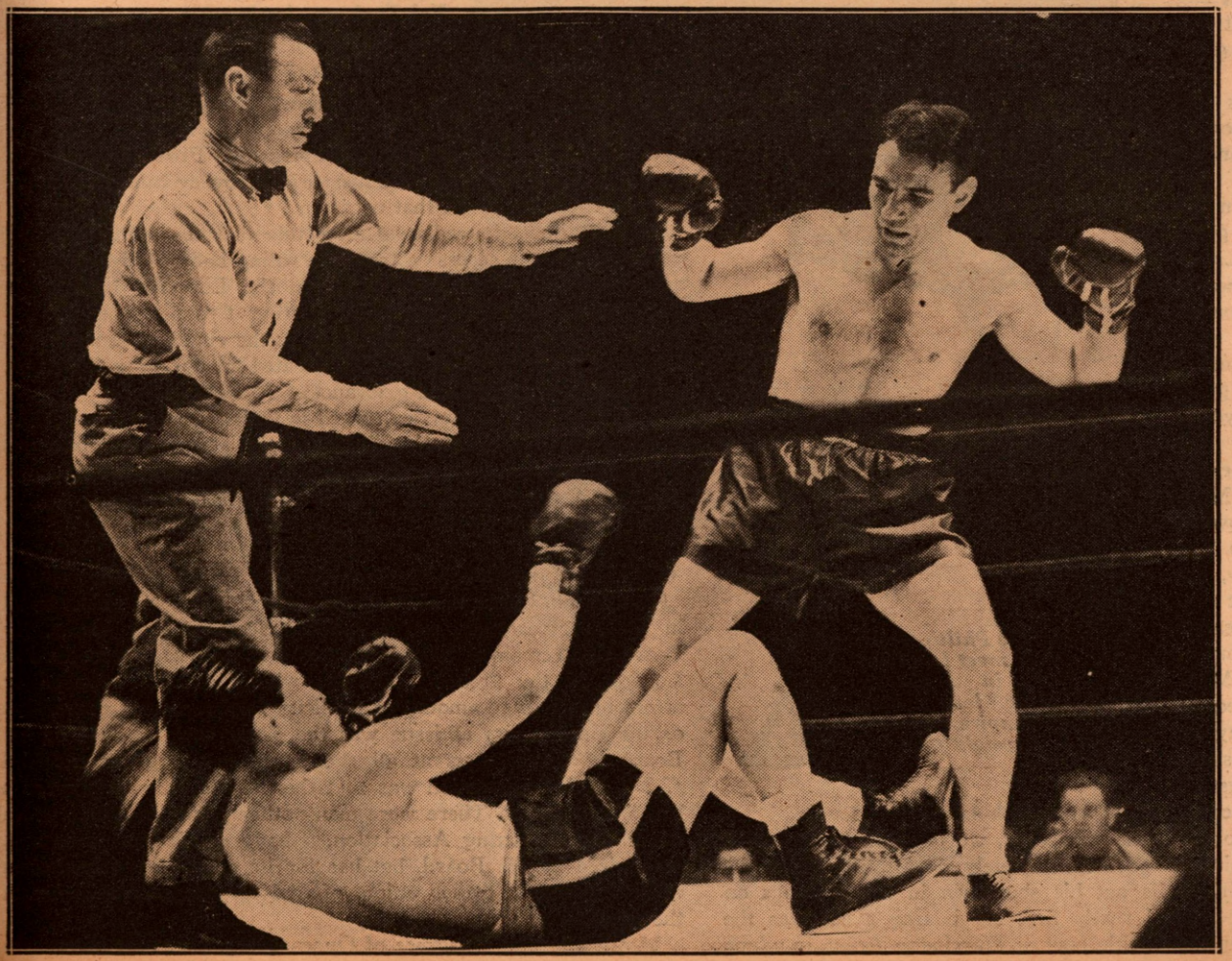
Was It a Fall or a Knockdown?



Garcia and Overlin are locked in a clinch. Note Overlin's right fist crashing against Garcia's jaw.



Overlin attempts to shove his oponent away while Garcia holds on for dear life. In pulling back Overlin forces Garcia to lose his grip.



And here we see Garcia landing on his back for what appeared to some of the spectators in the Garden fight as a knockdown and to others as a push.

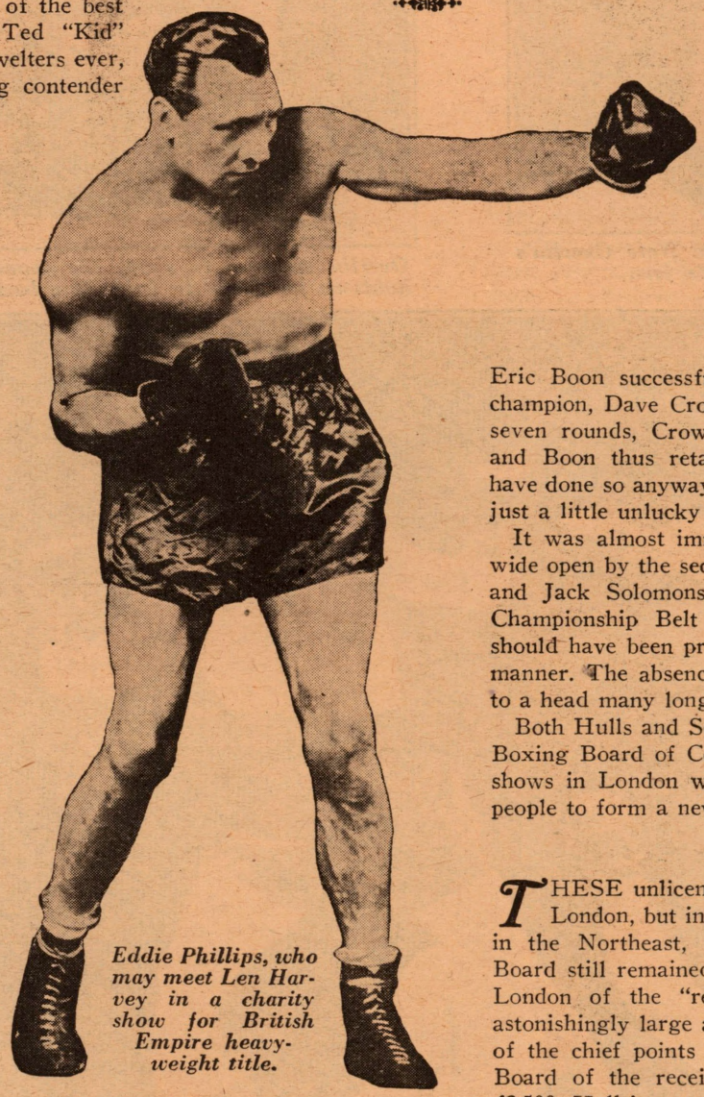
War Rages, But British Boxers Carry On

Fighters Continue in Action Though They Have Enlisted in Various Arms of the Service

By STANLEY NELSON
(Editor, *British Boxing*)

LONDON, ENGLAND—(By Transatlantic Clipper).—International belligerence generally has resulted in the private variety being stimulated considerably. Between 1914-1918 there were twenty-five title fights in England and the Inter-Allied Tournaments during 1918 and 1919 provided an immense stimulus to the boxing game in London. The Beckett-Carpentier fights brought the game to its apex in London and if our heavyweights were not of the best at the time we had Ted "Kid" Lewis, one of the best welters ever, Jimmy Wilde, a strong contender for the title of the finest fly-weight the world has ever seen, and Tancy Lee, who beat Wilde as a fly-weight and then won the featherweight title three times, annexing the Lonsdale Belt outright for this great performance.

How, then, is this war affecting boxing in England? For the first month or two chaos reigned. In the Provinces the game struggled on in Liverpool and the north-east, but in London only one hall, the Devonshire Sporting Club, kept the game alive. Then Sydney Hulls, probably the principal promoter in England, began Monday afternoon shows at the Stadium Club. The boxing fraternity, bewildered by the absence of their greatest stimulant, crept out of their holes and Monday afternoons became get-together day in which the hand shaking and greetings almost made the actual boxing a poor obbligato.



Eddie Phillips, who may meet Len Harvey in a charity show for British Empire heavy-weight title.

Then, when no airplanes came over, we felt that perhaps this war was not going to be the completely devastating thing we imagined and Mr. Hulls put his shows on in the evenings on Mondays. The next and really first big boxing event was the lightweight championship title bout at Harringay Arena in which

Nel Tarleton, feather king, now a member of the British army.

Eric Boon successfully defended his crown against the former champion, Dave Crowley. This finished disappointingly, for after seven rounds, Crowley's Achilles tendon on his right leg went and Boon thus retained his championship. Probably he would have done so anyway, but the mercurial Crowley can be accounted just a little unlucky on that occasion.

It was almost immediately after this that the game was split wide open by the secession from the ruling body of Sydney Hulls and Jack Solomons. Boon had won the Lonsdale Lightweight Championship Belt outright by beating Crowley and the belt should have been presented to Boon in the ring in the traditional manner. The absence of the belt created an uproar and brought to a head many long-held grievances.

Both Hulls and Solomons turned in their licenses to the British Boxing Board of Control and then began a period of unlicensed shows in London with a frenzied activity on the part of many people to form a new body away from the Board.

* * *

THESE unlicensed shows practically kept the game going in London, but in the Provinces the regular shows at Liverpool in the Northeast, in the Midlands, Scotland and Wales, the Board still remained 100 per cent strong. Meetings were held in London of the "rebels" and the whole uprising received an astonishingly large amount of publicity in the general Press. One of the chief points at issue was the 5 per cent received by the Board of the receipts at all shows where the gross exceeded £2,500. Hulls' contention was that this should be waived when a loss was incurred. There were many other points in a plan which the National Boxing Association, a body which has never been recognized by the Board, but has for its object the organisation of boxers into a trades union, offered for the reconstitution of the game in general.

Meanwhile, the Marquess of Queensberry, possessor of perhaps

the greatest name ever in boxing, was organising boxing tournaments at the Earl's Court Stadium for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund. The first of these provided one of the greatest fights in the history of the game in this country. In spite of the "Black Out," 5,000, the number allowed by the authorities, crowded the hall, with perhaps twice as many outside trying to get in. This, on a night when although there was a full moon, not a light was allowed to be shown outside.

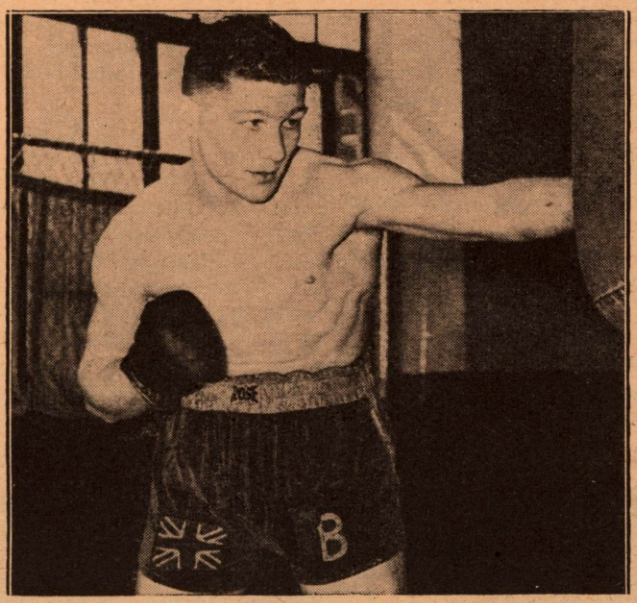
The boxing lived admirably up to expectation. Ernie Roderick, the Liverpudlian who went fifteen rounds with the great Henry Armstrong, was beaten on points by Arthur Danahar, descendant of a family of fighters going back to the bare-knuckle period. Although Roderick had the legitimate excuse that he was far from well, he was genuinely outboxed by one of the most accomplished boxers seen for years in a British ring. Danahar's beautiful left hand work and almost classic boxing style captivated even the hardest-boiled of the ringside critics. The other contests, although naturally falling below the standard of the main event, provided first-class entertainment and the Red Cross Shows were established immediately.

Danahar was in direct line for the welterweight crown, and Matchmaker John E. Harding, general manager of the National Sporting Club, used him as the focal point of these Queensberry shows. Unfortunately, when he met Norman Snow, the Southern Area welterweight champion, he was disqualified in the second round for a palpably low punch and so his title aspirations were temporarily halted. Run at intervals, however, these shows proved a tremendous success. They brought in the crowds mainly because of the attractiveness of the matches made by John Harding.

They became something of a "graveyard," too, for champions. After Roderick's defeat, Peter Kane suffered the indignity of a technical knockout after being punched all around the ring by a little London Welshman, Jackie Rankin. It was not the old Peter at all here. A tentative, groping Kane, trying ineffectively to recapture his old fire, with the great scars left on his arms by the bites of his favorite dog a month or two before, the Lancashire boy was almost a punching bag for the fiery little Rankin, a featherweight, yes, but with little weight advantage over Kane.

* * *

WITH London starved of "big" boxing and with only the Solomons and Hulls promotions available, with the "Black Out" and general depression driving everyone to distraction, with the national game of soccer practically killed by a mass of restrictions, these Queensberry shows have been an oasis in the sporting life of England's capital. They contributed greatly, too, to the Red Cross and after four shows the total amount paid over to the Red Cross as a direct result of these tournaments is £5,300. Fighters past and present are ever eager to aid the charity shows.



Eric Boon, lightweight king of British Empire, whose visit to America was banned by the Army authorities.

Dave Crowley, who lost his lightweight title to Eric Boon.

Now, a further handicap has been encountered just when, with the dispute between Hulls and the Board settled, the game looked being in for a boom. The Naval, Army and Air Force authorities have intimated that leave for boxers cannot be given with any freedom and in fact, no more than twenty-four hours can be guaranteed. The question of championship fights immediately arises and it is possible that contests of six rounds may be the staple fistic diet in future in this country. All men up to 28 are now due to register for military service and this, of course, embraces practically the whole of the boxers, while up to 36 will soon have to go up for registration.

Frankie Parkes, star featherweight.

This may very well mean the almost total abolition of boxing —that is, professional boxing, in this country. As I write, the Nazi hordes are flocking over the Belgian and Dutch frontiers and it is imperative that every available man serve his country. Plans have reached an advanced stage for an Inter-Army Boxing Tournament in France between professionals serving with the British and French armies.

The date for this tentatively has been fixed as May 31 and such well-known performers as Marcel Cerdan, welterweight champion of France, Valentin Angelmann, former flyweight champion, Len Beynon, one of the best feathers Wales has ever had, and Francois Rutz, the French heavyweight champion, meets an English heavy yet to be selected.

Boxing on the Continent has practically ceased, although there has been a little in France and Holland. Cleto Locatelli, who did so well in America, is now boxing in his best form and his latest victories have been over Turiello and Orlandi and he has drawn with the Dutch middleweight champion, Tin Dekkers. Locatelli is now a middle. One little piece of boxing news filtered through from Germany a few weeks ago which informed us that Adolf Henzer's cruiserweight title now belongs to Jean Kreitz.

* * *

BUT getting back to the game in England. Jock McAvoy, who has held the British middleweight title for the past seven years, has announced his retirement, but personally I think that the "Rochdale Thunderbolt"

(Continued on page 45)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Billy Conn Looms as Successor to Joe Louis
Overlin's Success Draws No Wild Hurrahs
Buddy Baer and Comiskey in Fistic Spotlight

WHEN Billy Conn climbed into the ring at Detroit to defend his world championship title against Gus Lesnevich, he made the trip for the last time as a light-heavyweight. At least so he told me the day before the fight when I interviewed him at the Hotel Statler and again a few minutes before he made the trip down the aisle towards the roped square. Not that Billy has outgrown the division over which he holds sway, but because he wants to avoid the worries of keeping within the limits of the lighter division.

But that is not all. He confided that he has his heart set on a fight with Joe Louis. He feels he is a counterpart of the great Jim Corbett and the clever Gene Tunney and, says he, if they could tackle the greatest heavyweights of their period, there is no reason why Billy Conn cannot do the same.

"You scribes all laugh when I tell of my aim to meet Joe Louis and my confidence in my ability to take the title from him. That is your privilege," remarked Billy, "but I have my heart set on such a fight and unless I get it, I'll retire. I have met the best in the light-heavyweight section. I now want to try my hand with the tougher boys."

Of course his conversation was based on the successful outcome of his bout with Lesnevich and now that he accomplished that in one of the classiest performances of his career, Conn's retirement as a light-heavyweight is assured. How he will fare against the heavier lads remains to be seen, but if Billy fights as he did against Lesnevich, there will be no stopping him. He'll climb and eventually he will take Joe Louis' place.

* * *

I DON'T think that Conn is ready for the test against the Bomber, for which he is pleading. He should wait until the following summer and in the meantime should continue to build himself into a most formidable contender, something right within his grasp. I think, from what I saw in the Detroit arena, that Billy is now ready to take Bob Pastor, Red Burman, Lee Savold and others of that calibre into camp. He needs at least three stiff heavyweight contests to put him in trim for the goal,—a fight with Louis. He'll get his big test when he fights Pastor at the New York Polo Grounds next month.

Conn has grown to fine physical proportions since I had last seen him in action six months previously. He has developed more than two inches in the chest and has gained around the shoulders.

* * *

IN his fight with Lesnevich, Conn showed that to his excellent boxing equipment he has added a wallop. Yes, a wallop! Laugh that off, you who have called Billy a weak hitter!

Time and again he rocked Lesnevich with powerful hooks. He even dropped him once. As the fight progressed, Billy improved. His timing was perfect. His sharpshooting hit the bulls-eye every shot. He blocked, sidestepped, danced when cornered, and used a perfect straight left that landed with effectiveness to Gus's face so frequently it became an annoyance.

A straight right split Gus's left eye in the eleventh. Then for four more rounds Conn exhibited a brand of clever fighting and flashy punching that brought on considerable applause from the slim $17,000 crowd.

Courage and condition kept Lesnevich from going down under the two fisted attack and clever manipulation of the champion. Against any other light-heavyweight, Gus would have won, possibly by the kayo route, so hard did he clout Billy. Conn just grinned, then sailed in to retaliate.

My score showed Conn the winner by 81 points to 69 and by eight to four, and three even, on the round-by-round system.

A short, snappy left hook crashed against the chin of Lesnevich and here we see Gus as his knees touched the canvas. Gus was up at one and fought viciously for the remainder of the round.

* * *

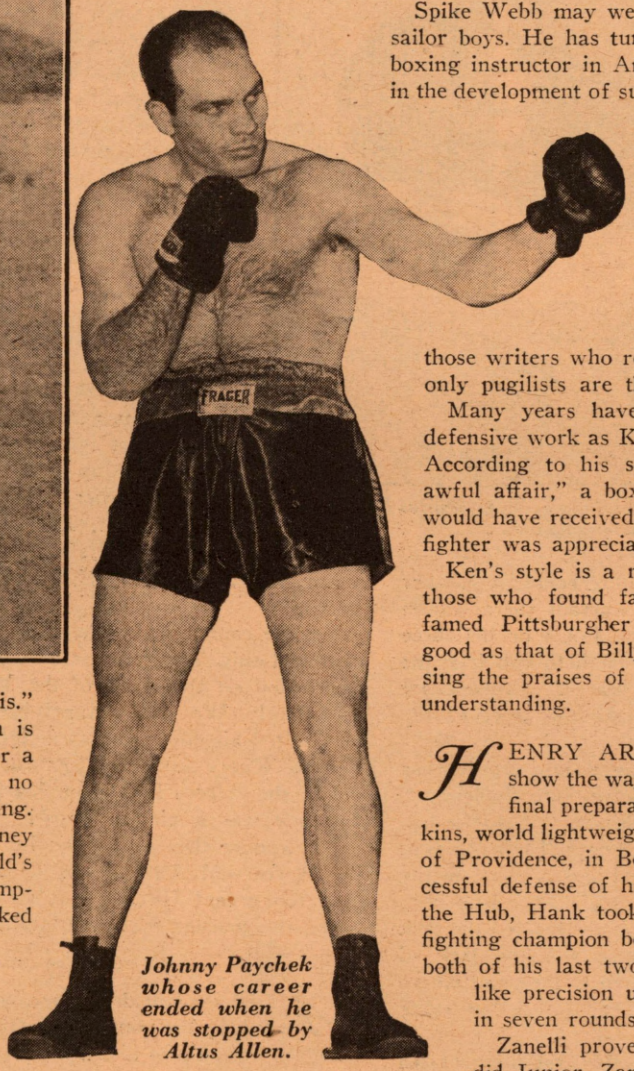
THOSE who viewed the fight as a promotion failure and pitied Jacobs for the heavy loss he and his partners took, didn't know Mike's feelings as I did. He was elated at the showing. Despite his loss, he flew back to New York with me, smiling at the fact that Conn had proved he soon would be ready to tackle the best heavyweights. Said Uncle Mike:

Buddy Baer, whose quick knockout of Valentin Campolo raised his stock in the heavyweight division.

"He showed me what I wanted to see. He told me about improving his left hook and I laughed at him and Johnny Ray, his manager. Just another good publicity stunt, I thought. But Billy showed us. He hit harder and more accurately than in any fight of his career. I will book him against Bob Pastor for August, and if he wins that fight, I'll give him a crack at Louis."

It might turn out that Conn is the answer to Mike's prayer for a successor to the title. There is no way of telling at this writing. Everybody ridiculed Gene Tunney when he signed to fight the world's most powerful hitter, Jack Dempsey. Dempsey's downfall shocked the world.

Jess Willard, who towered over Dempsey, was clubbed into submission by the Manassa Mauler despite the fact Jack was given little chance Tunney wasn't a killer any more than is Conn.



Johnny Paychek whose career ended when he was stopped by Altus Allen.

* * *

I HOPE Jacobs doesn't push Billy. He shouldn't be rushed. He has plenty of time. He is young, is a fine physical specimen and should be given every opportunity to add to his poundage and to perfect his leverage for a sharp, snappy wallop.

Though Jacobs had figured on putting on a Louis fight with Conn in Detroit next fall, he abandoned that because of the poor turnout of 6075 persons for a paid attendance of $17,048.

An elimination tournament for light-heavies will be held. If the performance of Jimmy Webb against Willie Pavlovich is a criterion, Webb and Lesnevich will be the survivors. Webb is one of the outstanding prospects. He can hit and is clever, is fearless and can take a punch.

* * *

THE victory of Ken Overlin over Ceferino Garcia aroused a deep interest among Navy men, especially at Annapolis, where Spike Webb, famous coach of the Middies and many U.S. Olympic teams, is the boxing instructor. Spike taught Ken the use of the left jab and the left hook with which he smothered the Filipino. In 1932, Overlin, attached to the Atlantic Fleet, spent six weeks at the Naval Academy preparing for the Olympic tryouts. At that time Ken was just an overgrown, enthusiastic kid who liked to box, but Webb and the master of Ken's ship saw in Overlin great prospects and urged his selection for the Navy team.

Rear Admiral Forde A. Todd, then Captain Todd of the U.S.S. Idaho, was keen on Overlin. He asked Webb to take charge of the boy. It was at the Academy where Ken received his polishing and when the period of instruction was over, he was ready to tackle the best boys in his division.

Spike Webb may well feel proud of his job with Uncle Sam's sailor boys. He has turned out more good talent than any other boxing instructor in America. Besides Overlin, Webb had a part in the development of such famous ring gladiators as Gene Tunney, Frankie Genaro, Fidel La Barba, Jackie Fields, Petey Sarron, Lou Salica and Paul Berlenbach, all of whom, except Tunney, were members of Spike's Olympic team.

* * *

THE attack on Ken Overlin as a fighter is uncalled for. Apparently those writers who referred to Overlin as a "ham," believe the only pugilists are the slam-bang boys.

Many years have elapsed since so fine an exhibition of defensive work as Ken's has been seen in a New York contest. According to his severest critics, who called the bout "an awful affair," a boxer must fight like a roustabout. Overlin would have received an ovation in the days when the scientific fighter was appreciated.

Ken's style is a reminder of Harry Greb and who, among those who found fault with Overlin, would have called the famed Pittsburgher a ham! Ken's work was every bit as good as that of Billy Conn in recent contests, yet the scribes sing the praises of Conn but ridicule Overlin! It is beyond understanding.

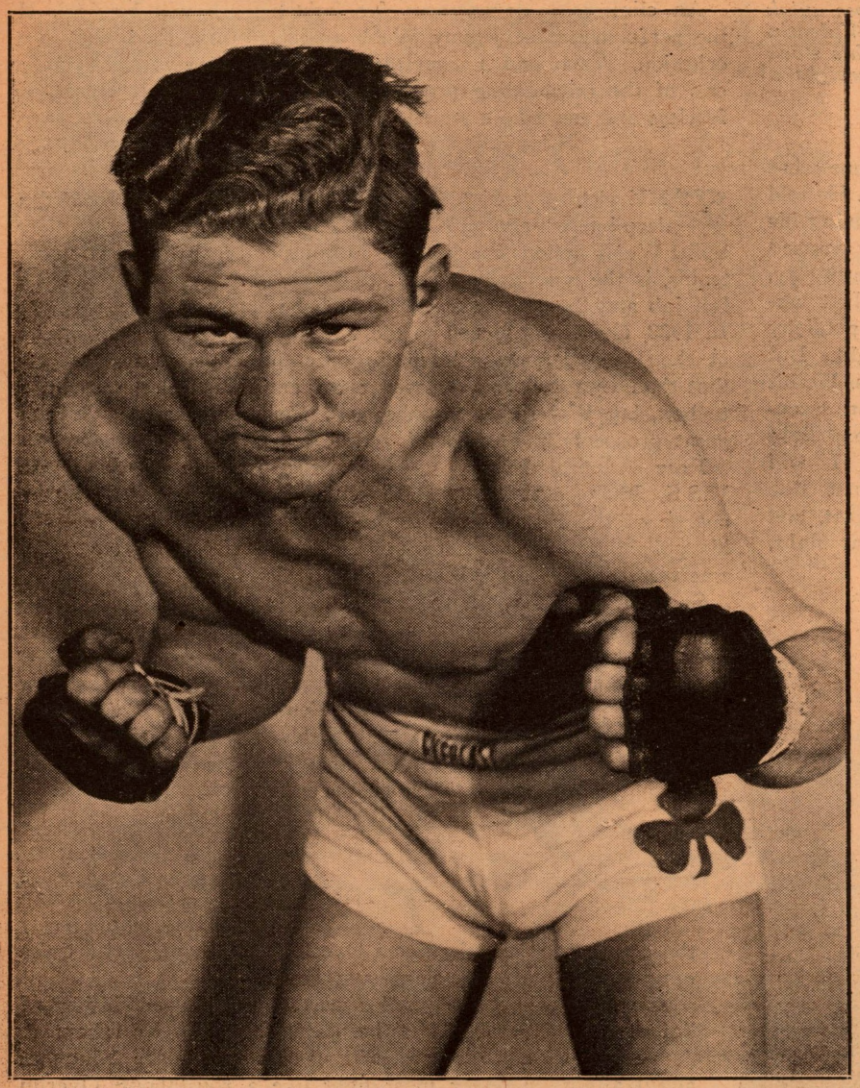
* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG and Joe Louis continue to show the way as fighting champions. The welter king, in final preparation for his handicap match with Lew Jenkins, world lightweight champ, disposed of Ralph Ripper Zanelli of Providence, in Boston on May 24, in the seventeenth successful defense of his crown. A fortnight previously, also in the Hub, Hank took Paul Junior into camp. Armstrong is a fighting champion because he loves to scrap. He proved it in both of his last two appearances by punching with machine-like precision until he wore down the opposition, Junior in seven rounds and Zanelli in five.

Zanelli proved an easier mark for the champion than did Junior. Zanelli lost four of the five rounds and was dropped four times for nine counts before Referee Martin interceded. Zanelli was aggressive in the opening session, his best, and earned a draw, but thereafter, Hank's two-handed attack forced Ralph on the defensive and he was outclassed.

* * *

THE show in Madison Square Garden in which Buddy Baer and Pat Comiskey were featured in a double wind-up, was a frost so far as financial return was concerned. But it was a complete success in bringing back to the heavyweight division



Pat Comiskey, who avenged his defeat at the hands of Steve Dudas by winning handily in their return engagement.

two good prospects for use in important future contests. Neither Buddy nor Pat showed sufficient talent to warrant the assertion that each will soon be ready to tackle Joe Louis or his three outstanding contenders, but they showed enough to convince the 4000 fans who watched them, that within a year, if worked along the proper lines, they will be in line to take the place of the veterans who now hold the spotlight.

In Buddy Baer and Pat Comiskey, the heavyweight division has two hitters who eventually may build themselves into challengers. Men like Tony Galento, Max Baer, Bob Pastor, Arturo Godoy, Tommy Farr, among others, can't last much longer. Their places in boxing must be taken over by younger blood and of those in the field today, Billy Conn, Pat Comiskey and Buddy Baer look best.

The manner in which both Baer and Comiskey tackled the task before them, despite the meager attendance and the lack of enthusiasm, proved that each has finally gotten to the point where the realization of a lucrative shot in the near future has made them hustle.

Baer rushed out of his corner and with the first blow of the fight, a smashing right on the chin, he had Campolo on the floor. Thereafter he gave his opponent no quarter. The fighting spirit which the scribes had hitherto declared the younger brother of Max lacked, was here displayed to the highest degree. Buddy was bent on making a quick exit via the knockout route and he did just that.

* * *

HIS hands mended, Comiskey may rise to the heights despite his apparent crudeness, provided he receives proper training and is nursed along for another year. Pat has what it takes to draw,—a wallop.

I disagree with those who feel that Jacobs errs in pitting Pat against Buddy. There is no reason for keeping these two apart in an effort to develop two attractive heavyweights for future use. The winner, especially if he scores a sensational victory, will yield ten fold what can be obtained in pitting each against mediocre talent. This fight is a natural. It will test each to the limit. From such a contest, an opponent for Billy Conn could be obtained who would meet the proper requirements should Conn dispose of Bob Pastor in their contemplated engagement.

In the fight with Dudas, Comiskey showed surprising boxing skill and coolness under fire. He was facing a crafty, experienced ring general who had beaten him previously. Pat dropped Steve in the first round but thereafter relied upon a stiff left hand jab coupled with jarring right hand blows to the body and a short uppercut that caused Dudas considerable annoyance. Comiskey has given the Celts plenty of confidence for the future.

* * *

JOHNNY PAYCHEK, who less than half a year ago was being discussed as the nation's leading white hope, has hung up his gloves. His case is no different from that of many other fighters who have reached the heights through clever manipulations that involved mediocre opposition in the process of the build-up. Paychek's long string of victories, many of which were scored sensationally, fooled the fight critics and fans, alike. There is only one way to judge a pugilist—by his record, and based on Paychek's triumphs, he was given the best chance of any of the contenders to come through with a victory over Joe Louis.

What happened in that fight is ring history. Paychek put forth so poor a performance that he was branded as a false alarm and, for a time, the public was so het up over the "milking" received in that "championship fight" that boxing throughout the country suffered as a result. One "smelly" affair will do that. Had Paychek even attempted to toss a punch and stand up like a fighter to give the fans a run for their money, he would not have been branded as he was.

Yet we cannot make Paychek suffer too much for his failure against Louis. The prowess of the Bomber had made so deep an impression on the brain of the Mid-Westerner that he suffered accordingly. We shall never forget that quaking heavyweight as he awaited his doom. It was a sight never before seen in a titular contest. Knees knocking against each other, eyes bleary even before the referee had given his instructions, and body quaking, Paychek was a pitiful figure!

No wonder then that when he decided on a comeback against the 19-year-old Altus Allen, Chicago Negro, Johnny found the task too great! He had lost all faith in himself. The fighting heart, the courage that every fighter needs, was gone.

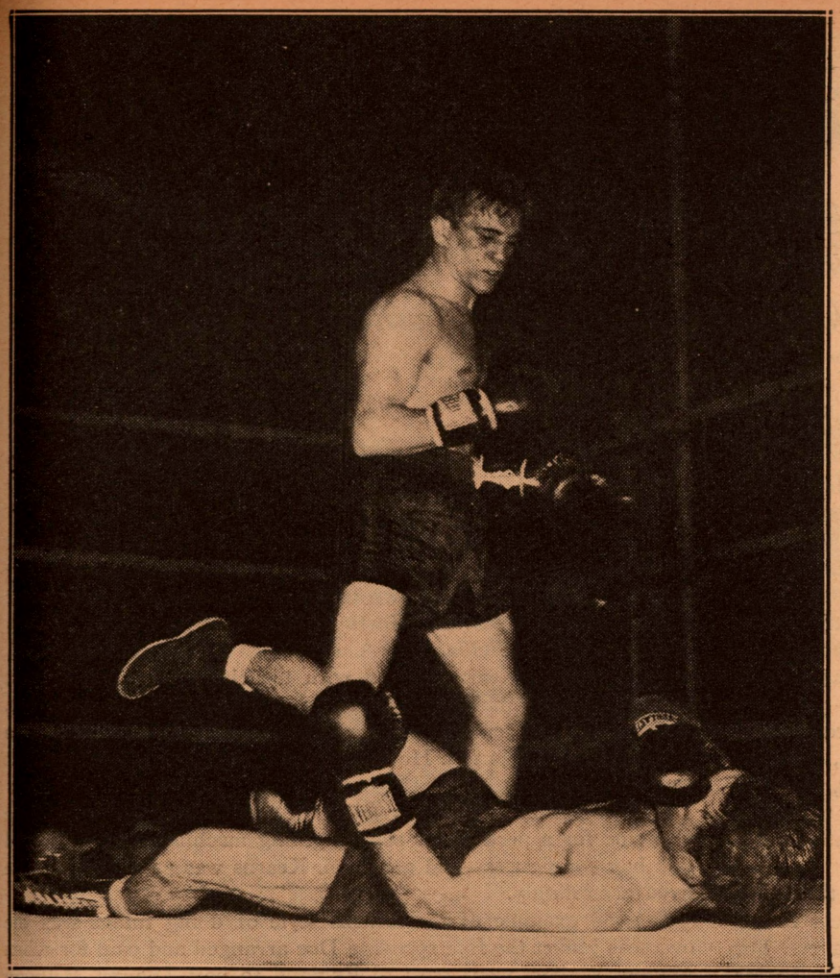
* * *

AS he explained it after he had been knocked out in the tenth by his youthful opponent, the figure of Joe Louis kept standing before him like a nightmare. The craftiness that he had often displayed in other contests was missing. The memory of the Louis fight with its booing, its catcalls and the stigma it had placed on him as a fighter could not be erased. Even when he had Allen going in the tenth round, he was unable to press his advantage. He permitted the colored boy to work his way out of danger and then come back in the following session to drop Paychek once with a short right cross for a nine count and then for good with another such blow to the chin.

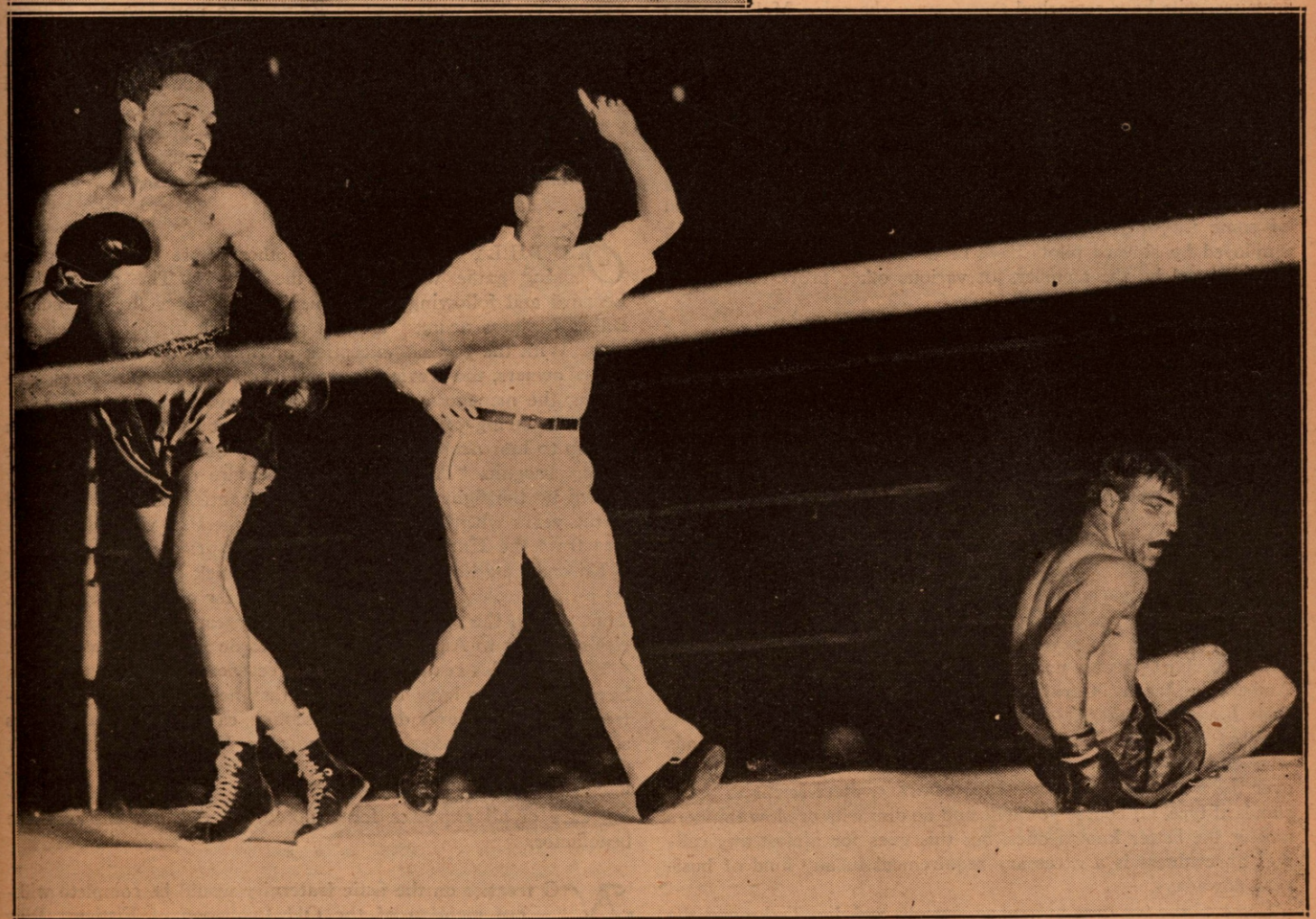
And so ended the fighting career of the man, who bald at 25, looked like a prospect,—until he faced Louis.

(Continued on page 51)

Champs on Parade



Pete Scalzo, "N.B.A.'s" feather champ, successfully defends his title by stopping Frankie Covelli in Washington in the sixth. Covelli went down six times. Here we see him after a right crashed against his jaw.



Ralph Zanelli's silk panties are in contact with the canvas here for the fourth time in his fight with Henry Armstrong for the world welterweight crown at Boston. Ralph got up but the referee halted the bout in the fifth round. It was Homicide Hank's seventeenth successful defense of his championship since winning the welter crown.

The Manager's Role

Plays an Important Part in Fighters' Careers—Kearns, Flynn, McCarney, Jacobs and Johnston Leading Figures in Last Twenty Years—Aggressiveness, Shrewdness and Persuasiveness Big Factors

By TED CARROLL

"WHY a fight manager?"

This innocent query, a laugh to the boxing conscious, is often heard from the lips of the uninitiated and uninformed. A goodly portion of the citizenry is prone to lump all the pugilistic master minds into the "They can't hurt us" class of pilots who from a safe refuge outside the ropes exhort their struggling charges to greater efforts, then dash out for the payoff following the festivities and are not seen or heard of again until their battler's next appearance in the ring.

Not many of the boys conform to this popular impression for the simple reason that in these days of tough competition, a mentor has to show plenty of ingenuity, manipulating prowess, non-stop hustling and what the fistic fraternity calls "cuteness" to keep a worthwhile bread winner out of the eager clutches of any one of a horde of rivals.

Most of the gags, schemes, and space grabbing tricks that make the boxing game pre-eminent on the sport pages the year round, are the products of the fast working minds of the managers. For instance, wits have remarked that former champion Melio Bettina should fight his bouts on a vaudeville circuit, his magician manager, Jimmy Grippo, is so well publicized every time the Beacon boy goes.

The old dodge of having a boxer in training rescue the fair heiress from drowning has come down through the years as an old standby in purloining training camp publicity. The name of the genius who first thought up this one has become lost in the mists of time, but it was no doubt born in the fertile imagination of some forgotten fight manager. Some of the publicity tricks employed by shrewd pilots have been so fruitful they have been appropriated by the members of various other professions, after free advertising.

* * *

THE pages of THE RING are far too few to begin to detail all the ingenious methods boxing managers have employed in gaining the limelight for their proteges.

Aside from their talents at grabbing free advertising, more important, many of the lads show genuine business ability in getting the greatest financial returns for their charges. Old Pop Foster had a stock answer to promoters who attempted to whittle down his demands for his Jimmy McLarnin's services.

"James is the card," thrifty Pop would observe. "He's got to be paid." And James always was.

Jack Kearns parlayed the talents of Dempsey and Mickey Walker into unheard of figures. Canny Al Weill is placed on a pedestal by even his severest critics for his trick of wheedling Uncle Michael Jacobs, no philanthropist, out of $82,500 for Lou Ambers in Jacobs' Carnival of Champions show in 1937. And there have been others.

What manner of men make up the ranks of the master minds who control the careers of the thousands of aspiring pugs all over the world? The movies to the contrary, there seems to be no standard type. Of course you will find no dim wits or slow thinkers among the better known ones, but this goes for almost any calling. Shrewdness is a necessary requirement in any kind of business nowadays.

Some of the top ones are suave, smooth and dignified along the lines of James Bronson and Ancel Hoffman; others are garrulous, aggressive in the James J. Johnston manner. Like everyone else, the managers cover a wide range of characteristics and personalities.

* * *

MOST ring students are agreed that the all time money maker among the boxing managers was Jack Kearns. The dapper doctor, as he is known to the trade, must have cleared at least a million from his efforts in behalf of Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Jackie Fields, etc. A debonair fellow, well groomed, smooth spoken, Kearns reeked with the class that must be part of any one who makes big demands and gets what he asks for. But it must be remembered he had a fighter in Dempsey who really could sell himself. He was "color" personified. That made it easy for Dempsey.

Kearns withheld Dempsey from the public view until the time was ripe for a peek at his super fighting machine, then he would talk box car figures—and get them. Kearns was paid high and he lived accordingly.

A good example of the Kearns style of doing things was the overseas junket the free spending Doc arranged and paid for when Mickey Walker went over to England to box Tommy Milligan back in 1927. Jack trundled some friends and several newspapermen aboard an ocean liner, entertained the party in the royal manner all during the trip for a couple of weeks in London, and footed the bill for everything right down to shaves and haircuts.

In all things he attempted, Kearns spread it around with a lavish hand. A million dollar manager, Jack lived the life of one and today has no regrets over the fortune that has fled.

* * *

OLD BILLY GIBSON was another whose returns from the boxing game were among the largest. The great Benny Leonard and following him, Gene Tunney, were the instruments Billy's business acumen used in gaining wealth for himself and them. With the possible exception of Roxborough and Black, Joe Louis' owners, the previously mentioned Al Weill is probably tops among the managers of today as a money maker.

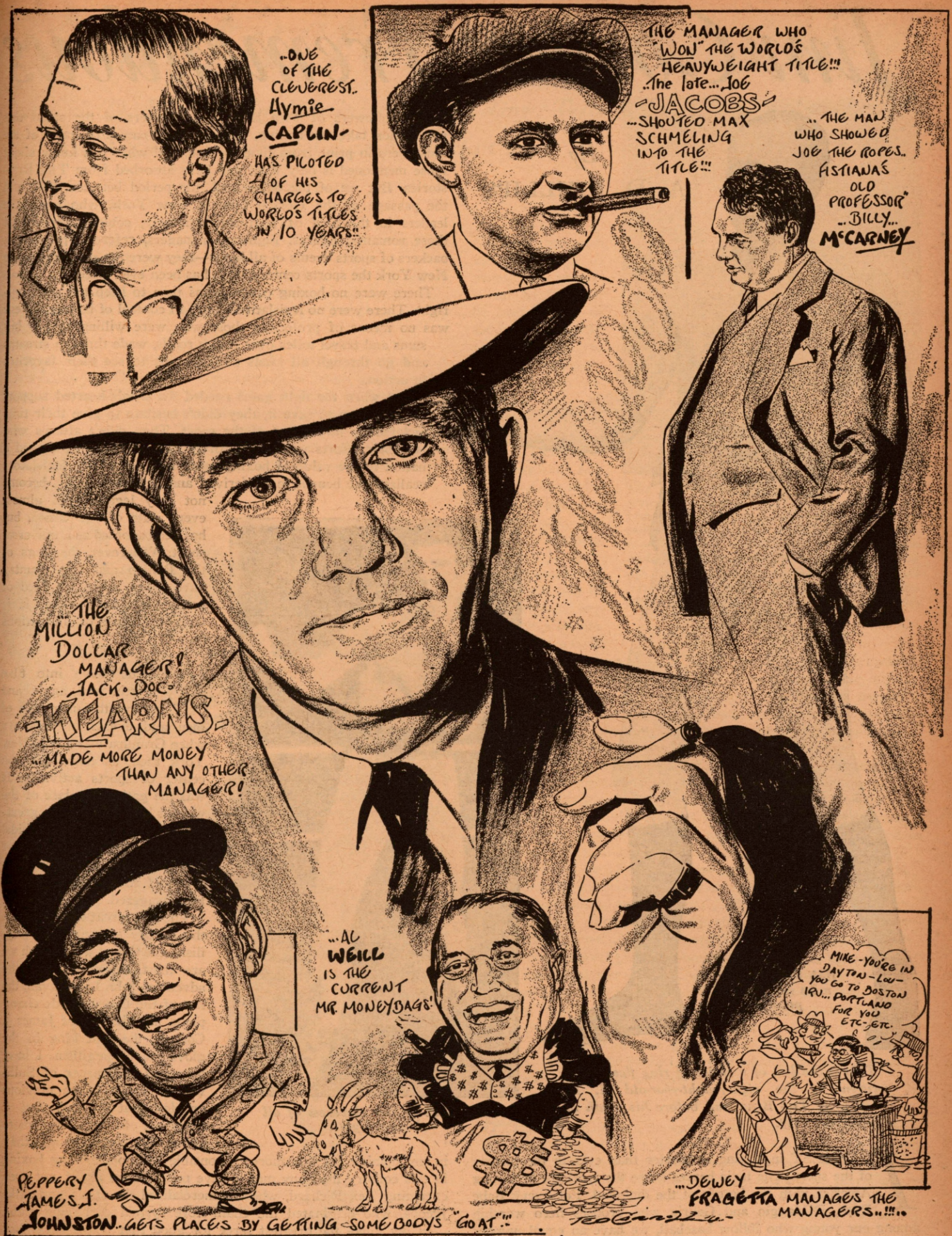
Weill's string of fighters from the most inconspicuous prelim boy up to Lou Ambers need never worry about getting the worse of any bargain. "The Vest" as he is more or less affectionately known by the fight crowd, hustles as frantically today as he did in the years when his waistcoat was a mess of vitamins, and he was from the Harlem dance halls, an ex-prize winning waltzer.

No one would ever suspect, taking a quick gander at the thick set mentor today, that he was once a hoofer of gazelle-like grace. That was in the days when a "cut in" meant switching someone else's partner to Al, and had nothing to do with a fighter's purse.

Weill is miles removed from a free spending Kearns. In fact, harsh statements have been heard that he goes to the other extreme. But he is never deaf to a genuine call for help. Some years ago the little ex-boxer, Andy Brown, a Weill roommate in Al's dancing days, departed this world, penniless and alone. Weill, who hadn't yet reached his present affluence, was right on the job taking care of all expenses for a decent funeral for his one-time benefactor.

* * *

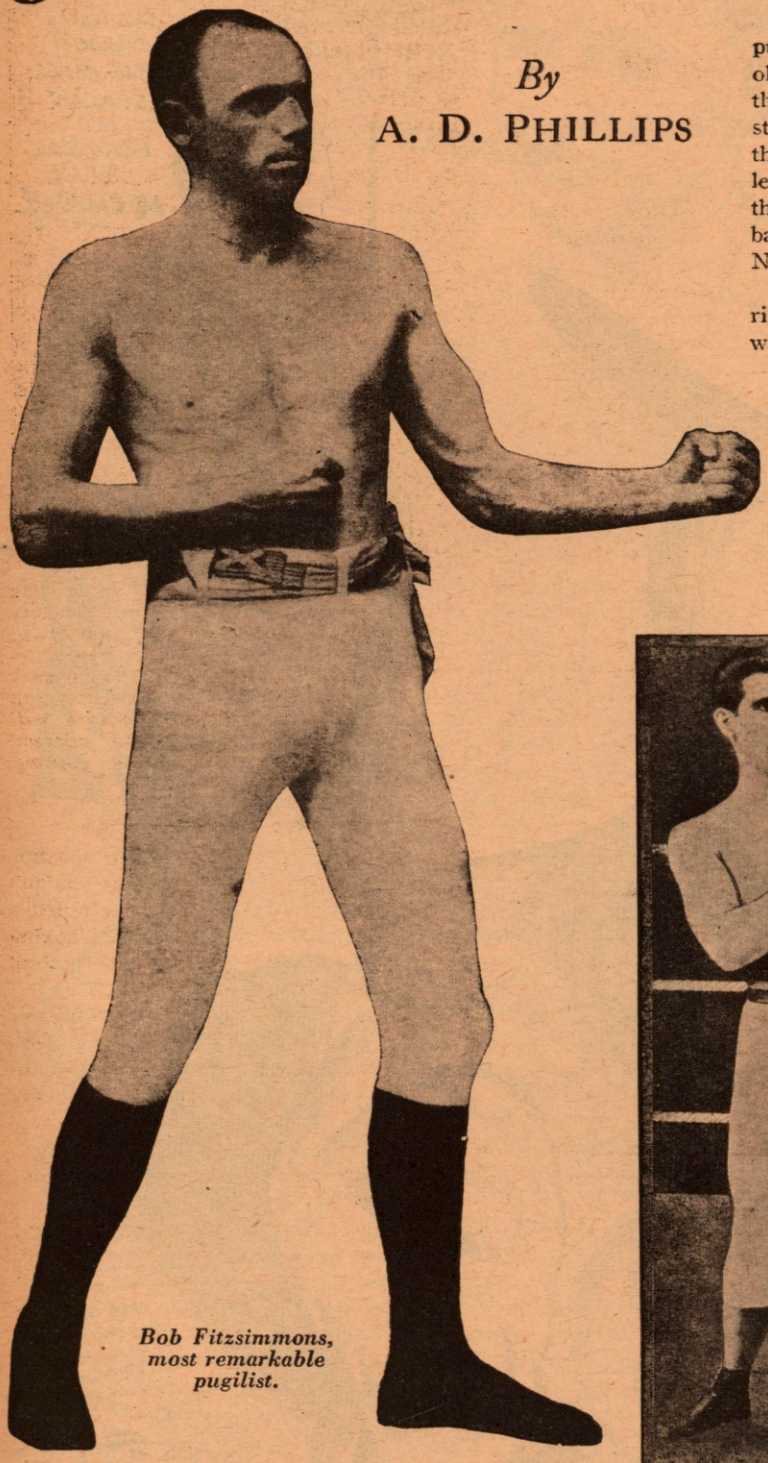
NO treatise on the fistic fraternity would be complete without mention of the Old Professor of Fistiana, Billy McCarney. Billy, who hasn't missed a hamlet in his treks up, down and around the country in the past forty years, is



almost an institution in the boxing business. One of the last of the Old Guard, there is about the well liked Will just a hint of W. C. Fields intermingled with a flair for showmanship of P. T. Barnum. Billy was one of the first of the old-time drum beating ballyhoo men of the profession. The ace story teller of the boxing world, there are as many stories *(Continued on page 42)*

Jim Corbett Tremendous

By
A. D. PHILLIPS



Bob Fitzsimmons, most remarkable pugilist.

This is the last of a series of ring flashbacks written by the eighty-eight-year-old A. D. Phillips of* THE RING *staff before his death in November, 1939.

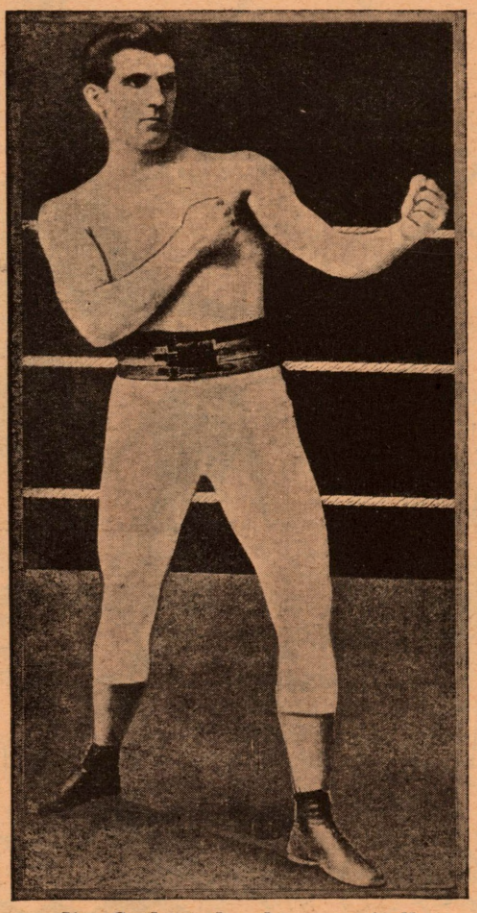
* * *

INTEREST in boxing is greater than ever in the history of the sport. The fistic heroes share the spotlight in Young America with the heroes of the diamond. For every Babe Ruth, DiMaggio and Gehrig who arouses hero worship among our young who follow baseball, we have an equal number of boxers who are held in equal esteem by our boys. This series being one that covers a space of three score and ten years, I cannot help but look into the past and bring to light the names of those who were so deeply associated with boxing in its infancy.

You followers of THE RING and admirers of the stand this publication takes on boxing, have seen the names of many of the old-timers in print from time to time, and what you know about those mentioned is only what you have absorbed from THE RING stories. But we of the old school, the period between 1870 and the passage of the Horton Law in New York, who knew the leaders in the field of pugilism intimately, could never forget those romantic figures. Fighters, managers, referees, promoters, backers of sports events of all kinds—they were the men who made New York the sports center that it has been ever since.

There were no boxing commissions then to keep the sport upright. There were no legislative bodies in control of boxing. There was no means of protecting those who were willing to pay big sums and travel miles over rough roads, wade through streams and go through all kinds of hardships to see their favorites in action.

But when the fight game needed the whole-hearted support of those men to save it, they didn't hesitate to give their time and money in support of the sport. They didn't always win, but their efforts were not entirely in vain. They awakened a nation to the value of boxing until finally even our legislators realized the benefit to be derived and boxing now has become not only legalized in almost every state of our Union, but has been adopted as a universal sport. Wherever the flags of the British and this country have flown, there the seed of boxing has been sown. It is truly the sport of all nations now.



Jim Corbett, the cleverest of all heavyweights.

* * *

LET us delve into the mystic past again and revive the memories of men and events in the days when Grandpa was a boy. New York then, as now, was the center of sports activities. It was the gathering place of the world's best fighters, the greatest sportsmen, and in its midst were arranged sports events of every variety on which hundreds of thousands of dollars were wagered.

The two great milestones in the history of American pugilism, the things with which we are most concerned, are the advent of John L. Sullivan, the last of the bare-knuckle champions, and the rise of James J. Corbett, the first king in the glove era of pugilism. I have discussed the career of Sullivan so fully in the previous articles that I don't feel it necessary to say any more about him, except to add that, in my opinion, he was more responsible for popularizing boxing in this country than any man I have met or read about, not even excepting Tex Rickard, who commercialized the sport, and Mike Jacobs, who originated the chain-store system of boxing clubs.

In my mind, the greatest force for good that boxing ever had is represented by James J. Corbett, and the man who brought him into the fistic spotlight, William A. Brady, was an equally tremendous power in the development of American boxing. In previous installments I told of the great enthusiasm created by the

Benefactor to Boxing

Late A. D. Phillips, in Reminiscences of Ring, Tells of Grand Influence Champion Had on Post-Sullivan Era

The late A. D. Phillips, whose interesting articles, reminiscences covering seventy years in boxing, have brought hundreds of letters of praise from readers of* THE RING *from all parts of the world. His life's work ended on his eighty-eighth birthday, but his contribution to sports literature will live on forever.* THE RING *Editor contemplates putting his work into a short volume, limited edition.

colorful "John L.," how his magnetism, his personality and his fighting qualities brought such attention to the sport as never before had been known. Only one man in American ring history gained such public attention, John Camel Heenan, who fought Tom Sayers in 1860 in the first international heavyweight championship battle.

* * *

MUCH as Sullivan in his rough, blustering way did for boxing, Corbett did even more. The suave, polite, intelligent, courteous California bank clerk did things for boxing that were without the sphere of Sullivan.

He brought respect to the sport. He brought a new type of fight fan into existence, the kind who admired science.

Jack Johnson, best defensive fighter.

Corbett interested the right kind of people in professional boxing and he undid much of the stigma that had attached itself to pugilism through the wild and unthinking acts of Sullivan and his associates. Sullivan's bad influences outweighed the good, but the influence on boxing that Corbett had was all most favorable.

James J. Corbett's greatest influence was that he brought boxing into the home. Nothing that cannot be brought into the home can be of any great influence to a nation or a race. There was nothing in Corbett's career that couldn't be discussed without fear at the fireside, and thus he aroused a new type of interest in boxing. Sons could discuss his boxing deeds with dad, something that Ma wouldn't permit in the best of homes when Sullivan was at the helm.

Whereas Sullivan was a bruiser and a boozer during the greater portion of his fighting career, Corbett was a clean living, temperate lad with a well developed physique, the kind of which the youth of the land could be proud. His pictures appearing throughcut the country caused many of the clan of Young America to attempt to follow in his footsteps.

A new craze for physical culture developed. Thorough training and systematic exercise were followed by many boys. The desire to become as skillful as was James J. Corbett became a fad among the lads, and in short time Corbett became a model for the youth.

Through Corbett, boxing gained as devotees thousands of respectable, intelligent persons who never would have been attracted to the sport had the old conditions of the Sullivan regime been permitted to remain in the ascendancy. They called him "Gentleman Jim" and well did he deserve that name. He was a marvelous boxer, probably the greatest in the history of pugilism, a fine student of human nature, a good mixer, and an excellent storyteller. As an actor, he ranked supreme among the members of his profession who became thespians.

* * *

THE wily Kid McCoy was another member of the pugilistic profession who left his influence on the sport. The master of ring trickery, he brought into being something new in the field of pugilism. It didn't take long for his method of procedure to be followed by many. Though the art he mastered is practically forgotten now, it had quite a string of followers for a time, the best copyist being Leach Cross.

McCoy was one of the few fighters, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey being among others, whom I never tired of seeing in action. When Kid McCoy was in his prime, he was one of the

greatest fighters ever known. Possessed of great height and reach for a lad his weight, with speed to burn and the faculty of picking up knowledge of his chosen profession and retaining it, McCoy had little difficulty making rapid advancement.

I recall when Parson Davies engaged the Kid to train with Tommy Ryan, then at the height of his career. Ryan was a ring marvel. They come no better than Tommy was, yet McCoy, then only a novice, was willing to take him on in training camp just for the sake of learning some of the finer points of boxing from the master.

Ryan wasn't over-anxious to help the newcomer more than he had to. First, to make life miserable for the Kid, he had him put up at a cheap hotel, while Ryan lived at a "swell" one. Then the Kid was forced to do all the dirty work around the camp, but he submitted without a whimper for he was, above all, anxious to learn.

He proved an apt pupil, as Ryan later learned. Tommy took the lad for a simple-minded dub when he first made his appearance, but after the Kid got up his courage, Ryan learned that McCoy was anything but a dub. McCoy picked up all of Tommy's cleverness, absorbed his ring tricks, and learned Ryan's method of attack and defense. In short, the "pupil" soon was equal to the master in the finer points of boxing.

* * *

LATER on, McCoy worked his way down to New Orleans, where Fitzsimmons was preparing for his fight with Dan Creedon for the middleweight championship, and to Lanky Bob, McCoy offered his services. Fitz being shy of trainers, and the Kid being willing to work just for his board, he was hired. Fitz was pretty tight in matters of expenses.

He was elated with the youngster's work. The Kid, utilizing all he had learned from Ryan, impressed Ruby Robert who complimented the Hoosier boy with the remark:

"I like your work. Keep it up. You'll soon be makin' 'em all sit up and take notice."

Fitz spoke a mouthful. McCoy did just what Fitz had predicted.

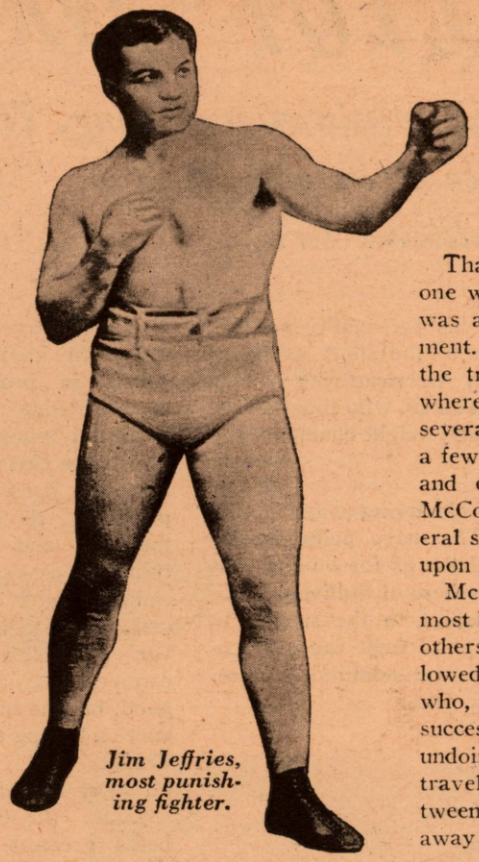
In his training sessions with Fitzsimmons, McCoy paid particular attention to Bob's method of attack. He soon caught on to the Australian's way of hitting, his shift and his body attack. When the training period was over, McCoy would sneak over to his hotel and there practice what he had seen Fitz do.

Some weeks later, when the Fitz-Creedon fight was over, the Kid found himself stranded. He hopped a freight train and got back to New York. Interviewed upon his arrival, he declared that he had learned enough from Fitzsimmons to convince him that he could win the welterweight championship from Tommy Ryan inside two years if given the opportunity and he made good when on March 2, 1896, exactly a year and a half after Fitz had dropped Creedon, the Kid knocked out Ryan at Maspeth, Long Island, in fifteen rounds to annex the crown.

* * *

McCOY didn't attract any public attention to his fighting qualities until after he had boxed a twenty-five-round draw with Dick O'Brien at Boston. That fight caused a boom in his stock and henceforth, because of the reputation of O'Brien as a scrapper, the Hoosier Kid gained the spotlight. It was that draw which gained for McCoy the chance to fight Ryan for the title.

Ryan regarded it as "duck soup" for him. He thought so little of the chap who so recently had been his sparring mate that he neglected his training. He took things too easy, and when he faced the well-conditioned, wily, courageous and confident McCoy, Tommy got an artistic drubbing in addition to losing his championship. It was a fight that aroused considerable interest and those who, like myself, saw it, were treated to as scientific, yet hard fought milling as any eager fight fan would care to see.



Jim Jeffries, most punishing fighter.

Ryan tried everything in his repertoire. He tried all of his clever moves and feints on the Kid, but the latter blocked them all and cut Tommy to ribbons with lightning counters. McCoy's sharp-shooting was a revelation. There was nothing that he missed. He gave a dazzling performance, I daresay one of the best, if not the best he ever exhibited.

That fight made him world famous. Everyone wanted to see the Kid. South Africa then was a wealthy country that needed entertainment. With Jack Grace to handle his affairs, the tricky American sailed for that country, where he not only engaged successfully in several fights in which he taught the natives a few tricks, but he also learned how to gamble and carried back home quite some wealth. McCoy took gold nuggets in payment for several scraps and these he paraded in New York upon his return.

McCoy, in my opinion, was probably the most brilliant fighter of the time, but like many others, he couldn't stand prosperity and allowed himself to be dragged around by those who, in that period, perpetually hung after all successful athletes. That eventually proved the undoing of the Kid. He became addicted to the traveling fever and made frequent trips between New York and foreign ports, gambling away all he made in the ring.

* * *

IN this series, which is concluded with this article, we have covered quite some territory and reviewed the careers of many famous ring gladiators, but we would not be doing justice to the review without writing something about Jim Jeffries, the sturdy California boilermaker. Too little credit has been given to him as a great fighter—one of the best.

Brain and brawn, those are the foundations of a ring champion, and Jeffries possessed both. Jeffries, like Corbett, was peculiarly adapted for the ring. Each was physically and mentally equipped for a boxing career. Physically, Corbett was built for speed, and Jeffries for sheer strength and power. Corbett depended mainly on speed and cleverness to carry him through to success, while Jeffries' line of attack centered chiefly on huge bulk and enormous power.

Corbett was a panther—lithe, sinewy, fast as a streak; Jeffries moved about like the grizzly bear, a nickname he received from Coast scribes. He was ponderous, lumbering, terrifying in strength and power, a fellow with a fierce attack. Yet he wasn't slow by any means. The scribes were amazed by the speed and grace with which the apparent lumbering boilermaker handled himself.

At close quarters, there wasn't a better fighter than Jim Jeffries. He could almost break an opponent in two by body punching. At long range, he couldn't do a thing, just the opposite of Corbett in that respect.

When Jeffries found that he couldn't attack properly when an opponent of the Corbett style faced him, he studied out a plan of his own how to reach the body and drive home powerful drives. While Corbett was one of the best feinters in all ring history, when he faced Jeffries, he found that he couldn't feint out and pull the boilermaker into a punch. Jeffries had perfected a plan that worked well, even against the superb feinter Corbett was.

When one selects the leading heavyweights of all time, he must find a spot among the first five for the most powerful heavyweight king since the days of John L. Sullivan—James J. Jeffries.

I frequently have been asked to express an opinion on heavyweights of the past as compared to those of the present, particularly since the rise of Joe Louis to fistic fame. How do you think Louis would size up with Dempsey at his best? Dempsey with Jeffries? Fitzsimmons with Louis? And so down the line. How would Benny Leonard have fared against Joe Gans? *(Cont. on page 48)*

This STEVE Has a Sock

Belloise's One-Round Victory Over Dellicurti Shows a New Contender for Welter Honors

By TED CARROLL

NOT since that winter's evening in 1928 when the cherubic Jimmy M'Larnin hurled a single right hand punch and dropped the previously unbeatable Sid Terris on the canvas of the Garden ring, has a New York fight crowd seen as devastating a right hand punch as that unleashed by the new toast of the Big Town, Steve Belloise, in his one round knockout of Victor Dellicurti in that same Garden. Right hand blows have been thrown before and many another starboard shot will be hurled in the days to come but for shattering perfection, the gathering who saw the never before floored Dellicurti drop as though drilled with an elephant gun by that mighty sock, hardly expect to ever see a better one.

Belloise' mighty blow spurred the lagging interests of metropolitan fight fans. Even the most sanguine of them hardly looked for so smashing a performance. Dellicurti, game, rugged, experienced and fast punching Harlem 150 pounder, had come with a rush in the past year, conceding weight and handing lickings to such highly rated performers as George Abrams, Sammy Luftspring, Cal Cagni, and Walter Franklin.

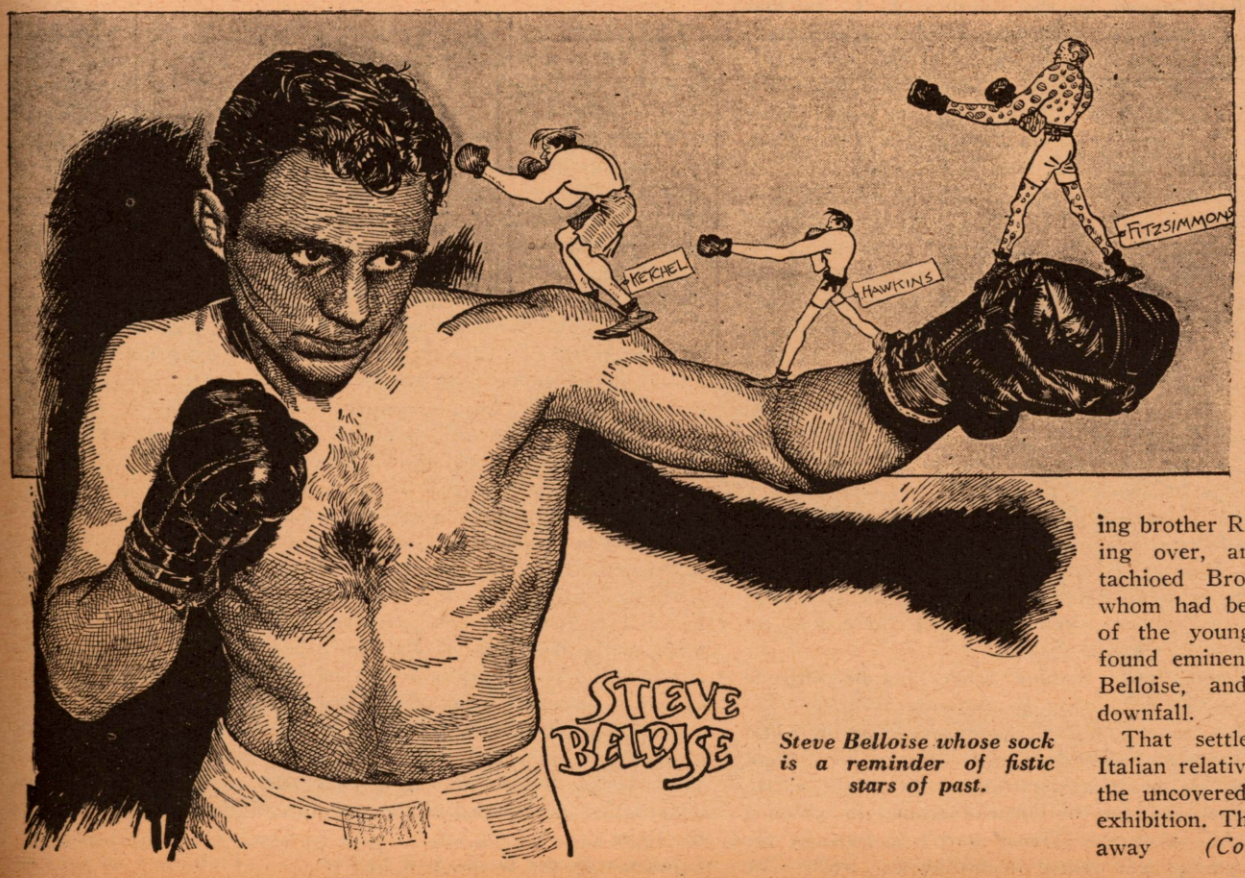
Therefore not even the most optimistic of the Belloise brigade looked for Vic's downfall in such short order, in fact many of them questioned the desirability of the match for the slim Bronx boy. Not so, Steve, however, whose confidence is in keeping with his ability. "Get me that guy," said Steve to his manager, George Hughes, "I can hit him, and I'll whip anybody I can get a crack at."

Results proved that Steve did not overestimate his own ability.

One of the more remarkable aspects of young Belloise' spurt to fame is the fact that Stevie, unlike brother Mike, had no leanings towards boxing as a profession until quite recently. Not that the youngster wasn't always handy with his dukes. That's any old Belloise family trait. All six of the Belloise brothers as well as most of the army of relatives show an aptitude at fisticuffs, although only Steve and Mike have followed the boxing trail as a business. Steve's reasons for not being overly enthusiastic over the boxing game were his ambitions and abilities in baseball and basketball, at both of which he excelled, so much so, that boxing seldom entered his mind. As the all round athletic pride of the neighborhood, Steve's second basing on the local ball team, and his fancy dribbling didoes on the basketball court for the St. Philip Neri Church quintet, took up so much of his time that even the success of brother Mike in the ring failed to tempt him into trying his hand at boxing.

It was Mike, then a champion, whose inability to say "No" to any of the myriad of requests to appear at smokers, that eventually led to brother Stevie winding up a pugilist. Strangely enough, Mike unlike most boxers rather enjoys performing at smokers, quite often he would find himself shy a partner, and finally talked the kid brother into filling the breach one evening. Although not even an amateur, Steve gave the featherweight champion such opposition the first time the pair boxed, Mike got panicky, figured he must be slipping or sick and couldn't rest until he got Steve in there again with him. This time spindly Shephen was even tougher, and the realization dawned on Mike that Steve had something.

The clincher that set Steve's sails for boxing fame took place at a family picnic back in 1938. With members of the clan Belloise covering the countryside for what seemed like miles around, the picnickers first gorged themselves with spaghetti, chicken cacciatore, and other Roman delicacies, and then settled back for the piece de resistance of the day's festivities, boxing bouts featuring the four belligerent Belloises, Mike, Ralph, Joe, and Steve. The assembled Belloises' eyeballs bulged as Stevie stole the show from the celebrated Mike, topping his contribution to the program by giving brother Ralph a thorough going over, and flattening mustachioed Brother Joe, both of whom had been secretly envious of the youngest Belloise's new found eminence among the tribe Belloise, and had plotted his downfall.



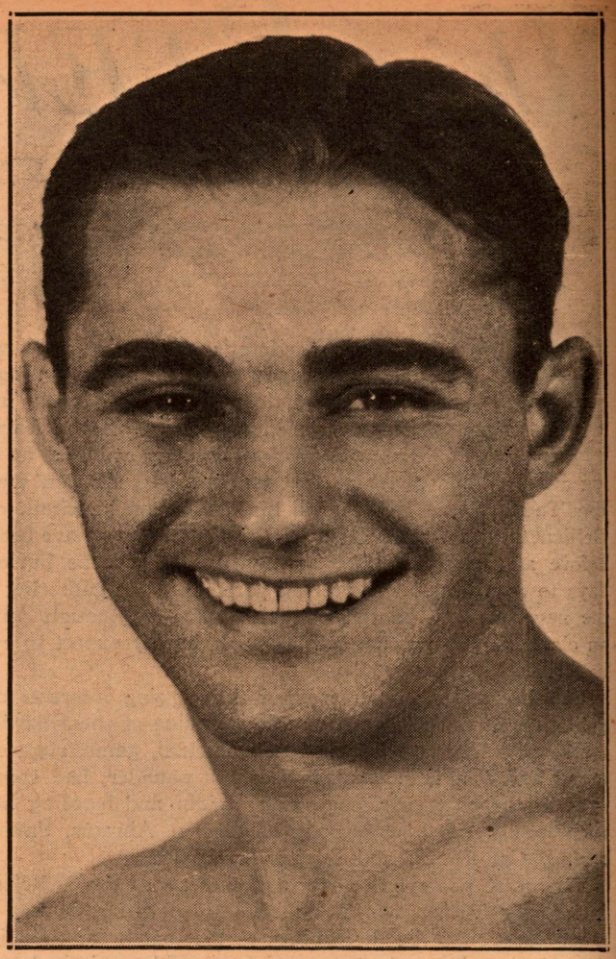
Steve Belloise whose sock is a reminder of fistic stars of past.

That settled it. Enthusiastic Italian relatives, crowded around the uncovered phenom, after his exhibition. There was no getting away *(Continued on page 41)*

JEFFRA in Hall of Fame

Former Bantamweight Title-Holder Wins World Featherweight Championship by Outpointing Joey Archibald—Outdraws Synthetic N.B.A. "Title" Contest, Five to One —Victor to Receive Handsome Ring Belt

By THE RING EDITOR



Harry Jeffra of Pimlico, Maryland, showing the smile of a champion.

BALTIMORE fight fans proved that they are ardent followers of the fistic sport by jamming their way into the Coliseum on the occasion of the first world championship fight staged by the Century A. C. in that burg in a quarter of a century. It was a fight for the featherweight crown, and Harry Jeffra, former holder of the bantam title, came through the victor before a crowd of 5,200 persons who paid $13,728 with a net of $10,091.41. By winning the unanimous decision of Referee Arthur Donovan and Judges Ed Brockman and myself, Jeffra became the undisputed world crown wearer.

The Archibald-Jeffra contest brought out into the open the real feelings of those who pay the freight in boxing. The huge turnout compared to the small attendance at the N.B.A. version of the featherweight championship bout at which a corporal's guard paid less than $3,000 to see the mill with Scalzo and Covelli, should be a lesson to those who attempt to upset proper boxing procedure.

You cannot fool the true lovers of boxing. They know the real goods and will pay for that only. They realized that the stand of the N.B.A. in proclaiming Scalzo the champion after the N.B.A. officials had shorn Archibald of his crown was too ridiculous for serious thought, despite the fact that Scalzo had earned the right to a title bout. The bailiwick of the N.B.A. president, Harvey Miller, was a deserted village on the night of its affair. Likewise in Louisiana, where Perrin was billed for a "championship" bout with Bobby Ruffin. Not, so, however, in Baltimore, where the gross was twice as much as the combined intake for the Washington and New Orleans contests. Why? Because there was no synthetic title involved. It was the "goods."

I congratulate Commissioner Stanley Scheer for his attitude in upholding the prestige of boxing by refusing to accept the mandate of the N.B.A. sanctioning the Archibald-Jeffra mill and quitting the organization that had made a mockery of the ancient pastime. Incidentally, my heartiest congratulations to the entire Maryland State Commission for the efficient manner in which it carried off the night's program. There wasn't a flaw in the arrangements. Everything was staged according to Hoyle. The State Commission did credit to itself and to the sport in the handling of its first world championship in a quarter of a century so efficiently.

* * *

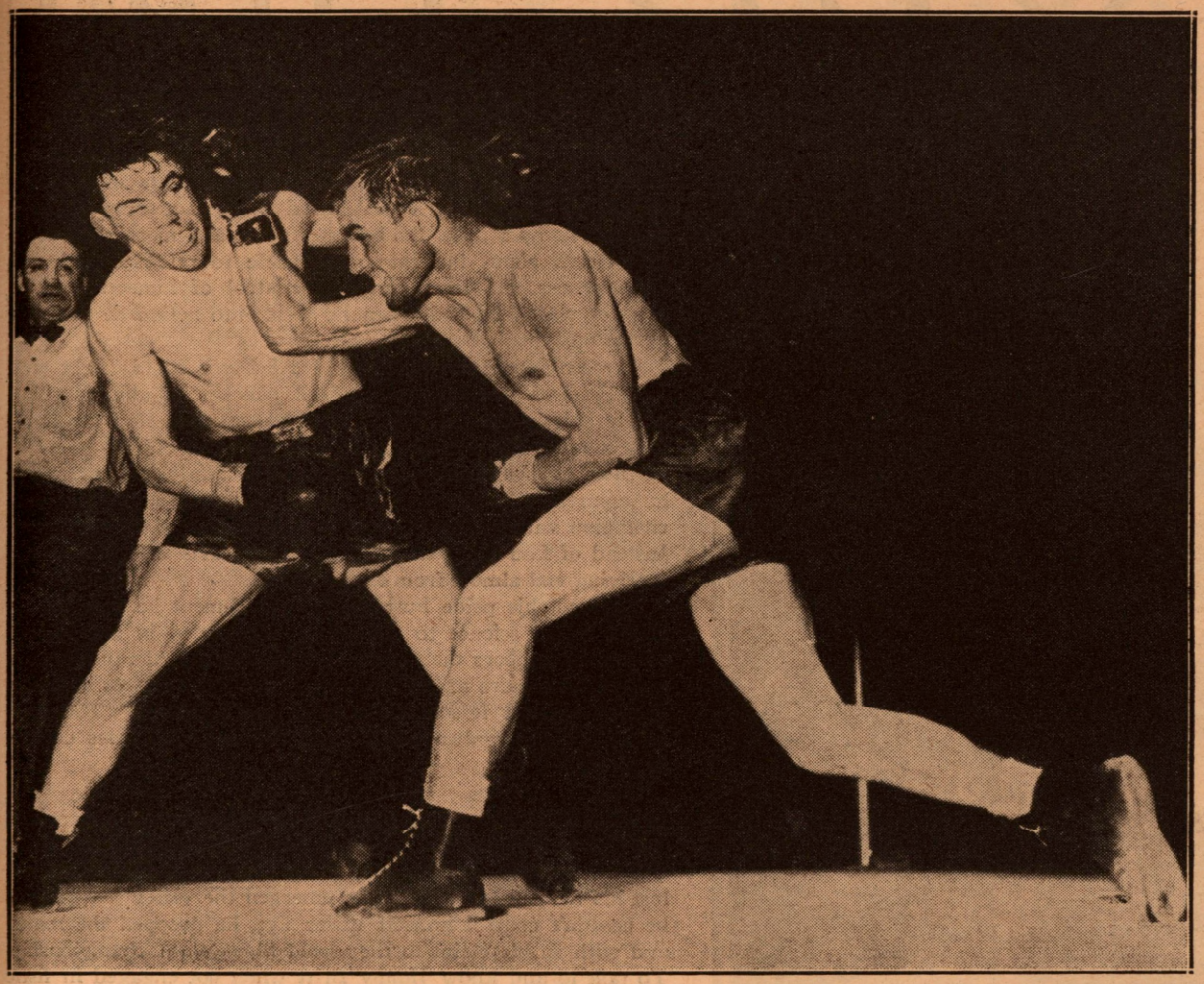
BALTIMORE showed that it is ripe for big time promotion. The Fisher-Goldberg combine that staged the affair is a live-wire combination that spared no efforts to assure success to its championship venture and is now ready to tackle other big events. Those in charge of the newly crowned king are willing to place the title on the block against Scalzo or Perrin, but demand, and correctly so, that Jeffra, not the synthetic title-holders, be given the champion's end of the receipts. There is only one legitimate international world champion, and he is the conqueror of Archibald. The other "champions" are contenders, with Scalzo the No. 1 man and Perrin the No. 2 challenger.

The way to end the present controversy is for Scalzo and Jeffra to meet in the city where such contest will best draw. THE RING Editor hopes such a bout can be arranged. Scalzo is the outstanding featherweight from a record point of view and is entitled to all he can get for a title fight, but he must not overlook the fact that Jeffra is the world crown wearer. If the financial arrangements can be made, and I see no reason why there should be any obstacles, such a fight would be a $20,000 outdoor attraction in Washington or Baltimore, and THE RING Magazine will gladly put up a belt for it.

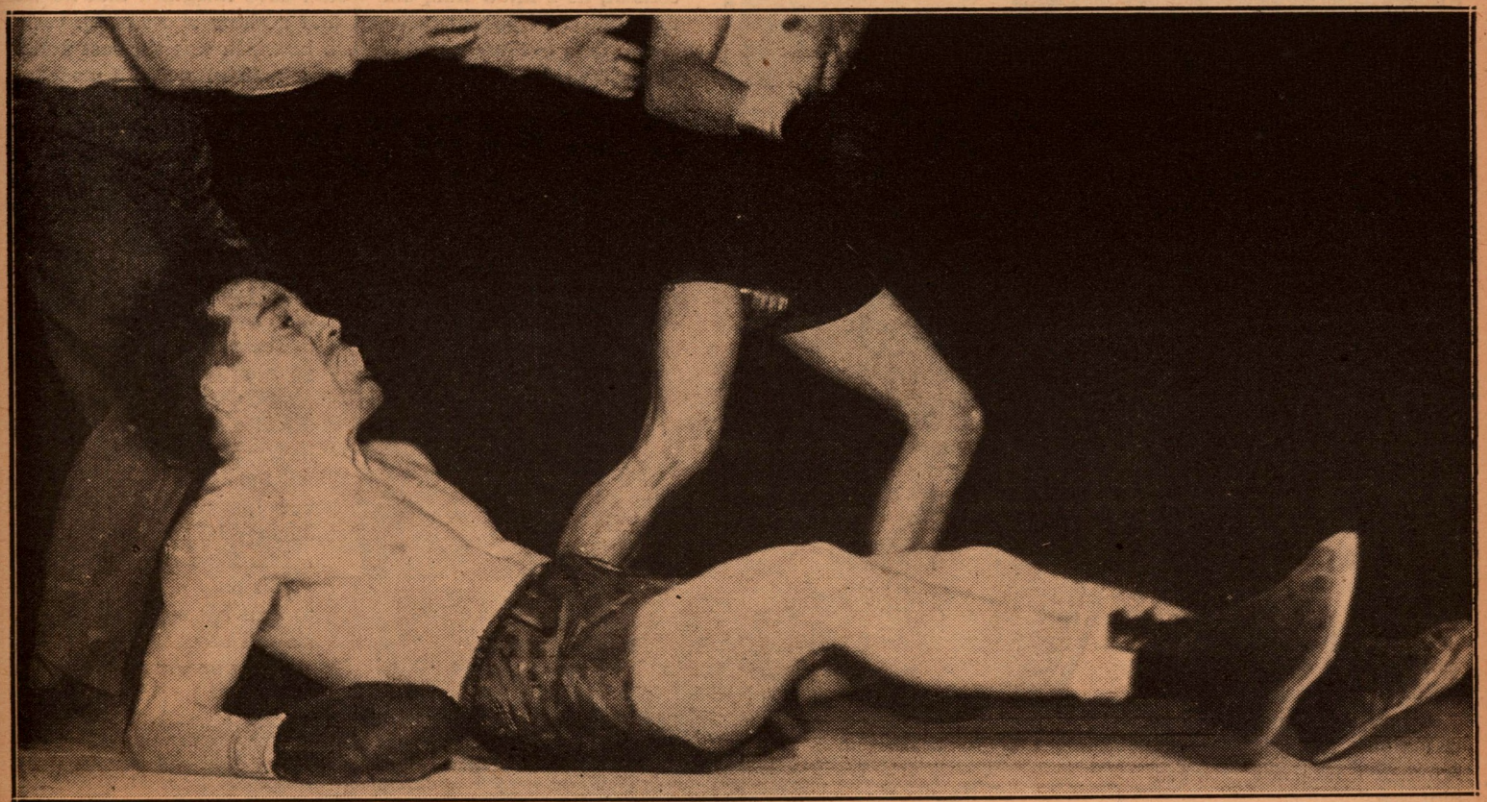
If such affair cannot be clinched, then a fight with Sixto Escobar is the next best attraction. It should draw $20,000 or more in the ball park of Baltimore because all of their previous encounters have been thrillers, especially the one in Puerto Rico in which Escobar regained the bantam crown from Jeffra. The field of feathers, through Jeffra's victory, now boasts of a quartet of good lads who can bring the division back into the spotlight. With Jeffra, Scalzo, Perrin and Escobar, at least three fine outdoor bouts are assured if the mentors of these fighters will see the light.

Jeffra may not be the best fighter *(Continued on page 44)*

When Jeffra Won World Title

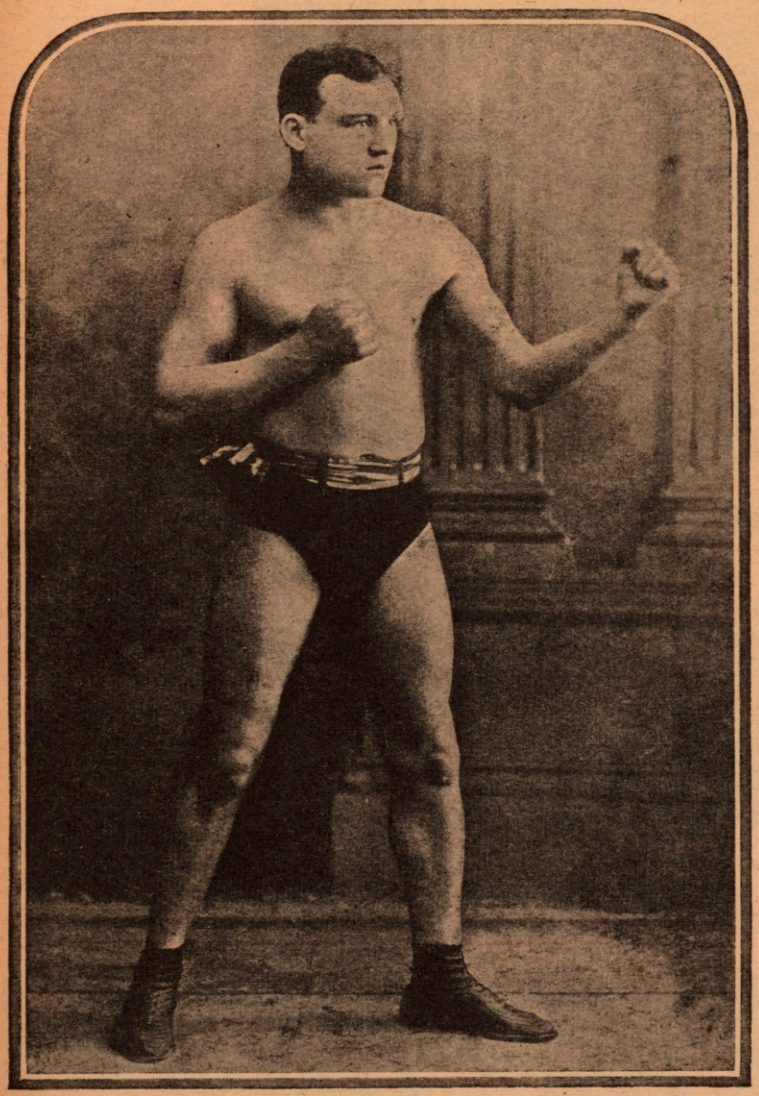


A scene in the fifteenth round of the Archibald-Jeffra fight at Baltimore in which Harry, former bantam king, won the world featherweight crown via the decision route. Note the right eye of Joey and the freshness of the new title holder.



Archibald takes the count of nine in the second round, one of three knockdowns. Joey came back strong as the fight progressed but couldn't make up enough lost ground to retain his crown.

HOLD that



Mysterious Billy Smith, one of gravest offenders against ring decorum.

ALEXIS JEFFRIES, itinerant preacher and proud father of James J. Jeffries, was once asked what he thought was the secret of his son's success as a fighter shortly after Jeffries had won the world heavyweight title from Bob Fitzsimmons. Jeffries senior knitted his brows, looked at his interviewer and then sagely remarked:

"Because he never loses his temper. Jim was a dutiful child. He could control himself under the most trying conditions and his fighting profession has not changed him any."

How often have you seen a fighter, who, losing his temper, sails into his opponent haphazardly, tossing punches from all angles, but landing scarcely one solid blow, and all because of a loss of temper. Angered by a remark that might have been passed at close range by his opponent, or because of the ability of his rival to score hits, the fighter tears in pell-mell, forgets all that he had ever learned about measuring his man, and misses by a mile. He becomes more and more riled as he is battered about the ring and unable to retaliate with any effectiveness. He loses complete control of himself and the chances which he had when he went into action at the start of the mill, are wholly lost.

A recent example was that of Al Davis in his fight with Lou Ambers. Davis, a recognized puncher of ability, a boy whose wallop carried T.N.T., had expected to stop the lightweight king. He went into the fray with one object—to crash his fists against Lou's jaw and end the affair in a jiffy. But he apparently hadn't figured on his opponent, a classy, clever champion with a world of experience so far as fighting goes. Instead of Lou being the target, it was Davis who was on the receiving end almost from the start.

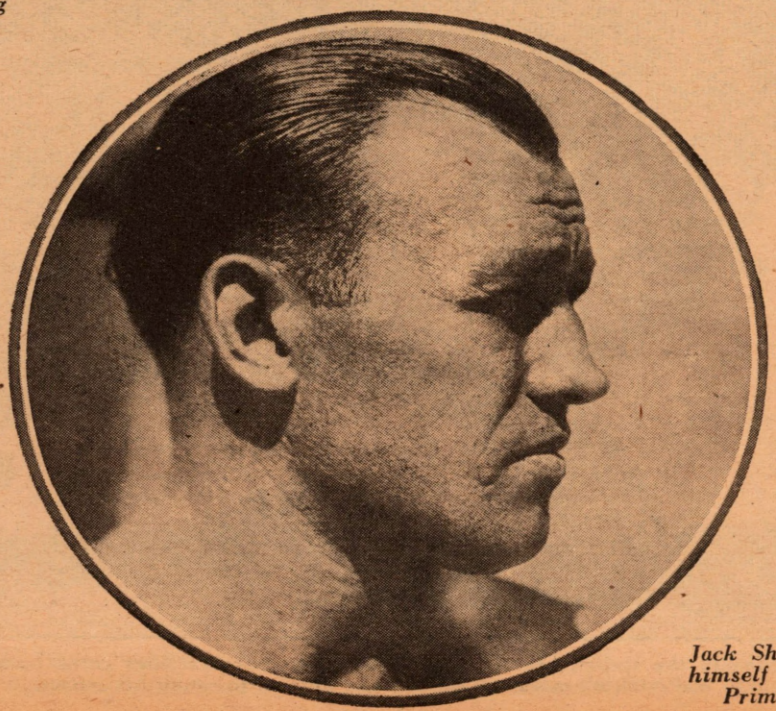
Angered, his pride hurt by the punishment he was taking, Davis tossed science to the winds. He waded in and instead of finding Ambers the target, the majority of Al's blows were wasted. The more angry he became, the more misses he made. It was a great lesson in "keeping one's temper." The cool, collected fighter always has it on the one who loses control of himself.

* * *

ONE of the best examples of loss of temper was that which I saw in the fight between Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt, San Francisco's fighting ace, many years ago. Had Britt not lost his temper, he would have emerged the victor but because he couldn't control himself under fire, he dropped the match and with it, his claim to the world lightweight championship. To talk to and know Jimmy Britt when not engaged in fistic combat, as I knew him, one would have imagined that he was the mildest of young men and that nothing short of an earthquake or a cyclone could disturb him. He was the last person in the world one would take for a man of quick temper, yet in the ring, he was just that. He couldn't control himself.

When facing an opponent, this impression was speedily dispelled. He was a most fiery, hot-headed fellow whose only thought apparently after getting his man into the ring with him, was to annihilate him. When Britt fouled Gans in their mill, Jimmy did not apparently realize the enormity of the offense until after the blow landed. He couldn't have stopped it even had he wanted to, because that was not his nature. The more damage he could do, the better he liked it.

His only aim seemed to be to beat his man into submission in any old way, so long as the opportunity presented itself. But he failed to figure

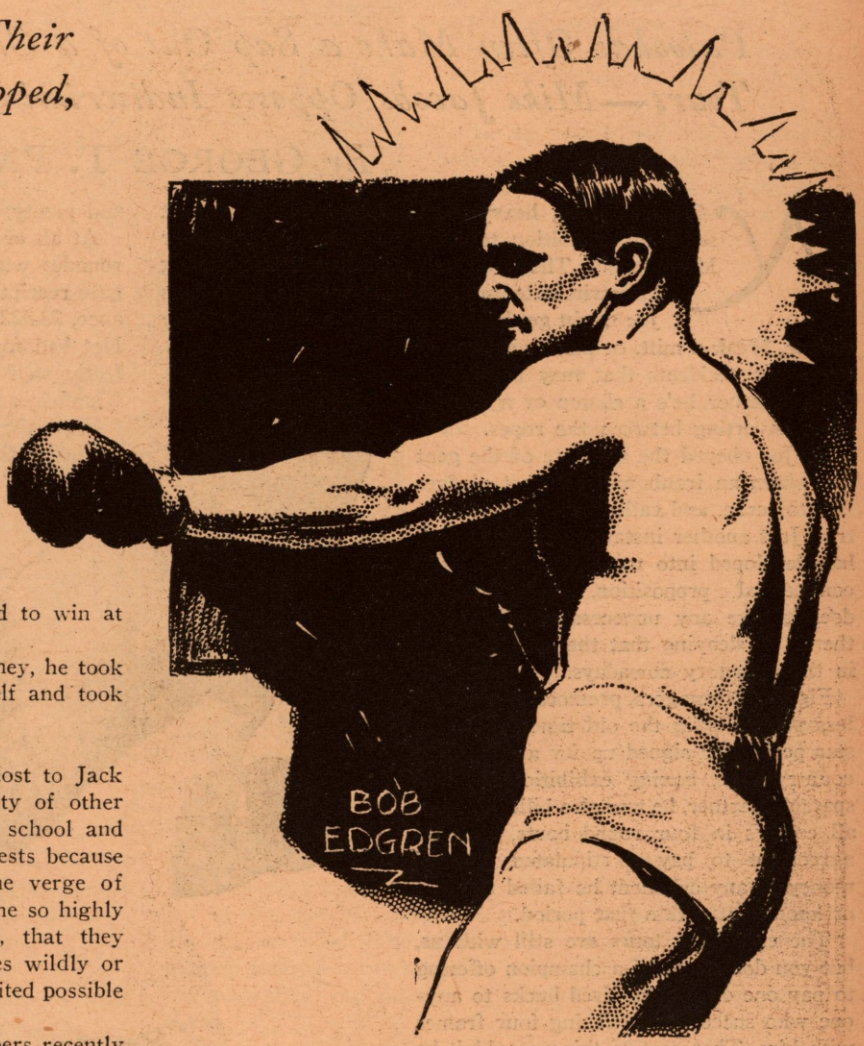


Jack Sharkey whose failure to control himself almost cost him fight with Primo Carnera at Ebbets Field.

TEMPER!

Boxers Who Can't Control Their Choler Are Severely Handicapped, Ring History Shows

By HYPE IGOE



Jimmy Britt, who was disqualified for loss of temper in fight with Joe Gans.

on that fearless referee, Ed Graney, who, after several warnings, took the bull by the horns and halted proceedings. Britt was angered by the clever work of his opponent and absolutely lost his head when he began to toss punches from all angles and hit low. So upset was Referee Graney by the fouls that, pointing his finger at Britt when he stopped the fight, Graney shouted:

"You fouled repeatedly. You were dirty. You lost your head. I gave you every opportunity to fight fair and play fair, but you wouldn't. You tried to win at any cost. I disqualify you."

Britt lost his head still more when, turning on Graney, he took a swing at him. But Ed was quite a scrapper himself and took pretty good care of his end.

* * *

IT was not Britt's first offense in this way. He lost to Jack O'Keefe in a similar manner. I can name plenty of other fighters who were just like Britt, those of the old school and some of this era, men who either lost important contests because they couldn't control their tempers, or came on the verge of losing through disqualification. Still others who became so highly excited because victory seemed within their grasp, that they either forgot all sense of direction in tossing punches wildly or kept sending 'em in after the bell sounded and thus invited possible disqualification.

The case of Lew Jenkins in his fight with Lou Ambers recently in which the lightweight title changed hands, was one that showed over-excitement that might have lost for Jenkins the crown he now wears. When Jenkins tossed those two terrific wallops to Ambers' jaw after the bell sounded, Referee Donovan, had he so desired, could have ended the fight and awarded it to Ambers on a foul, especially had Ambers's manager or Lou himself, protested. If Lou had not been able to get out of his chair to start the third round, Donovan would not have hesitated giving the fight to Ambers on a foul.

Thus the importance of keeping one's head in a fight. Excitement and loss of temper have no place in boxing. A good boxer should possess clear thinking. He should never show his temper no matter what the action of his opponent. He should depend on the third man in the ring to do the right thing when dirty work is resorted to, as in the case of Britt.

* * *

SOME fighters learn to curb their impetuosity through experience or by listening to advice, while others fail at all times to overcome the trait. Had Mysterious Billy Smith, a great welterweight, been able to control his temper, he would have been the greatest fighter of his time. He possessed all other qualities that went to make the successful fighter. He had grit, stamina, courage, cleverness, speed and what not, but he lacked that one essential in a great fighter—the faculty of keeping one's temper.

His fighting blood was aroused by the slightest move of his opponent. He never meant to take an unfair advantage over his rival but he just could not help fighting foul. It was born in him, apparently. He would just as leave strike his opponent while the latter was down as to strike him while on equal terms. Smith lost more scraps through violating the rules, than by being outpointed and outfought.

In that respect we have exactly the opposite in Jack Dempsey, the conqueror of Jess Willard. Dempsey, in my opinion, was the great heavyweight fighting machine of modern times, yet it cannot be said with accuracy that he was a fair fighter. There never was a time in his career except in the Tunney fights that he didn't stand right over his fallen opponent to smash him down again as soon as he was able to rise.

Jack, when reminded of this transgression of rules for which he could have been disqualified, would remark that it was up to the referee to order him away if he thought that there was a violation and since the official did not do that, Jack decided to stand where he could best deliver the knockout punch to a helpless opponent. His wasn't a case of loss of head or excitement—simply of taking advantage of every opportunity he had to score a quick kayo.

* * *

IN recent years the fighter who holds the record for loss of temper is Jack Sharkey, the Boston Gob. Sharkey flared up at the least provocation. He lost his fight with Jack Dempsey and a chance at Tunney's crown because his temper got the better of him when he complained to the referee about a low punch Dempsey had landed. He tried to jump *(Continued on page 45)*

EXHIBITION SNAGS

Palookas Often Make a Sap Out of a Champion in Cross-Country Tours—Mike Jacobs Opposes Indiscriminate Mixups for Joe Louis

By GEORGE T. PARDY

NOT long ago, heavyweight champ Joe Louis cut short an exhibition tour at the behest of promoter Mike Jacobs. The latter evidently feared that during indiscriminate mixups with various opponents Joe might get bunged up badly by some unlucky chance, break a mitt, or meet with one of the many accidents that may befall any chap, whether he's a champ or a chump, when cavorting between the ropes.

So Joe obeyed the mandate of the gent for whom an ironbound contract pledges him to scrap, and called off the roadshow trip. Just another instance of how boxing has developed into more and more of a commercial proposition. Big business doesn't take any unnecessary risks, and there's no denying that the sport belongs in that category nowadays.

Fighters, managers, promoters—all were less particular in the old times. When a star performer signed up for a cross-the-country tour, boxing exhibitions with a sparring partner, he was also billed to meet all comers in four round bouts, with an agreement to pay a stipulated sum of money to any opponent he failed to whip or knock out within that period.

The exhibition tours are still with us, but you don't hear of a champion offering to pay one or two hundred bucks to anyone who succeeds in sticking four frames with him. That sort of thing wouldn't be considered good form nowadays, and anyway, the various boxing commissions wouldn't stand for such off-the-reel frays, with cash payoffs.

* * *

YET these modern boxing exhibitions quite often get away with knockout thrills just the same, although it's seldom that fighters of any class are seen in the victim role. Still, now and then, some tough hombre slips a surprise over on a big shot glove-pusher.

Remember when Jack Dempsey went a-touring in 1931 and 1932, four years after Gene Tunney licked him for the second time? Rumors were rife that Dempsey meant to essay another comeback. Consequently there was a lot of interest taken in the exhibitions he boxed with genuine fighters, and a number of quick-time kayoes he administered to a choice bunch of stiffs.

Probably the Manassa Mauler hadn't the faintest notion of again tempting Fate in a real ring encounter, but it's easy to prod the fans into believing that a former star may blaze again on the pugilistic horizon and the daily sport pages assuredly advertised the ex-heavyweight king good and plenty. The result—sellouts at most appearances.

Joe Louis whose exhibition trip was cut short by order of Mike Jacobs.

At all events that tour netted him a nice little fortune. A four rounder with King Levinsky at Chicago pulled down $74,199 in gate receipts out of which Dempsey got $33,000. Also, the attendance, 23,322, smashed all indoor box office records up to that time. Not bad for a so-called exhibition, although everyone was perfectly well aware that Dempsey would try his best to out the Kingfish, and vice versa.

Well, the ex-champ tried his damndest, but, far from stopping Levinsky, the latter not only gave him back as good as he received, but something over for good measure. Next day the newspapers all agreed that Levinsky had come pretty close to batting Jack's ears off, and the talk of a Dempsey comeback rumbled away into discreet silence.

* * *

PRIMO CARNERA'S coast-to-coast tour, with the Venetian giant bowling over setups at every stop, was a fistic cheese concoction that smelled to the skies. Yet, so credulous is the general public that this awful 1930 swindle actually served to bring the big yawp into prominence, the advertising he received being part of a buildup that finally resulted in his winning the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey.

Max Baer burst the Carnera bubble when he leathered Primo to a standstill in 11 rounds, in 1934. Following his annexation of the heavyweight crown, Max took a turn at touring. While so doing he boxed an exhibition with King Levinsky.

Having slammed an ex-champ around in the person of Dempsey, the Kingfish must have figured that he might find a present champ just as easy. So he got fresh with Max, who was then at his peak, and was knocked cockeyed for his pains by the indignant Baer in two rounds.

Here again you can see how this exhibition-advertised stuff pans out occasionally, giving the onlookers a real thrill for their dough. And oddly enough, it was an exhibition bout that gave the wise guys the tipoff on Baer's slipping backward, just prior to the fifteen round battle with James J. Braddock in 1935, when Max lost his title on a point verdict.

Eddie Simms was the chap Baer took on in that fateful exhibition, and Eddie took Max over the hurdles, so to speak, handing him the quite unappreciated gift of a beautiful "shiner," and messing him up generally. Braddock left-handed Max to a fare-you-well, and those of us at the ringside couldn't help but marvel at the absence of spring and speed in Max's legs, and the lack of snap to his punches.

SOMEHOW Mike Jacobs's solicitude lest Joe Louis should run into an exhibition snag, seems a bit absurd. Louis is always in fair condition, not being a dissipated, or even convivial cuss. Personally, I'd feel more anxious as to what was likely to happen to the other half of an exhibition act, than worry about anyone putting something over on the champion. Still, the best of 'em may be caught napping.

When Bob Fitzsimmons was middleweight champion, he wound up an exhibition tour with an engagement at Miner's Bowery Theatre, meeting all comers, and offering $100 to any fighter he couldn't stop within four frames. Nobody succeeded in grabbing the century, but on the fourth night of Bob's appearance behind the footlights, Jerry Slattery came within an ace of removing the financial bait safely from the hook.

Jerry hailed from the New York waterfront, where he reigned as the scrapping pride of the longshoremen's union. He was over six feet, as hard as nails, scaled around the 195 pound mark, and could hit like a trip-hammer.

The Slattery mauling feats showed to best advantage along rough-and-tumble lines, Marquis of Queensberry rules rather cramped his style. Yet Jerry was not averse to donning the mitts and earning a few dollars in a preliminary. He had even, on occasion extraordinary, figured in a star bout at a minor club.

Anybody he could land on squarely, usually went out like a wind-blown light. For though he lacked education in the finer points of fistic science, Jerry could sock like a kicking army mule with either hand.

Jack Munroe who upset the dope when he floored Jim Jeffries in exhibition. Later, Jeff avenged this by knocking out the miner.

* * *

THE members of the longshore brigade bought out the whole gallery on the night Fitz was billed to encounter their hero. They were quite prepared to see Jerry wallop the champ into oblivion. As matters turned out, they were not so very far from attaining that ambition.

Fitzsimmons, it may be mentioned, although only a middleweight then, the year was 1892, did not bar heavies in his come-one-come-all challenge, thus keeping faith with his oft-quoted maxim—"the bigger they are, the 'arder they fall!"

Slattery began hostilities by rushing and swinging rights and lefts. The champ's thinly-thatched red-haired head bobbed and ducked out of range, and Bob sometimes jabbed Jerry's face with straight lefts, sometimes clinched and blanketed furiously clumsy attacks on his body with gloves and forearms. Nearly three minutes had elapsed, when Fitz, pulling back to dodge a whistling right, misjudged distance a trifle, and Slattery's right glove thundered on his jaw.

Fitz was bowled over by the impact. The crowd howled frantically and the longshoremen in the gallery gave tongue like a pack of wolves, as the champ staggered to his feet, and Jerry tore into him, spurred on by the encouraging yells of his gang.

Fitzsimmons' manager, Martin Julian, was holding the watch on the bout. He probably would have cheerfully paid a heavy forfeit right then for the privilege of being allowed to cut short the round. But he knew many jealous eyes were checking the time, and didn't dare provoke a riot by paring off half a minute or so.

Fitz was distinctly groggy, but never lost his head. When Slattery rushed, Bob slid into a clinch and hung on grimly. The champ was a wonder for recuperating quickly, and before time was called his head had cleared, and a pile-driving left to the stomach doubled up the charging Jerry.

BOB'S small eyes gleamed viciously as they stood up for the second frame. He was as fresh as a daisy now, and as Slattery leaped forward a straight left sent his head back, and a following right crashed against his chin. It was fully five minutes before he recovered his senses. When he came to, his first words were:

"If me punch had only landed the breadth of me nail higher! Bbhoys, boys, sure Oi come within a quarter av an inch of battin' th' world's champeen!"

Fitz acknowledged there was a lot of truth in Jerry's lament.

"'E only missed the knockout point by the closest kind of a shave," asserted the middleweight champion. "Tyke my word for it, if any josser ever tells you 'e never run against trouble playing this all-comers game, hit's a bally lie. You 'ave to be bloody careful, if not—well you see wot almost 'appened tonight!"

After Fitzsimmons was defeated for the second time by Jeffries, he joined forces with the big champion and they toured the West with a show, sparring, and sometimes one or the other took on an aspiring pug for four rounds.

The show struck Butte, Montana, on December 19, 1902, where Jack Munroe was working as a miner. Jack had a local fistic rep, and arrangements were made for him to face champion Jeffries for four rounds.

Jeffries had been taking life very easy since his second victory over Jim Corbett in San Francisco several months before. He was not in the best of shape, but expected to stop Munroe quickly. In this he failed. The miner was in good condition, had been playing football constantly, and roughed it at close quarters without sustaining any damage, while Jeff's lack of wind bothered him a lot.

The champion couldn't put over a decisive punch, and as they hugged and wrestled in a clinch just before the end of the final session, Jeffries was floored for an instant. It was a push, rather than a punch, when his legs were crossed, that sent down the champ, and he was up in a flash.

But the fact remained that he had not only failed to stop Munroe, but the latter had knocked down the world's heavyweight champion. The news went out to the sport world over the wires of the Associated Press, and Munroe passed in a single night from the shades of obscurity to the glare of the publicity spotlight.

* * *

MUNROE was really nothing more than an ordinary run-of-the-mill fighting product, but he made hay while the sun shone. The late Jack Curley aided in booming him, he came East, filled a number of lucrative theatrical engagements and participated in three ring contests.

He knocked out Peter Maher in four rounds, Al Limerick in four, and boxed a six round no decision bout with Tom Sharkey. Maher, long past his prime, had been kayoed so often that there was no novelty in the dose administered by Munroe. Al Limerick was a phoney who never licked a good man. As for Sharkey, that former able seaman had also hit the sear and yellow leaf period.

Munroe was given a title-shot with Jeffries on August 26, 1904. Usually a game fellow, he seemed to be seized with stage fright on this occasion, made no attempt to fight back and was kayoed in the second round.

Unquestionably the pug that proves most effective in the meeting-all-comers stunt, is he who carries a dynamic punch. A fast, clever boxer may outpoint and dazzle *(Continued on page 44)*

Kid McCoy Analyzed

Was Unique Figure in the Field of Pugilism—One of the Ablest and Cruelest in Ring Annals—Tips on His Peculiar Style of Milling

By THE RING PUBLISHER

RECENTLY, when Kid McCoy ended his life in his sixty-sixth year, in Detroit, obituaries carried a rather confusing and varied lot of explanations of the Kid's assumption of his ring moniker. As you know, McCoy was born Norman Selby, on a farm in Rush County, Indiana.

I asked him on one occasion, why he took Kid McCoy as his fighting name and he told me the story dated back to his debut in the ring. Years ago he drifted into Boston, debonair and sassy, and declared he was ready to take on any welterweight who cared to meet him. Howie Hodgkins, then one of the best of trainers, took the young man in hand and gave him a tryout. Howie was impressed with the kid's ring actions and asked Selby under what name he fought.

"Oh, call me Kid McCoy," he replied and Kid McCoy it was to the end of his days.

The selection of McCoy as a nom-de guerre came as a surprise to Howie, because at the time one of the nation's toughest gangsters, operating under that name, was being headlined throughout the country. Hodgkins thought it odd that Norman should assume the name. He told George Touhey, veteran sportsman and scribe, about the new fighter, and George interviewed McCoy.

* * *

ASKED by Touhey why he chose that fighting name, Selby replied:

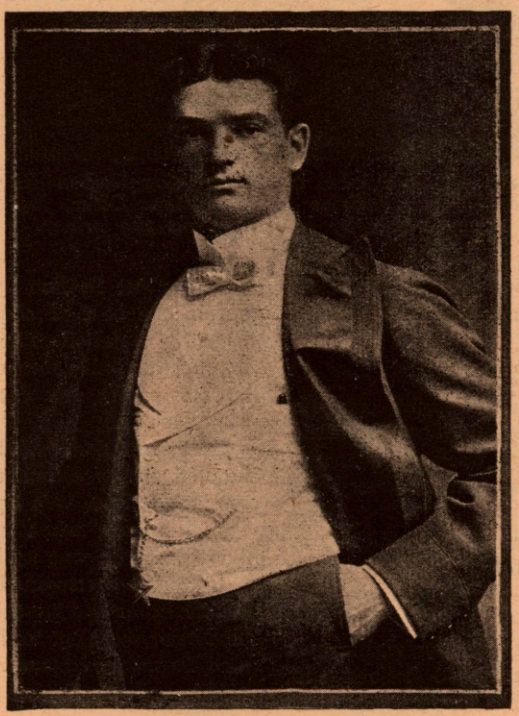
"I got the idea while watching a safe blowing act in a melodrama at the Columbia Theater." It developed later, that Kid McCoy and Spike Hennessy, two of the leading thugs of their day, were portrayed in a safe-blowing scene. Both had served long terms in a Western penitentiary, and had only shortly before been released.

During the performance, "The Life of Kid McCoy and Spike Hennessy," was sold for ten cents and Selby bought a copy. He was absorbed in its contents, he said, and after reading the novel and seeing the melodrama, he decided to use the name of McCoy in the ring. He added that McCoy's skill as a safe cracker appealed to him as a piece of daring and made him think that if he were as expert in the ring as the real McCoy was in his profession as a burglar, he would make quick headway. Selby did. In a few years he was one of the most talked of fighters in America and his fame spread to all parts of the English speaking world.

McCoy was one of the ablest and one of the cruelest fighters of ring history. He was part and parcel of romantic old New York, the New York of the Gay Nineties, the New York of the Gas Lit Era. Not the era of Harry Hill, Owney Geoghegan, The Allen, McGurka, Steve Brodie and others of their period, but of the later stages when the names of George Considine, Honest John Kelly, Parson Davies, Jack Dunston, Tom Sharkey among others, held sway in the sports center of the big city.

The Kid was tricky, unscrupulous, treacherous when he wanted to be. Because of his penchant for gambling on his own fights, the big shot bettors laid off him when important contests were fought in which he was a principal.

The Kid, who visited THE RING office with his wife last summer to discuss with me the publication of his life story in book form, told me about the origin of



Kid McCoy, the Dude

the expression, "the real McCoy." It was far different from the fairy-tale yarns that associated the expression with the knockout of a phoney in a saloon brawl, which received such wide publicity in the obituaries. He said that in 1899, when he went to San Francisco, he was asked to fight Joe Choynski, who was a favorite on the Pacific Coast.

Some time previous, Pete McCoy, had been knocked out by Joe McAuliffe and McAuliffe, in turn had been stopped by Choynski in four rounds. Hence when Choynski and Kid McCoy engaged in a vicious twenty rounds mill which McCoy won, the scribes came out with a story that the real McCoy was the conqueror of Choynski. They did this, as the Kid explained it, to show that he was a better fighter than the Pete McCoy who lost to Choynski, and ever since, the expression, which was originated with that San Francisco fight, has been used in sports parlance to indicate "the real goods."

McCoy was born October 17, 1873, in Rush County, Indiana, and started his fistic career in 1891 when he knocked out Pete Jenkins in four rounds. He fought the leaders in four classes—welter, middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions and cleared about $300,000 in purses. He was a world traveller. He served on the Mexican border with Uncle Sam's troops and later in the World War acted as a boxing instructor in the American army.

* * *

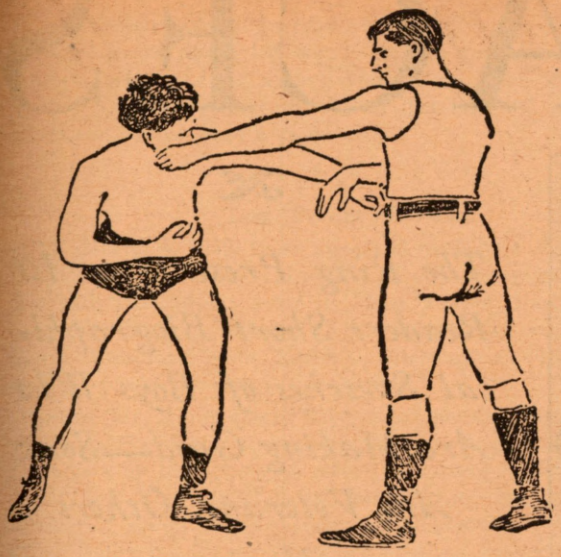
WITH the passing of McCoy, there went from the field of pugilism the most unique figure that had graced the roped square in fifty years in that all of his stuff was his own. He was a copy of no other boxer, either before his time or contemporary with it. He watched the leaders do their bit and then improved on what he had seen. He wasn't content to do just as they did, copy their style and their punches.

Frail of physique compared to the rugged conception of a bruise, pale of skin and highly nervous of temperament, he looked anything but a fighter when he entered the ring. But he brought a craft with him to the squared circle—a craft of mind and skill that no other boxer possessed except possibly Jim Corbett. He was so full of tricks as a magician's tool box and at least in that respect, he had no equal. He beat down to defeat men big enough and tough enough to break him in half and he did it in cold-blooded viciousness and detail that would make a vampire blush.

He had no mercy for a beaten foe. The good nature that kept Bob Fitzsimmons from striking Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at New Orleans when Bob saw his man floundering about the ring in a helpless state, had no place in McCoy's book of rules. When the Kid had a man gone, he usually practiced new punches on him, blows that he displayed in order to prove to the spectators that he could hit hard.

And yet outside the ring he was a pleasant fellow despite the many scrapes he got himself into. Like most athletes full of animal spirits, he was fond of practical jokes. The name of Norman Selby, known in ring lore as Charles Kid McCoy, will occupy a bright spot in the pages of pugilism as long as boxing lives.

McCoy, as is well known, put many a fighter away through the adoption of a ruse which distracted the attention of his rival for a moment, just long enough to give McCoy an opportunity to send across



McCoy's left arm swing.

the haymaker. The story often has been told of how McCoy fooled Herr Plaacke, the bulky Dutchman who came here to gain fame and American dollars and returned to his native heath on a cattle boat the day following his humiliating knockout at the hands of McCoy. Likewise the story about the Kid's fight with Jack Wilkes. Wilkes entered the ring at Boston and found McCoy sitting in his chair, pale as a ghost, his eyes popping out of his head and his general appearance indicating a fellow with one leg in the grave. McCoy had whitened his face to give it a sickly appearance and when Wilkes entered the ring, he walked over to his manager and remarked:

"Is that pale, sickly looking fellow the man I'm to fight?"

"Yes," replied his manager.

"Why, if I hit him, I'll kill him. I don't want to get into any trouble and I won't fight him."

With that Wilkes was ready to quit the ring when he was induced to remain through the plea of McCoy and his handlers who told Wilkes he needn't be afraid as there was no danger. McCoy had accomplished his point in scaring his opponent with the result that the Kid sailed into the astonished Wilkes and put him away in two rounds.

Many other equally interesting stories are told of how McCoy would get an opponent to look at his "loose" shoelace, as in the case of Herr Plaacke or the "loose" lace on a glove, the spectator in the gallery and other tricks, and in each case, when his opponent's eyes were momentarily off the Kid, McCoy would whip across the corkscrew blow that put his man to sleep.

A few months ago when McCoy came to visit me, we discussed the case of Joe Louis. He ridiculed the story of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney who belittled the ability of Louis. He told me that Louis was a great fighter and that if Joe had been fighting at the time when the Kid was at the height of his career, naturally he would have had a different problem to face because every heavyweight of McCoy's time was a star who far outclassed the best in the field today.

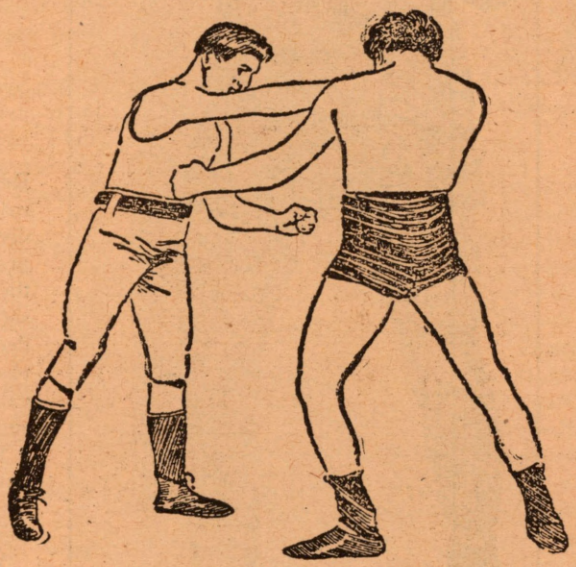
"But I think Joe would have made good against that bunch," said McCoy, "though I don't think he would have found the task as easy as he has it now. He would have had his ups and downs, with plenty of downs. Of that I'm certain, because the opposition would have been much better.

"I can name at least six heavyweights of my time, including myself, who could have whipped Louis, yet as fighters go, he is a great fighter. Dempsey should know that and so should Tunney."

Then The Kid harped on that matter of preparation for a fight. He told how he used to make a close study of an opponent and how he would work on a punch or a defense until he mastered it.

* * *

I THINK there isn't a boxer of the present day, nor was there one in my heyday, who made a closer study of an opponent than I did, said McCoy. First, I studied



McCoy countering with a right.

the game of fighting just as a student would study his lessons. I absorbed the best points of all fighters of my time, practiced their best blows until I became as adept in their use as the fighters from whom I gained them, and then made it a point to observe every move of my opponent from the time I entered the ring until the gong unleashed us. That is why I made a huge success of boxing.

"Whenever I learned of a new punch I made certain that I soon knew how it was delivered. Such was the case particularly after my fight with Shadow Maber, who taught me my first boxing lessons. It was after my second fight with Al Roberts, which I won in five rounds, that Shadow Maber, the Australian, recognized as one of the greatest welterweights then in this country, got me into my first important battle. Maber was one of my seconds in the Roberts bout and following that contest we had a heated dispute in a barber shop over what he figured his services were worth.

"We decided to settle our dispute in the ring and signed articles. We agreed to box at the People's Club of Cincinnati, but the police interfered and put an end, for a while, to the fistic sport there.

"We moved from there down to Memphis, where we were offered a $400 purse from the Pastime Club and accepted, and I won that bout in ten rounds. I learned more from Maber in that bout than from any of my other contests. I often practiced blows which Maber used and in my later contests, I used many that this clever Australian had among his repertoire.

"Particularly did I study the use of the left hand, and my ability in its use was the result of long and continuous practice.

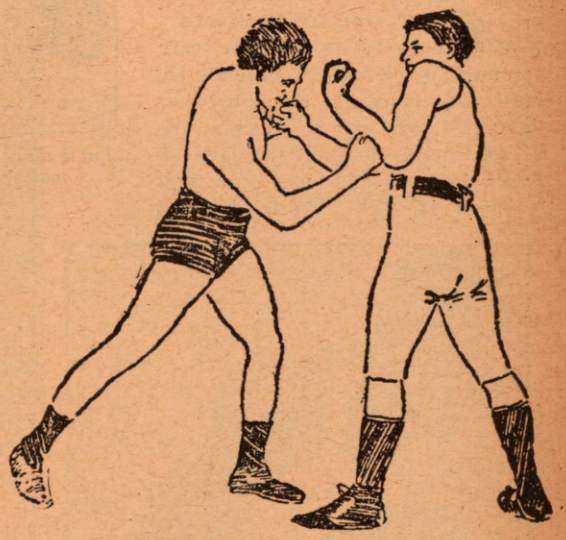
"Often at night, I used to sit at the table and practice writing with the left hand. Likewise, when I played baseball, for I was fond of that pastime, I would practice throwing both with the right and left hand.

"When I went out on the road, I would run forward then backwards and wound up by sidestepping. I think I could have beat any runner in the country at running backwards, and I attribute my shiftiness in the ring to this training. My crouching position was the result of long study. I developed it as a means for defense and I doubt that any boxers of my time had a better defense than I."

* * *

IN boxing position McCoy looked solid on his feet, and a slow hitter, but in action he was confusing and deceptive. His movements were slow, deliberate and strangely original. His two arms, with the elbows out and the gloves nearly together, swung slowly to and fro across his body. He stood lightly on his feet or moved slightly from side to side with an odd, quiet shuffle. His chin was always well drawn in, and he smiled cynically as he looked lazily at his opponent. His feints were short, jerky and savage. His whole body moved with the hand, as if about to rush.

But the "Kid" had only been feinting for that lead, and as his opponent



McCoy's guard and counter.

stepped in, McCoy slipped past and into close quarters. Then McCoy demonstrated what was possible in such a position. His rival was too close to do damage, and his arms were not in a position to protect him.

NEW FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

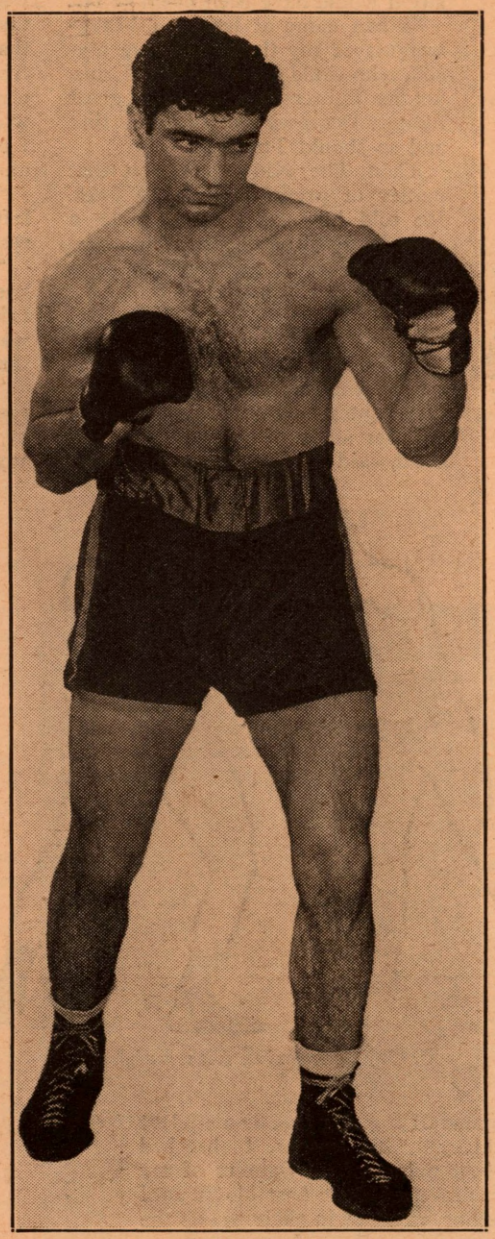
By RIGHT CROSS

CALIFORNIA has developed many fine prospects during the past two years, but none in the heavier divisions who looked better during the early stages of their professional career than does Pat Valentino of San Francisco, a light-heavyweight who has just passed his twenty-first birthday. Pat has been displaying a punch that carries T.N.T. and because of his powerful wallop, he has become quite an attraction in San Francisco.

In five fights to date, he has scored as many knockouts. Pat started off with a four-round kayo of Buddy Holzhauer and followed that with a five round knockout of Mario Duchini. In a return engagement with Holzhauer, Pat repeated, halting his man in the same period as in their previous encounter.

Then came a severe test when Pat was billed to face Angelo Puglisi. The bout was full of action and Pat emerged the victor via the K.O. route in nine rounds when the referee interceded and halted proceedings. Pat's last knockout was a seven round affair, with John Petry as the victim.

San Francisco scribes think in Pat Valentino they have a lad who is going places. They predict that with proper schooling Valentino will reach high in the light-heavy ranks.



Pat Valentino, San Franciscan with a good wallop. He is a light-heavyweight.

* * *

Curley St. Angelo

AS pleasant and courteous a youngster as you'd ever care to meet, is Thomas St. Angelo. He also is as game and clever a boxer as you'd ever care to watch in the ring. Curley—to apply the name he uses professionally—was born September 14, 1920. While in third term at high school, St. Angelo quit to work in a vegetable market. His fistic career began at the Teasdale A. C. He deserted the amateurs because all he kept doing there was losing fights. In five starts, he lost as many decisions. So he turned pro, hoping competition there would prove easier. And it did.

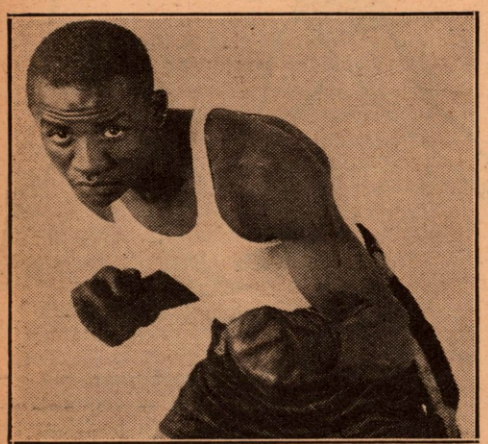
Under the careful guidance of Jimmy Remini, the curley-haired youngster has been making amazing progress in the featherweight division. He scales 125 pounds, and out of 23 pro contests, he has lost but four. Judging by the way he has been improving, St. Angelo may soon achieve his desire—which is to reverse the decisions he lost. He is remarkably strong and to all those who have witnessed his recent exhibitions he appears very game, and quite sure of himself.

For a kid with such limited experience, Curley handles himself quite capably. His hard punching has halted some good boys, among them the clever Eddie Palermo.

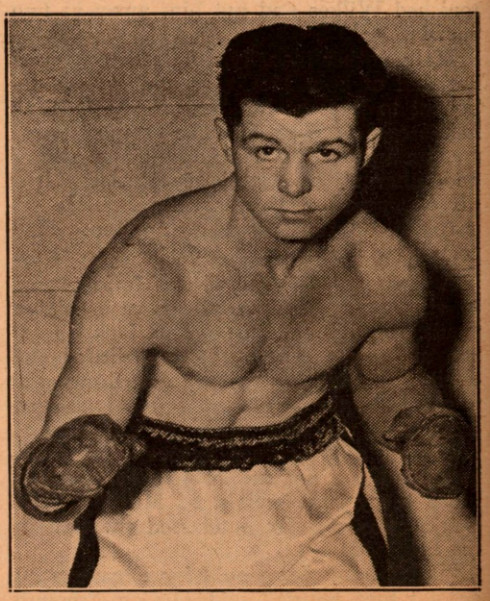
With his keen and clever boxing, Curley has triumphed over such scrappers as Danny Sinnott and the rugged, hard-hitting Eddie Voccia. He has withstood the bomb-like blows of Billy Pinti and has held the undefeated Joey Iannotti to a draw.

Tommy "Curley" St. Angelo is a good featherweight prospect.

"Curley is the most ambitious kid I ever saw," says his manager. "He loves to fight, but is more anxious to learn how to fight. He is always watching clever boxers, studying their styles and the manner in which they move about. And you'd be surprised how much



Emory Jackson, Atlanta lad who is on the road to success.



Harry Hurst, Canadian lightweight.

St. Angelo has learned just by watching."

Curley boxes like a lad with plenty of ring experience. He is graceful and fast, and knows what to do when a fast puncher is firing hard blows at him. Watch this lad, and you'll have no regret for having kept a close vigil.

* * *

Lou "Peanut" Barbetta

ON March 4, 1939, there appeared in Robert Ripley's Believe It Or Not cartoon a drawing of a young pugilist in boxing pose with this caption under it: "Lou 'Peanut' Barbetta, amateur boxer, Corona, L. I., defeated 27 title holders—among them, Golden Gloves champions, State, National, International and Metropolitan champs—but never won a title himself."

Indeed, Mr. Ripley might have added several more unique items regarding Barbetta's strange ring career. Although outweighed 12 pounds by his opponents when he started boxing in the 112-pound class, Lou won 27 battles before losing one. When only 18, he married his childhood sweetheart, Katherine Ring—who comes to the fights but leaves when her husband enters the roped square. Barbetta is the fond papa of a three-year-old son, Johnny, and a six-months-old daughter, Kathleen. Out of 60 hard-fought amateur contests he lost only two decisions, and won 18 out of 19 pro bouts up to date.

Barbetta was born September 9, 1918. After graduating from public school, Lou attended Newtown High, where he took a course in mechanical drawing. Fisticuffing, however, had a greater fascination for the youngster, so he switched from wielding a drawing pencil to tossing padded mittens.

He started his amateur career under the careful guidance of the benign Dick Vick in January, 1937. Barbetta got the nickname of "Peanut" because of his diminutive stature. Notwithstanding his weight and size and gentle nature, Lou proved himself to be an able scrapper. His aptitude for mastering some of the fistic tricks it takes many boxers several years to perfect, startled many of the veterans in the game. In a short time, Barbetta's speedy little fists battered those who opposed him in the ring until, in 1939, he marched off with the honor of being chosen to compete in a National Championship tournament which was to take place in California. It was there, after winning four bouts, Lou suffered his second reverse as a simon-pure, losing in the semi-finals.

When Lou Barbetta returned to New York, he pursued his amateur boxing career—as a bantamweight this time—for about five months, during which time he punched out ten victories. Then—still under the almost-paternal care of Dick Vick—the fighting "Peanut" turned pro. "I also got a job navigating an elevator," said Barbetta with a pleasant smile, as his manager was preparing to give him a rub-down, after a workout at Stillman's. "I only hope my boxing career will not be anything like that job of operating an elevator was," he added, lying down on the rubbing-table. "Up and down—up and down—all day long. Maybe I should have aspired for the post of navigating a balloon."

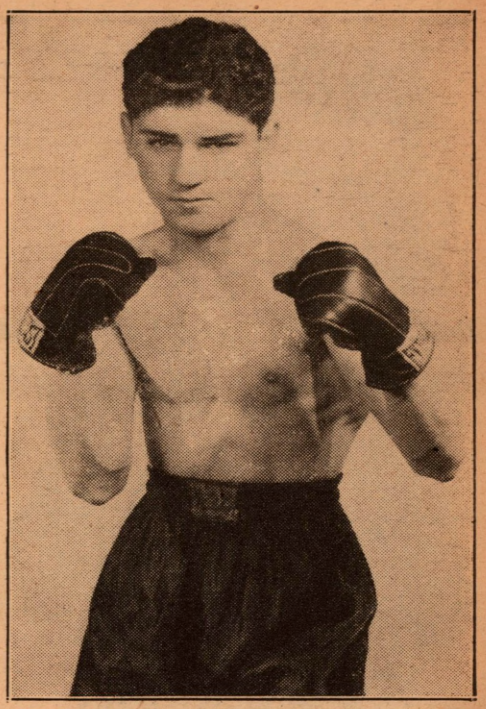
Barbetta has 7 brothers and one sister. His father, who is a fruit dealer, is a hot fight fan. Lou has given up his job and is now able to support his little family on his ring earnings. He has had 5 four-round bouts, the rest were sixes.

The "Peanut" is a bright boxer. He is smooth and shifty, light of foot and quick with the fist. He is especially effective at close quarters. He chops short right handers to head and body and shoots stinging uppercuts which daze and befuddle a man. He scales only about 122 pounds but hopes to develop into a solid featherweight. Barbetta is one of many New York boys who has come to the front this year.

Lou "Peanut" Barbetta, Long Island's clever bantam.

Emory Jackson

MAYBE Atlanta will offer the nearest approach to the late Tiger Flowers in eighteen year old Emory Jackson, who is making the home towners sit up and take notice. Regardless of color, Atlantans believe that Jackson may surpass a local leatherpusher named Ben Brown, who is ranked way up there. While a participant in some thirty bouts, Jackson came on the short end on two lone occasions, which speaks well for him. Among the unfortunates are Baby Lancaster, Wild Bill Ferrell, Tommy Calloway, Willie Fellow, Honey Boy Lee and several others.



Curley St. Angelo, New York City's fast-rising featherweight.

Scarcity of opponents in his own weight brought the plucky youngster against those heavier, which was requested from Jackson himself. Ben Brown trains with this dusky warrior. Ben will tell you that Emory carries a hefty wallop in both dukes. With D.A. Pittman managing the colored clouter and Leroy Atkinson at the training helm, Atlanta will be soon bidding for the middleweight crown. Jackson is a lad who enjoys his training like that of a youngster at play.

* * *

Max Scott

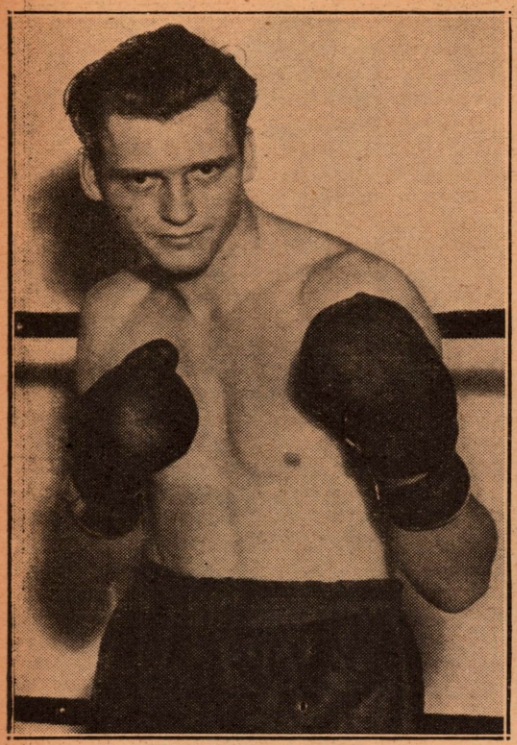
IN Toronto, Canada, they are talking about a young man who as an amateur made quite a record and who as a professional, looks like a fine prospect. His name is Max Scott and he is managed by Cosmo C. Canzano, boxing instructor of the Central Y.M.C.A. of Toronto.

Scott as an amateur won the City of Toronto championship in the 75, 85 and 95 pound weight divisions for four years and also won the Canadian welter crown in 1939. Then he turned pro and has won three of four fights and one ended in a draw. Of his victories, two were scored by knockouts in the first round. He is a southpaw and weighs 143 pounds. He hasn't lost a fight in three years.

* * *

Harold Hoshino

HAROLD HOSHINO is one of the hardest hitting featherweights in the world. In two years of professional fighting, he has won 90% of his bouts by knockouts. Since arriving in California several months ago, he scored 7 consecutive



Ollie Barbour, brother of Billie, a junior lightweight.

Max Scott, a Toronto welter southpaw.

Harold Hoshino, Pendelton, Ore., feather.

knockouts and has been a good drawing card. He is a popular fighter.

In his only defeat in California to Tomboy Romero of Sacramento, the bout was stopped at the end of the eighth round due to a gash over his eye and a broken left hand.

Hoshino is twenty-two years old, lives at Pendelton, Oregon, and weighs 126 pounds.

* * *

Fighting Barbours

NEW ENGLAND'S fighting brothers, Billie and Ollie Barbour, who hail from Apponaug, Rhode Island, are making headway since turning professionals late last year. Ollie is the better of the pair, his record showing only one defeat in fifteen bouts while brother Billie has dropped seven and won seven. They have a third brother who was a mitt slinger, but he quit.

Oliver, born on November 22, 1919, lost his only fight to Tony Andrade when the referee halted the contest because of a deep cut lip. He is a clever lad and carries a pretty good punch. He is a crowd pleaser and like his brother, scales between the feather and lightweight class. His best fighting weight is 130 pounds, while brother Billie weighs 128 pounds. He was born July 6, 1921.

* * *

Harry Hurst

CANADA has a fine lightweight prospect in Harry Hurst, former amateur lightweight king, who has been creating quite a furore as a pro. Canadian scribes think that in Hurst they have another Al Foreman. Hurst and Dave Castilloux are Canada's leading lighties and it is possible that they will soon be matched to settle the matter of supremacy. Of course, it all depends on how the war situation looks.

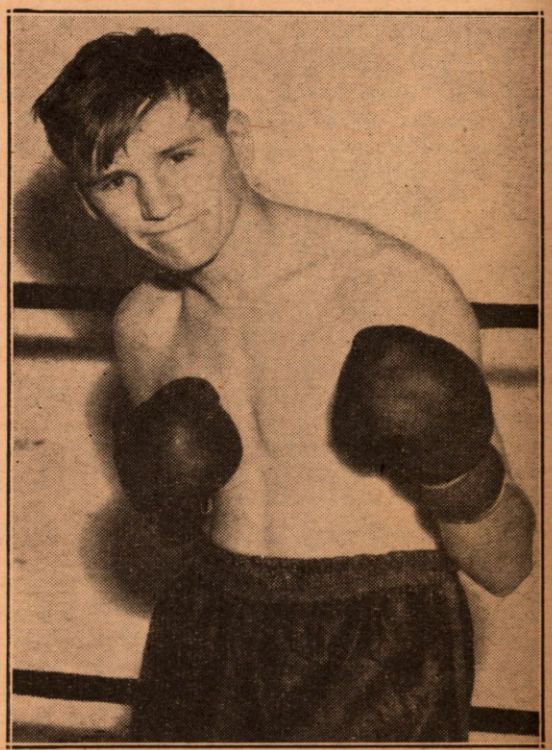
Hurst has everything necessary to make headway. He can cope with the best in his division. He has a good wallop and all he requires is additional experience.

* * *

Marcus Pitts

MARCUS PITTS, born in Manila and educated in San Francisco, where he graduated from high school, is a young featherweight who hopes to make the grade. He is now living in Springfield, Mass., and according to New England fight critics, he possesses enough to give him a good rating in that locality. George Ross, who is handling his affairs, thinks well enough of the boy to hurl a challenge at the champion, Harry Jeffra.

In high school, Pitts was an all around athlete. He was particularly good at sprinting. He holds the San Francisco High School mark of 9.8 seconds for the 100 yards. He has a well built body, is fast and can hit. Among his victories are a nine-round kayo over Lou Transparenti and decisions over Young Johnny Buff, Paul Tennessee Lee, twice; Bobby Ivy and Tony Dupre. He lost a close decision to Harry Jeffra in Baltimore, and now seeks a return mill with the title at stake.

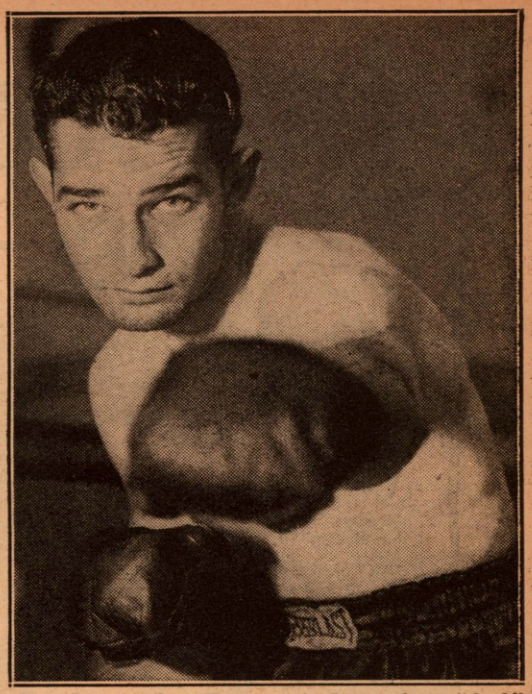


Billie Barbour, Rhode Island junior lightweight.

"This Lunny Is a Honey"

Pacific Coast Critics Rave Over New California Lightweight Sensation—Is Rapidly Making the Grade

By SHERIDAN BROWN



Ray Lunny, San Francisco's latest fistic "find."

RAY LUNNY, a leather-bound edition of "How to Box," hearkened many a veteran mind back to the gas-light era when San Francisco raised fighting men second to none by the manner in which he smothered vicious Verne Bybee before five thousand of the faithful at the Civic Auditorium.

He can never make San Francisco's old-time legions forget the lightweights who made fistic history by the Golden Gate, but he made them remember those immortal 135-pounders. This in itself is a great tribute to the ability of a twenty-year-old Irish lad who was making his third start over the ten-round distance and his twenty-first professional effort when he squared off against Bybee. The latter, a powerful youngster with a sledge-hammer right hand and considerably more professional experience than Lunny, was recently ranked among the ten best featherweights by THE RING Magazine and his ideas concerning the outcome of this match disregarded the fact that Ray had topped him three times in as many meetings when the two were bitter rivals in their amateur days.

But Bybee against Lunny was as ineffective as a beanshooter at the Battle of Narvik. Verne's best friend couldn't have given him more than two of the ten rounds and most observers conceded the round score a ten to one shutout for Ray. When the last bell finally took the raking left hand out of Bybee's face and Referee Toby Irwin hoisted Lunny's glove in victory, the five thousand fans let loose a roar of approval. They gave heart-failure to the sleeping pigeons on the Auditorium roof, for after the many blue moons of ordinary local boxing activities, San Francisco's pugilistic public has found a hero worthy of its adulation.

* * *

LUNNY'S work against Bybee was beyond criticism. The only thing he didn't do was to stretch the Brisbane, Calif., slugger, but he did everything else with such relentless perfection as to be almost unbelievable when one recalled that this was his third feature-length professional bout. Lunny has a left hand that strikes with jarring, cutting force at snake-tongue speed. This is his most effective weapon, but he can throw any punch in the book with a sharp explosion on the landing end.

His accuracy is remarkable. Against the crowding, threatening Bybee, he seldom missed. Whether it was the whipping left hand or a short, resounding right cross that follows the left and adds up into the prettiest one-two you've ever seen, or whether it was his ripping left hook to the body or a driving inside right hand to the solar plexus vicinity, Lenny always hit the mark.

More, Lunny is a fistic Astaire on his feet. He showed speed, sidestepping and feinting of extraordinary variety against Bybee, and often Bybee, who is no club-foot himself, looked well-nigh nailed to the floor as Ray flitted through his defenses like a torturing shadow. Ray lashed machine-gun punches to the mark and foiled Bybee's every effort to smash home his own shocking right hand.

Lunny has been commanding attention ever since he began to box for bucks about twenty months ago. When he turned his back on a magnificent career as a simon-pure, Ray hitched up with "Dutch" Meyers and Joey Fox, two of the smartest boxing men on the Coast. His progress speaks well of the way in which Fox has brought him through twenty-one starts without a defeat. Joey refused all offers to push his charge into headline bouts until he was certain that the youngster was ready for the tough gaff of ten-round fights and the stern opposition of more seasoned fighters. He developed into a southern California favorite, wading through seventeen preliminaries at the Legion Stadium, Hollywood, and the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium, winning all but two.

Zeke Castro, a veteran Mexican trial horse, and Chief Evening Thunder, inhumanly tough Indian lightweight, held him to draws. In subsequent rematches, Ray gave Castro a lop-sided pasting and cut the Chief up so badly that he was awarded a technical knock-out in the fourth round. During the preliminary bouts era, Ray made one San Francisco appearance, when he put over a three-round kayo on the 1938 *Chronicle* Christmas Fund card.

* * *

HIS first main event was at Hollywood, the opposition furnished by Guy Serian, a young Mid-Western toughie, who can knock your scalp loose with one landing of his roundhouse left hook. Ray stayed on top through ten fast rounds and only once, in the sixth, did Serian connect squarely with his Sunday shot. Lunny shook it off like a veteran and won the decision with plenty to spare.

Whereupon Benny Ford, matchmaker at San Francisco's Coliseum Bowl, brought him home for a tenner with Jose Gallardo, a sturdy Mexican peon, who relies on great stamina and physical strength to win his fights. Lunny swatted him with fifty-seven varieties of left hands and Jose gave up the ghost early in the tenth inning, his face lacerated and puffed after twenty-eight minutes of bumping facefirst into the Irish youngster's ramming left fist. Gallardo hasn't been heard of since.

Lunny was established as a San Francisco favorite, but there existed a doubt as to Gallardo's potency and some regarded it a not-too-important win for the prodigal son. Verne Bybee, fresh from a sensational Hollywood triumph over hard-socking Ricardo Lemos, had previously challenged the Lunny-Gallardo winner, and Frank Tabor, who puts on infrequent Civic Auditorium shows, baited Lunny and Bybee with $2500 to make the match over a Hollywood bid by Charley McDonald. *(Continued on page 43)*

HAWAII, the CRADLE

Paul Matsumoto, Japanese lightweight, who couldn't win a title in Honolulu, yet won national A.A.U. crown.

THE center of American amateur boxing is not far from the center of the Pacific Ocean—and that isn't as crazy as it sounds. For the greatest and best-coached group of amateur boxers we have yet seen is growing up on the Hawaiian Islands.

The Island boys proved their ability this year. When the National A.A.U. championships were held in Boston in mid-April, the team from Honolulu placed six men in the semi-finals, four in the finals, and took home two national championships. No other city in the country came close to that mark, yet Honolulu isn't a big place.

Why should these tropical islands have so many skilled fighters? It isn't climate; if anything, their weather is a bit warm for vigorous athletics. It isn't race; one of the national champions from Hawaii was a Japanese, Paul Matsumoto; few Japanese have won boxing titles.

We sought out "Pump" Searle, one of the leaders in Hawaiian sport, and asked him about it.

"The plantations," he said enigmatically, waving his arms.

"What about the plantations?" we insisted, pinning him down. "Pump" has a way of flailing the air to express his thoughts by sign language. We knew this was an old Indian custom, but didn't realize it extended as far west as Hawaii. Some people who have interviewed "Pump" claim that he couldn't talk if his hands were tied behind his back; but this is unfair. It isn't that easy to stop him.

"The plantations," he repeated. "Competition. Teams. Coaches. Gymnasiums. Might as well be a league of colleges."

* * *

SOUNDED as if he had something there. He went on: "The center of life outside the big towns is the plantation. The big sugar and pineapple companies have thousands of people living on their farms. The villages are built according to plan. Besides theaters and stores, they have gymnasiums and all kinds of sport fields. They hire professional coaches. And lots of the older workers who boxed a few years ago also help train the boys. You ought to look into it." So we did.

We drove about fifteen miles out of Honolulu to a plantation called Ewa, reputed to be the biggest on Oahu. It's a sugar plantation, with settlements located among tremendous canefields.

So far as we know, their athletic program is not exactly duplicated anywhere on the mainland. You could see a drive behind all forms of sport in this part of the world, just as there would be in any area with a big athletic plant every few miles, and hundreds of men competing.

At Ewa, the employees have a recreation association. The dues are twenty-five cents a month. Any worker can belong if he wants to, but none has to. The dues of the 800 members, plus about $3,000 raised in an annual carnival, are partly used for coaching and equipping the teams. They have a fine big gymnasium, with all sorts of apparatus.

The association gets its coaches in different ways. Some of them are white-collar employees who have been varsity athletes at big mainland universities; some are workers who have been exceptionally good in sport; and some are hired professional coaches from outside.

* * *

THE boxing squad at Ewa is a new development; only thirty-eight men were in training when we made our visit. Other plantations had four or five years' headstart on them in ring warfare, but they were catching up. The men were well-muscled, tough, and enduring, from hard work.

Before the plantation kids are old enough to go into the fields, they compete in basketball, baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, and other sports. By the time they're old enough to work, they are strong and well co-ordinated.

The day's routine calls for the field hands to rise at the crack of dawn. Starting work about five o'clock, they get a half-hour off for breakfast and the same for lunch. By two o'clock in the afternoon they're all through work for the day. This leaves plenty of time for training.

Each plantation competes with others in several sports. Boxing is a favorite with the workers. It means a lot to a village boy to be pointed out as "the champ." This is particularly true among Filipinos, who love to fight.

Fine amateur boxers are plentiful. It's a natural result of good coaching, plenty of competition, rugged material, and lots of support from the rooting section. These boxers are real amateurs; no money under the pillow for them; no trading in their medals for $25. They work for a living and fight for fun.

* * *

CEFERINO GARCIA won his way to fame with a "bolo punch," developed by cutting sugar cane, and there are dozens of fighters in Hawaii who can hit for the same reason.

Both of Hawaii's National A.A.U. champions are plantation boys. Paul Matsumoto was at Waialua farm until last year, when he left to go into special training under a clever Japanese handler.

John Manalo, flyweight champion, is from Kahuku. He's one of the youngest in a large family. His parents couldn't keep a very close check on all their children; John did a lot of boxing around Kahuku without his mother and father finding it out. He even got over to the regional championships at Honolulu and won.

This raised an embarrassing question, because he was invited to go to Boston with the team for the national tournament. He knew he couldn't go that far away without telling his mother and father. But he didn't know whether or not they would approve of fighting.

He finally got permission to make the trip by explaining that he had already won it as a prize. He just forgot to say anything about scrapping some more when he got to Boston.

His parents were pleased that he'd won the trip. They were hard-working folk without much formal schooling, and didn't follow their son's progress in the papers. So it happened that he went to Boston, and won the national title without his mother and father knowing a thing about it!

# of AMATEUR BOXING

American Possession in the Pacific Boasts of World's Leading Simon Pures—They "Grow on Plantations," Says "Pump" Searle, of the Leaders of Sport in Land of Hula-Hula

By BOB EDGREN, JR.

We don't know how he explained matters when he got home. Returning with honors, he was probably able to smooth things over. If not, he was pretty safe anyway.

Personally, I wouldn't care for the job of spanking a national champion, even if he is a flyweight.

* * *

HAWAII'S boxers will improve. They've only started. But the threat from mid-Pacific is largely in the smaller divisions. Most of the plantation workers are Japanese, Chinese, or Filipinos; heavyweights are scarcer than rainbows in a shower bath. But the big men from Hawaii can fight. Honolulu sent Raymond Quintal, a light-heavyweight, to the national championships and he reached the semi-finals.

It's a fact that competition in the Islands is so tough that men who couldn't win a local championship there can win a national crown. That's what Paul Matsumoto did. The Japanese lightweight was only a first alternate on the team; one of the other boys couldn't go, so he filled in. He had been beaten by Johnny Ledesma in the finals of the Hawaiian lightweight division, but he won the national title at Boston.

Since the Islands produce a lot of fine amateur boxers, you might expect that they have a crop of coming professionals, too. But this doesn't seem to be the case. Maybe that's because the boys haven't much incentive to turn professional. Local purses are small, the mainland is far away, and it takes a lot of money to get there.

On the other hand, there's every incentive for the boxers to remain amateur. They are assured of steady, lifelong work. If they are good enough to make the boxing team, they travel to Boston or other distant places first class all the way, staying at the best hotels and doing their continental travel by airplane. They're given good clothes before starting, so they won't have to dip into their savings. They meet celebrities, compete against other Americans from far corners of the Union, and return home heroes.

Ceferino Garcia, whose style has been adopted by many Hawaiian fighters.

John Manalo, who won the national amateur flyweight title without his mother and father knowing a thing about it.

Put yourself in the place of a Filipino farm boy. It'd be a lot of fun to come home a national champion, to tell the Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Portuguese and other plantation workers about the wonders of Chicago and New York, how you met the mayors and what they said.

When the boys get back they're almost worshipped. Kids follow them around and say: "There goes the champ! When I grow up, I'm gonna be like him. Look, here's the way he throws his left (biff), see?"

It was all summed up for us by "Pump" Searle. Hoisting his arms high, to free his talking muscles, he lowered his dukes to eye level and began the story, pantomime and sound:

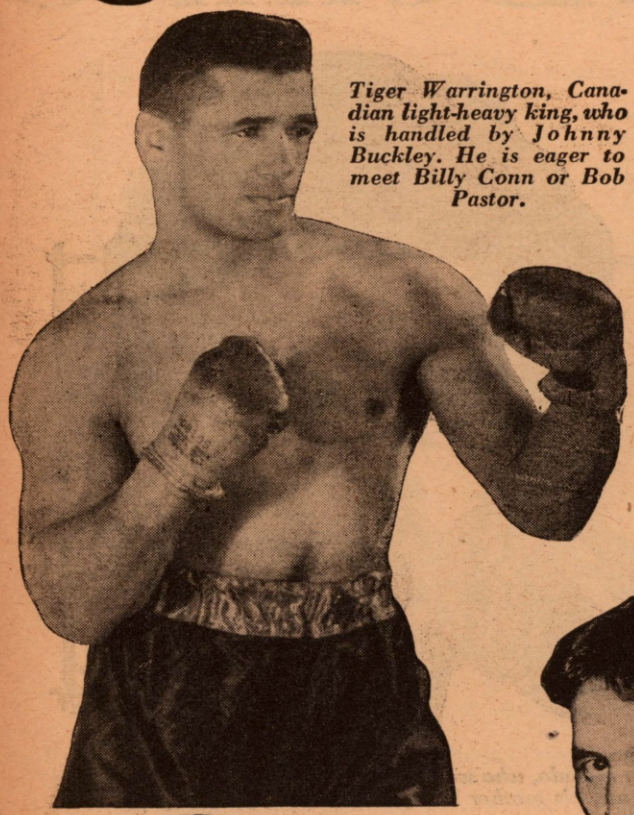
"Last year, you should have seen the team come home. They were all having a great time—all but one little fellow who didn't smile, didn't say anything." (Pump clapped his hand over his mouth.) "This kid was from 'way out in the country. Why, the last time he'd been to Honolulu was to see President Roosevelt. Of course there was a parade then." (Pump did a Maurice Chevalier march in one spot and waved a generous hand to indicate the multitude.) "The President sat in an open car and rode through the streets.

"Well, as I was saying, the boxing team got a great welcome. The mayor came out and everybody was there; but still this kid didn't smile or say anything." (Pump's hand went back over his mouth.)

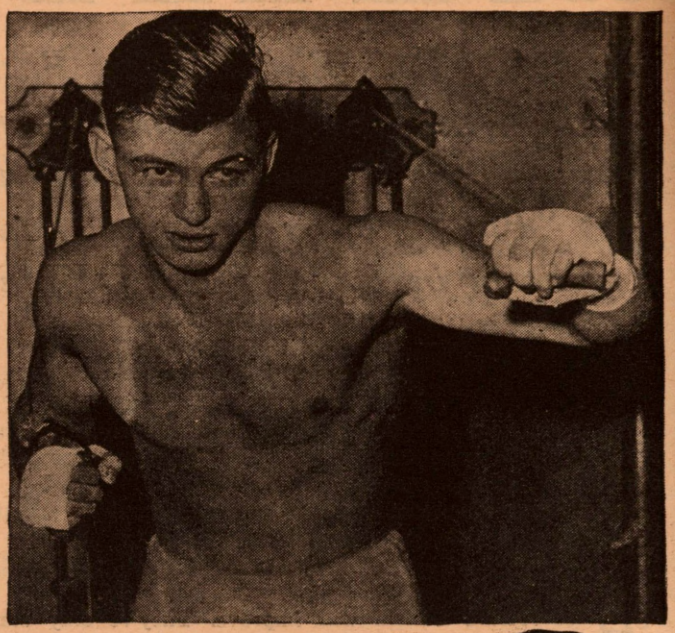
"When the parade committee came around for the boxers with a big open car, this kid's face lighted up. He smiled from ear to ear. And here's what he said:

"'That's pooty good! President, he ride in car and get parade. Little Americans like me, we ride in car and get parade. Just like President. This country pooty good place, sure. Pooty good!'"

Live-Wire Managers Keep

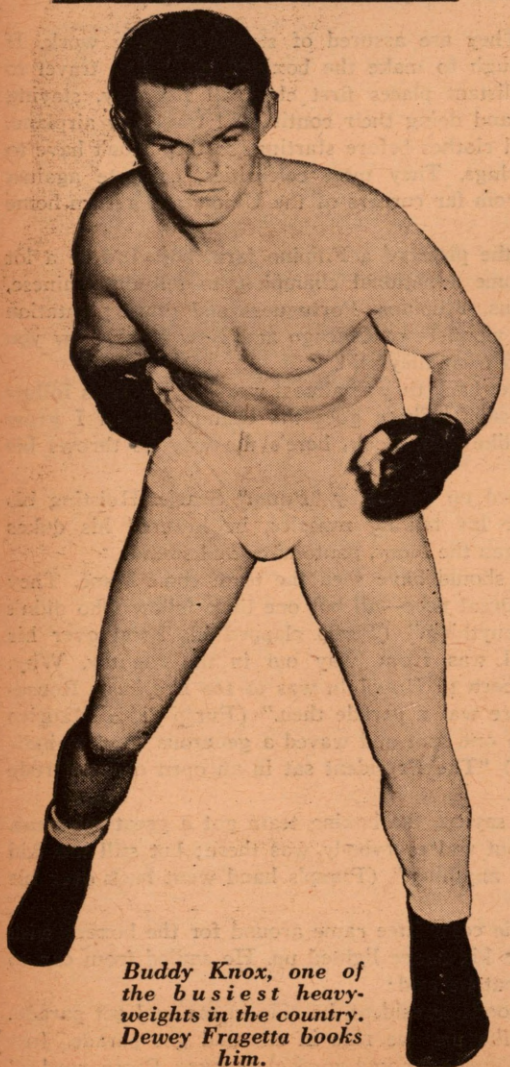


Tiger Warrington, Canadian light-heavy king, who is handled by Johnny Buckley. He is eager to meet Billy Conn or Bob Pastor.

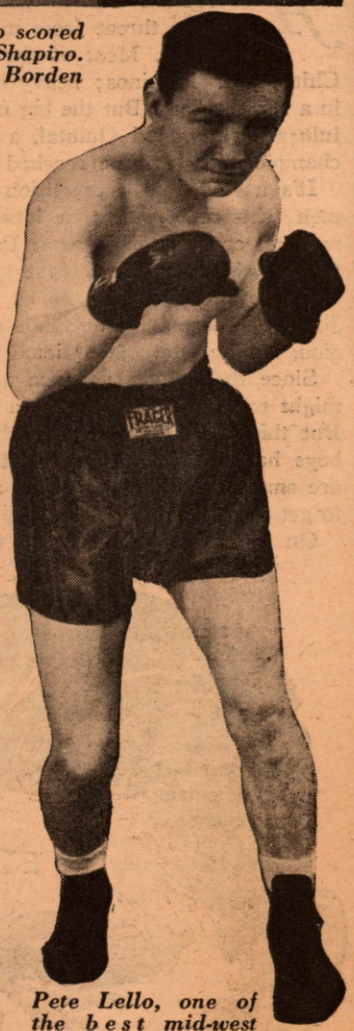


Everette Rightmire, who scored a fine win over Maxie Shapiro. Eddie Mead and Eddie Borden handle him.

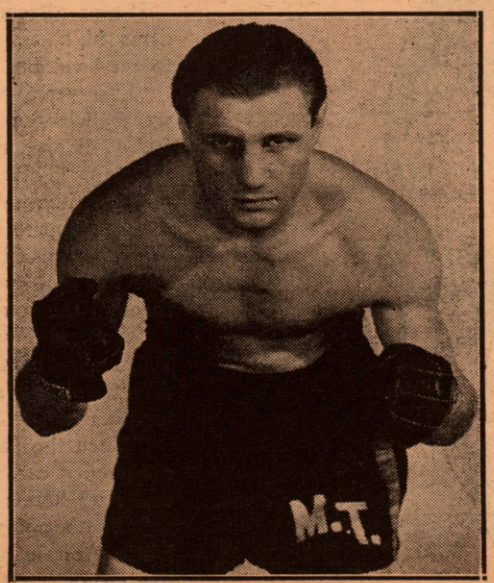
Davey Day, star lightweight from Chicago managed by Sam Pian and Art Winch.



Buddy Knox, one of the busiest heavyweights in the country. Dewey Fragetta books him.

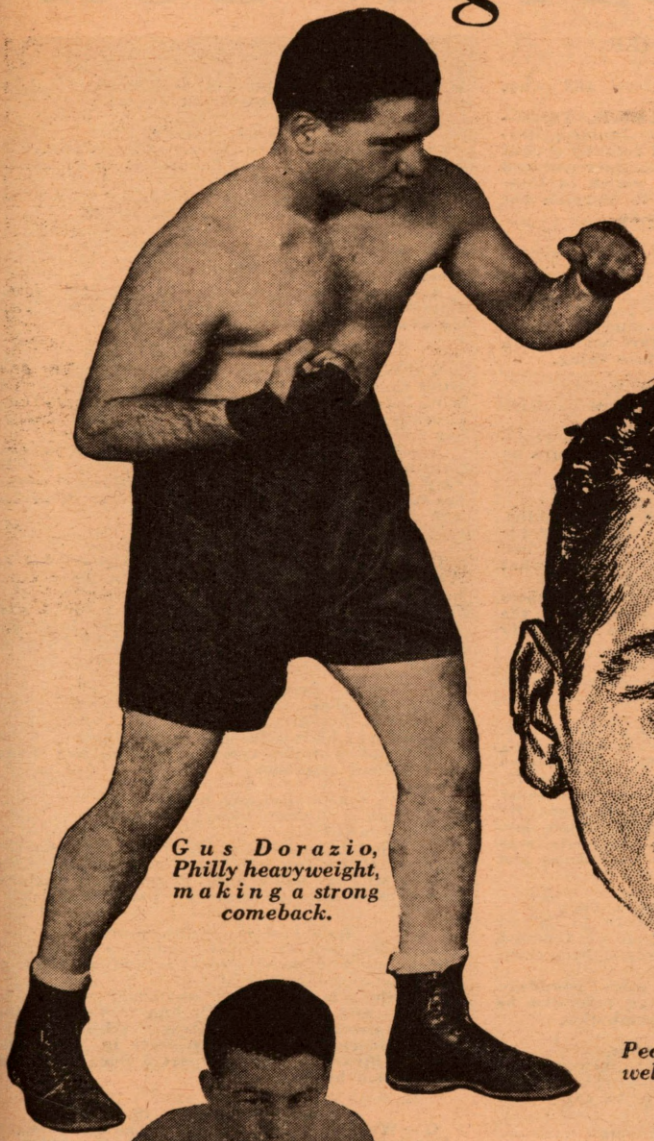


Pete Lello, one of the best mid-west lightweights who is managed by Izzy Klein.

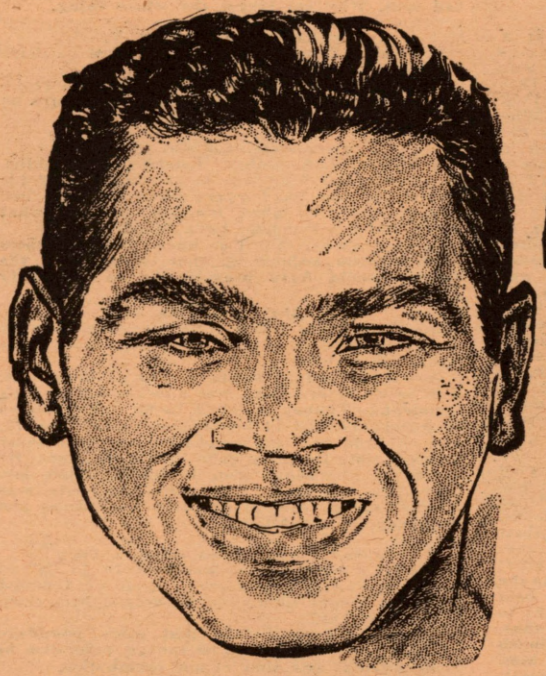


Milo Theodorescu, European Middleweight, a colorful fighter handled by Eddie Walker.

These Fighters Busy

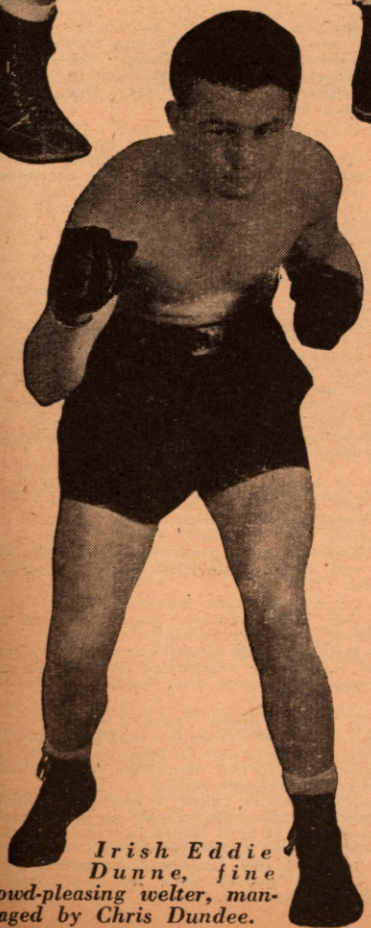


Gus Dorazio, Philly heavyweight, making a strong comeback.

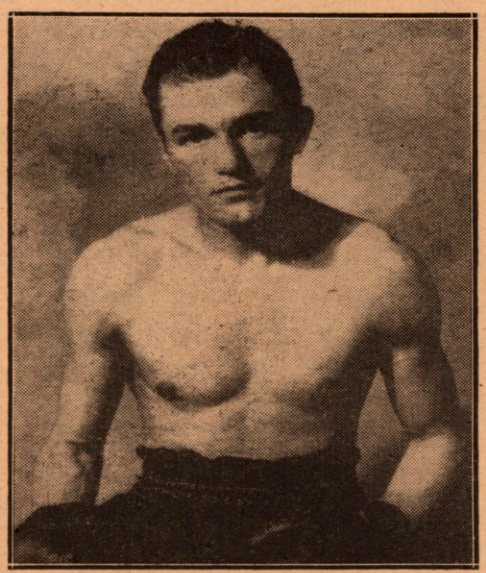


Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rican welter star who is in the stable of Lew Burston.

Melio Bettina, who has started a campaign as a heavyweight. Melio is handled by a real hustler, Jimmy Grippo.



Irish Eddie Dunne, fine crowd-pleasing welter, managed by Chris Dundee.



Spider Armstrong, Canadian feather champion, a threat for the world feather king, Harry Jeffra. He is managed by Al Weill.

Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh star who is doing fine work as a light-heavyweight. He is now managed by Joe Gould and Jimmy Braddock.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jim Johnston, Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Q.—How many kayoes has Billy Conn scored? Who were the victims? How many times have Jim Robinson and Manuel Abrew been knocked out? How many knockouts has Tommy Farr scored? Was Farr ever kayoed, either T.K.O. or K.O.? When was Farr born? Can you slug in junior boxing? What became of Jimmy Adamick?

A.—Six. John Lewis, three rounds; George Schlee, six rounds; Johnny Yurcini, three rounds; Roscoe Manning, five rounds; Ray Actis, eight rounds and Gus Dorazio, eight rounds. Robinson seven times; Abrew, six times. Farr has scored 22 knockouts and never been stopped. He was born March 12, 1914. It would be advisable to learn how to box first. Adamick has retired.

RING Reader

Q.—In the English record book, there is a statement that Charley Mitchell was heavyweight champion of England in 1882 and I was led to believe by American record books that Jem Smith was champion. Kindly explain this. Was Peter Jackson ever British champion? Who succeeded him? Is it true that Jeffries was the first official world champion since he beat a foreign champion to clinch undisputed honors and had done what others had failed to do? Is it true that Fitzsimmons came from Irish descent?

A.—Charley Mitchell won the glove title of England in a competition in 1882 and retained it until his retirement in 1894. This was under glove rules. Jem Smith at the same time, was the holder of the British bare knuckle title. He won it from Jack Davis on September 17, 1885. He defended it against Alf Greenfield in 1886 but that fight ended disgracefully when Greenfield's adherents broke into the ring and therefore Smith held the title until he fought Peter Jackson, November 11, 1889 in London and lost the title on a foul in the second round. That made Peter Jackson the British champion as Peter was English born. When glove fights became universal, Mitchell was the British champion and he therefore was the logical successor to Jackson though Jackson held the bare knuckle crown and never the glove title. Yes, Jeffries was first to clinch world honors when he beat Fitzsimmons, although boxing historians insist that Corbett and Fitz likewise were world champions, because Corbett beat the best men in the heavyweight ranks, including Charley Mitchell, claimant to the British championship at the time and Fitz beat Corbett. Jeffries was not the first heavyweight to beat a foreign title-holder, as Corbett did that, if we are to regard Mitchell and not Jem Smith as British champion when Corbett met him. There is a difference of opinion on that point. But since Corbett fought only a draw with Jackson, his world crown was in dispute. Fitz was born at Helston, Cornwall, Eng. His father was a policeman who traced his ancestry back to Irish folk.

D. J. Adams, Boksburg, South Africa

Q.—Did Bill Squires fight a colored man, Tiger Sparks, in America?

A.—No. He fought only three times in U. S. He was knocked out in one round each by Tommy Burns and Jack Twin Sullivan and in six by Fireman Jim Flynn.

Lawrence Fielding, Washington, D. C.

Q.—(1) Will any 1940 record books be published? (2) What are the dates of birth of the following: Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, and Jimmy Braddock? (3) Is Tommy Burns still alive? (4) When did Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons die?

A.—(1) No record books will be published this year. The Ring will probably publish one next year—a complete one. (2) Willard, Dec., 1883; Dempsey, June 24, 1895; Tunney, May 25, 1898; Sharkey, Oct. 6, 1902; Carnera, Oct. 28, 1906; Baer, Feb. 11, 1909; and Braddock, June 7, 1905. (3) Tommy Burns is alive and well. He is living in Calgary, Canada. (4) Corbett died February 18, 1933; Fitzsimmons died October 22, 1916.

John Baker, Florence, S. C.

Q.—What is the age of Tony Galento? Where does James J. Jeffries live? What year did Tommy Burns win the world heavyweight title?

A.—Galento was born in 1910. Jeffries lives at Burbank, California. Burns won the crown in 1906.

Thomas Ruffin, Ponce City, Okla.

Q.—Who manages Atilio Sabatino?

A.—Bill Newman, 127 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal. He is listed in Managers' directory.

Monthly RING Reader, Johnstown, Pa.

Q.—A friend of mine says that Billy Conn fought Lou Ambers. Is he correct? How many titles did Tony Canzoneri hold and which were they? Did Arturo Godoy, Buddy Baer and Max Baer ever fight Nathan Mann and what were the results? Did Tommy Farr ever fight Max Baer, Lou Nova and Red Burman and what were the results?

A.—No. Conn never fought Ambers. Three—Featherweight, Lightweight and Junior-welterweight. Mann whipped Godoy and recently fought Buddy Baer but never fought Max. Farr whipped Max Baer and lost their second match in England. He lost to Nova and lost to Burman but whipped Burman in their return go.

Mario Rivera, New York City

Q.—Why doesn't Cocoa Kid fight in New York? If one has poor eyesight is it possible to join the amateurs? Is there any place in the United States where wrestling is on the level?

A.—It is difficult for Cocoa to find opponents in this city. Very dangerous to start boxing with bad eyes. Why not forget the whole thing.

John Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Does New York State allow outside referees, guest officials, to officiate?

A.—No. New York permits only its own registered officials to referee and judge. There are no guest officials.

Harry Rosen, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—When Lou Ambers fought Lew Jenkins, if Ambers had been unable to come out of his corner for the third round after Jenkins had twice struck him after the bell sounded, what would Referee Donovan have done?

A.—I can't say, but I do know that if Ambers were helpless because of that second shot, the referee would have been forced to disqualify Jenkins.

E. P. Gierhart, Ardmore, Okla.

Q.—How many times were Dempsey, Tunney and Louis knocked out and by whom? How many fights did each have?

A.—Louis had 53 fights, scored 45 knockouts, won seven by decisions, was knocked out by Max Schmeling. Tunney engaged in 68 fights, scored 35 knockouts, had 14 no decision fights, won 17, lost one and had one no-contest and was never knocked out. Dempsey engaged in 79 fights. He scored 47 knockouts, won 11 by decisions, lost four times, engaged in 2 no-decision bouts, was knocked out by Jim Flynn, drew four times and had heaps of exhibitions.

Michael Silverman, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—If a champion is weighing in to defend his title, and he scales one quarter of a pound over the weight limit, can he defend his crown at that weight?

A.—No. He must take that extra poundage off. The limit is as far as he can go, otherwise he is overweight and that is not permissible.

Tom Jenkins, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—Is there a limit to the weight a heavyweight champion can carry when defending his title?

A.—No. As much as he wants to carry into the ring.

Mary Bolen, Savannah, Georgia

Q.—When Stribling fought Mike McTigue in Georgia, was the championship at stake?

A.—Yes.

Charles Neville, Pontiac, Mich.

Q.—Who followed Canzoneri as lightweight champion?

A.—Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers, Lew Jenkins.

George McCormick, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How did Jack Sharkey lose his title? How did he win it?

A.—He lost it by being knocked out in the sixth round by Primo Carnera and won it by decision, from Max Schmeling.

Al King, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Please tell me how these measurements compare to that of most Lightweights and Welterweights? Height, 5 ft. 7 in. Weight, 137 pounds. Chest (Normal) 38 in. Chest (Expanded) 41½ in. Reach, 71 in. Neck, 15 in. Biceps, 12 in. Wrist, 6¾ in. Fist, 8¼ in. Waist, 29. Thigh 21 in. Calf, 14½ in. Ankle, 8 in.

A.—The measurements you state, would be those of the average welterweight, but are better than the standard for the average lightweight.

Arthur Hefflefinger, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—When a fighter is hanging over the ropes, is he legally down? Must the referee count over him? Shouldn't the referee order the opponent away and then give the helpless fighter a chance to get away without having a count over him?

A.—Either is correct. In some states, the referee sends the opponent away from the ropes and gives the fighter who is helpless, a chance to get going again and doesn't count over him. However, when a fighter is hanging over the ropes, he is legally down according to the rules. It all depends on the referee on whether a count should be started immediately. Recently in Baltimore I saw the referee start the count immediately on three occasions, but in New York, I have seen Arthur Donovan get the helpless fighter away from the ropes without a count.

Martin Cusack, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—If a fighter who holds a title retires, can he reclaim his crown if he decides to return to the ring at a later period?

A.—No. He would have to fight for it. Johnny Dundee tried that as did several others.

Clem Hawkins, Waco, Texas

Q.—How many world champions has Texas had?

A.—Two. Jack Johnson, heavyweight from Galveston, and Lew Jenkins, lightweight, from Sweetwater.

Martin O'Byrne, New Ross, Ireland

Q.—What do you think of Pat Comiskey and Billy Conn as heavyweight threats? Who would win between Carcia and Hostak? Will Tony Galento get a shot at Louis again? Is Jack Dempsey fully recovered from his recent illness?

A.—Conn is the most serious threat if he can gain about fifteen more pounds. Comiskey looked very good until his hand injury. Hostak would be favorite. If he gets through with Baer he will meet Louis. Yes.

John E. Smith, Oak Creek, Colo.

Q.—Please give me the correct ages of Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong? Has Tony Canzoneri ever held four titles at one time?

A.—Ambers was born November 8, 1913 and Armstrong December 12, 1912. Tony held the Lightweight and Junior Welterweight title at one time only.

Emery Johnson, Hawaii

Q.—How does Mike Belloise rate among the fighters in his division, to-day?

A.—Very high. He has been fighting good talent and winning consistently. He has made an excellent comeback.

Artie Hancock, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Can a fighter who is in the Navy fight professionally?

A.—That is up to the officers of his vessel or station. If he can get permission, there is no reason why he can't fight professionally. Many service men have appeared on pro cards.

Susie Fleming, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—Who was Ann Livingston? I have read about her and some great fighter but cannot recall who the fighter was.

A.—She was one of the sweethearts of John L. Sullivan and travelled with him to Europe. She was a famous burlesque actress, called the Burlesque Queen. She died in poverty in New York after Sullivan and she had parted friendship, and was buried by Sullivan.

Jack Russel, Peoria, Ill.

Q.—What two titles outside of the heavyweight class earn the most money? Are there record books printed with 1939 records in them? If so where may they be obtained and for how much? About how much are middleweights paid for a four round bout at Marigold Gardens, Chicago? How much would it cost me to take up boxing in a Chicago gym? Who would you suggest as teacher? I am 21 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weigh 169 pounds stripped. Am I too old to take up boxing? What will my measurements be at full growth?

A.—Lightweights and light-heavyweights. If any record book is released for this year we will have it on sale at The Ring Book Shop. None printed to date. Ranges from ten to twenty-five dollars. See Art Winch, Sam Pian or Issy Klein. You should grow another inch and put on about ten pounds.

Pte. J. A. Walker, The Wiltshire Regiment, England

Q.—Did Eddie Borden, your "Broadcast from New York" correspondent, act in a boxing film with John Wayne called "Conflict?"

A.—Two different persons. Borden, the actor, is an old time vaudevillian, who incidently is English.

John Swenson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Did Teddy Yarosz ever hold the world middleweight championship?

A.—He claimed it after he beat Vince Dundee, but he was never recognized as a world champion, only American title holder.

Curly Brown, Tampa, Florida

Q.—If a fighter holds the middleweight championship and consents to make a weight below the class limit for an opopnent, can he lose the middleweight championship?

A.—No. That is called a handicap match. A champion has the right to scale up to 160 pounds, the class limit. If he is forced to make less weight, then the title is not at stake. The same thing holds true in the Jenkins-Armstrong fight in which Henry has to scale no more than 140 pounds.

Wrestling in Detroit

By CURLEY DONCHIN

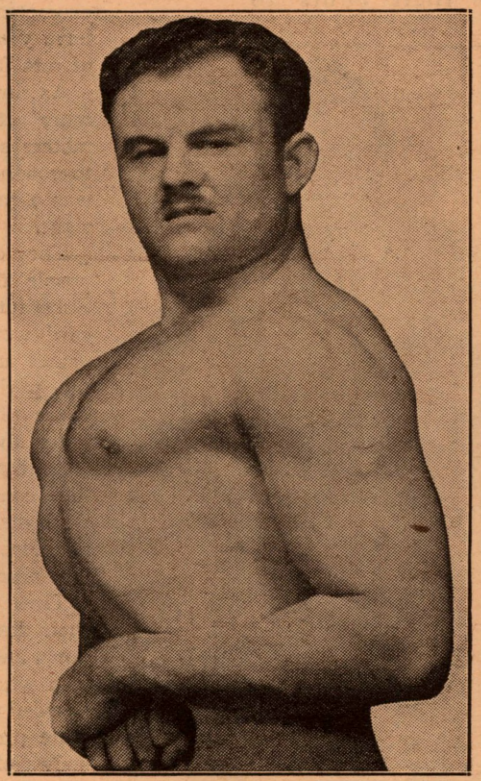
Leon St. Pierre, French heavyweight.

THE cream of the wrestling gentry continues to pour into Detroit. This is one of the prime reasons why such places as Flint, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and many other outlying spots cater to a steady flow of enthusiastic mat fans. Whereas most sections of the country find a decided lull in the sport this time of year, Detroit, with its unlimited resources of top-flight material, continues to bring the cash to the box offices.

Detroit fandom has been following the sport for many years and the fans are quite capable of distinguishing a wrestler from a grunt and groan showman. Jack Dempsey has been refereeing most of the bouts. He has learned to know wrestlers as well as he ever knew boxers. Here are short sketches of some of the leading figures in Michigan wrestling:

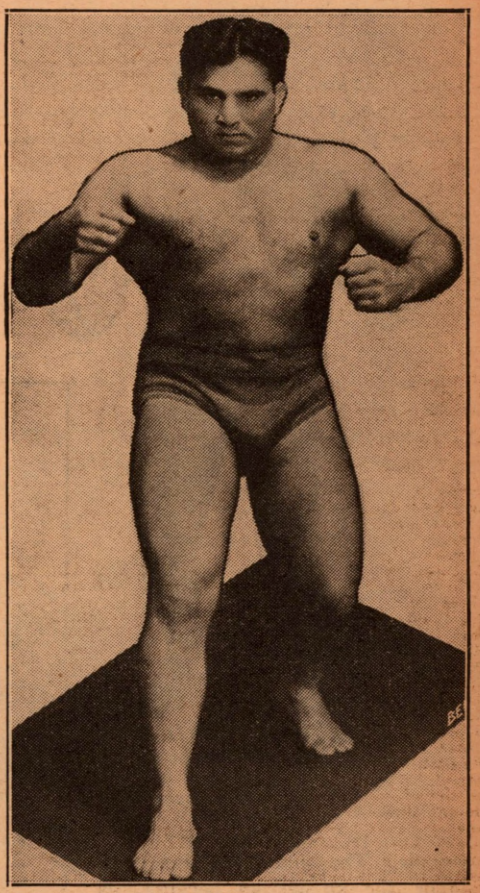
NANJO SINGH—This Hindu "Cobra" specialist continues to hold his own and remain a good Detroit attraction. His "Cobra" hold has gained the respect of fans as well as Singh's opponents. The hold paralyzes certain muscles. Singh has a standing offer to put anyone into slumberland or forfeit a hundred dollars.

FRITZ KRUEGER—Krueger has wrestled in every European capital with decided success. He came to America about three years ago and has taken to the rough and tumble type of grappling as a duck to water. However, more often than not, he sticks to orthodox wrestling, at which he is a master.



Fritz Krueger, former German champion.

Al Krusher, London-born Hebrew heavyweight.



Nanjo Singh, the Hindu Cobra specialist.

In Germany he held the national amateur title for four years. He has been an instructor at several universities throughout that country. Weighing 195 pounds, he has the agility of a cat and the strength of a Sampson.

AL KRUSHER—Al was born in London, England, twenty-three years ago. Starting his competitive career as a boxer, he decided upon wrestling as a future when he found little difficulty in defeating leading exponents of the game because of his tremendous strength. With the knowledge of wrestling holds, he should go a long way in his profession.

LEON ST. PIERRE—This fellow is continuously denying he's Ali Baba, the former heavyweight champion. The resemblance is most remarkable. Born in France, he went through the hardening process by a term in the French army. Acting in the capacity of instructor of his division, he opened a gymnasium and health resort at the expiration of seven years of army activities.

Carpentier, the French boxer, and practically every movie star of note, found health and relaxation at his institute. He prizes most dearly a picture the former Prince of Wales autographed for him after a satisfactory stay at St. Pierre's health resort. His ability as an orator is well known. He often speaks at French clubs.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

Curley Donchin who backs Jim Londos in mat controversy.

THE RING EDITOR has received many letters for and against the proposal of Jim Londos to change the order of things in American wrestling from time limit bouts to rounds. The majority, however, favor the suggestion because, as they point out, rounds in wrestling increase the interest and bring about faster and more exciting sport. Curley Donchin, a wrestler of note, is one of many matmen who backs Londos. His letter to THE RING is typical of others received. Here it is:

* * *

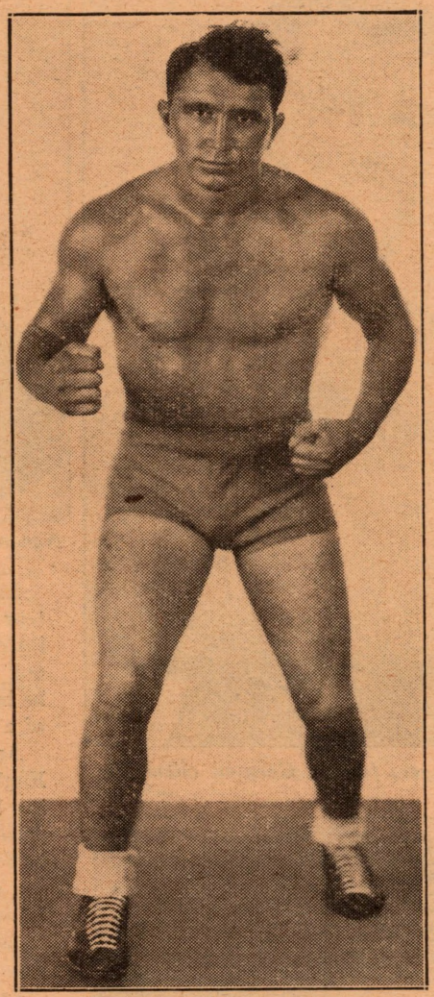
ABOUT seven years ago I happened to be on a wrestling card that was featured by Jim Londos. My match over, I dressed and reached into my pocket for a cigar. No sooner was it lit, than Londos spoke up:

"You can do me a great favor," he said, "if you would refrain from smoking in the dressing room. I never smoke myself and the mere smell of tobacco sickens me."

At first I thought I was being "ribbed" but, his eyes had that something in them that couldn't possibly belie his sincerity. That one thing, as unimportant an event as it may seem to others, sold me on Jim Londos. And, when his article appeared in the June issue of RING, Gone with the Wind or Grapes of Wrath couldn't have been more interesting than the sage advise and suggestions given by the likable Greek.

I'm heartily in favor of 10 minute rounds. Main bouts should have the 10 minute rounds with ten rounds duration. Preliminaries should also have ten minute rounds but, limited to five or six rounds.

I interviewed 17 wrestlers in Michigan and all but 3 were in favor of Londos' suggestion. I might add that these three were fat and undertrained, and unquestionably didn't care a hoot about getting in shape as the new system would require.



John Bognar who hails from Hungary

I might add a point which I believe Londos overlooked but, would favor. In order to step up action, the grappler having the hold on his opponent at the conclusion of the round, should be permitted to start the following round by taking this same hold. In this manner, the men would speed up rather than slow down when they sensed the end of a round.

* * *

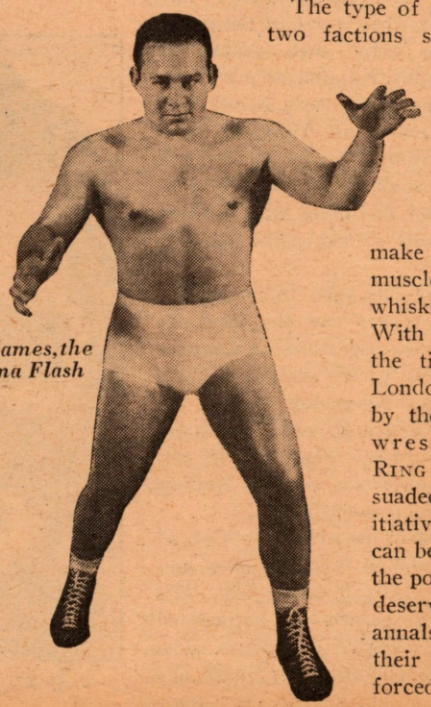
WHEN wrestling had it's boom years, a small percentage of states had wrestling commissions. This, unfortunately, aided considerably in the present decline of the sport. Every fly-by-night promoter sought out vacant garages, lofts or what have you, in order to accommodate the steady influx of mat fans, new and old.

As time went along, fans kept crying for more and more action, with the result that the would-be promoters sought out crowd pleasers to replace honest-to-goodness wrestlers. A promoter with a single club was a rarity. The majority grabbed up everything in sight.

They did as they pleased with no one to protect the people that paid good money to see these shows. Substitutions in two or three of the matches on a card were not unusual. They would advertise "big" names and bring in others with no appeal so far as the paying public was concerned, to replace them. More often than not, these topnotchers didn't even know they were being advertised.

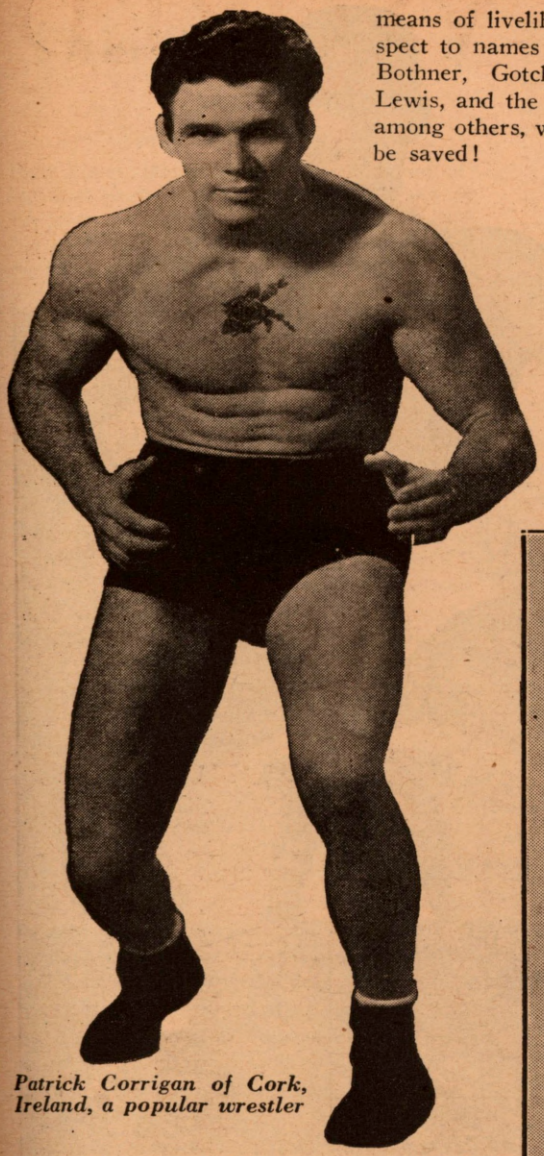
Legitimate promoters were merely existing because they continued using grapplers of ability while rivals were making a joke of the sport. Flying tackles, eye gouging, hair pulling and other such actions came into prominence with the advent of quack promoters.

Then, the boredom of these unsavory contests lost their drawing powers with the result that clubs closed down and the wrestling ranks were over-crowded with men who classified themselves as wrestlers but were bearded phonies. Unable to secure matches from legitimate promoters, wrestlers often got together to run shows of their own. That is what we have in many sections today.



Mickey James, the Oklahoma Flash

The type of athletes in these two factions speak for themselves. The legitimate wrestlers, trained for a competitive sport, were tossed out to make room for flabby muscled, short winded, whiskered palookas. With these conditions, the timely article by Londos was welcomed by the true lovers of wrestling. And, if RING can now be persuaded to take the initiative, a fine sport can be brought back to the position it so justly deserves in sporting annals, and quacks and their stooges will be forced to seek other

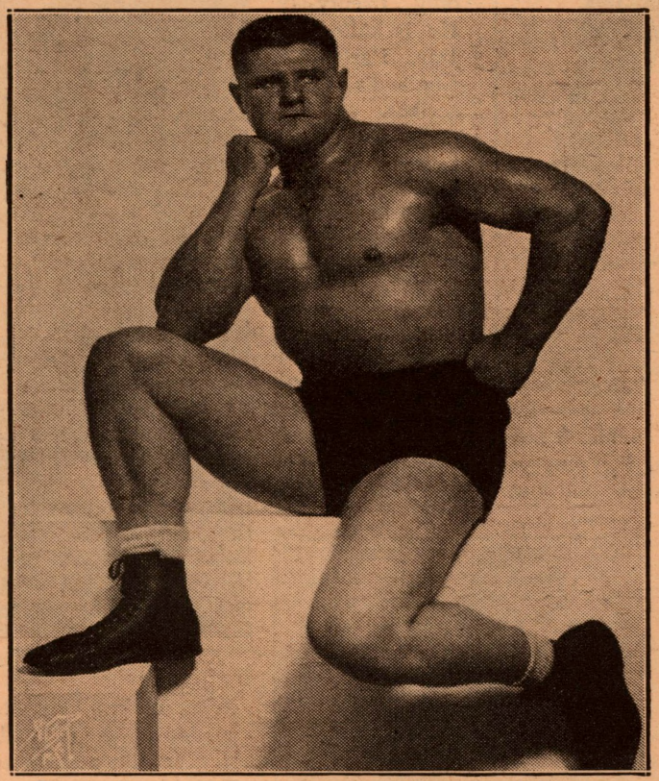


Patrick Corrigan of Cork, Ireland, a popular wrestler

means of livelihood. Out of respect to names such as Londos, Bothner, Gotch, Stecher and Lewis, and the Zbysko brothers among others, wrestling MUST be saved!

* * *

WITH the summer wrestling season in full blast, matmen who hitherto have preferred to be idle, have been induced to carry on in Eastern wrestling clubs in which Jack Pfeffer is handling the booking. Pfeffer, eighteen years in the promotion field, has added several cities to his list and expects a busy session in the Metropolitan area. Jack now operates the biggest club in Washington, D. C.; the Opera House in Philadelphia; the Ball park in Philadelphia; in Baltimore, Maryland; New York City, in addition to supplying talent to Atlantic City, N. J.; Wildwood, N. J. and Bristol, Pa. Stadium. Thus it will be Jack's biggest summer season in wrestling.



Benny Rosen, Hebrew wrestler with a big following

Those whom he is booking and who have a good following in various localities are:

The Swedish Angel, who like other so called "Angels," tries to make himself appear as ugly as possible. He's getting away with it, and his services are in demand. Unlike other "Angels," however, he can wrestle.

Then there is Karol Krauser, a handsome matman who is a good showman and knows his holds. Krauser's career has been a very colorful one. Unlike other good prospects who fell by the wayside, however, Karol made good and today he rates high. He weighs 200 pounds.

Benny Rosen is another good drawing card. This Hebrew giant stands 6 feet 4 inches. He is not a world beater, but gets by because of his science. He has a pleasing personality and is popular.

Pat Corrigan, the Irish sensation, is a 195 pounder who seems to be going places. He is a specialist in everything he does. He is colorful and makes a hit with the fans when he performs his best hold, the flying scissors. It is the most spectacular in wrestling and has gained for him many admirers. He is precise in his movements, cagy in his shifts and in addition to being an athlete, is an inventor.

These few wrestlers are only a part of the array of talent Jack has lined up for his summer season. We have John Bognar, who hails from Hungary; Mike Haller, a Polish lad who has made a big hit with fans and Mickey James—the Oklahoma flash. Jack has been keeping this young fellow a sort of a secret. He says that James is going to be the big shot before the indoor season opens next fall.

* * *

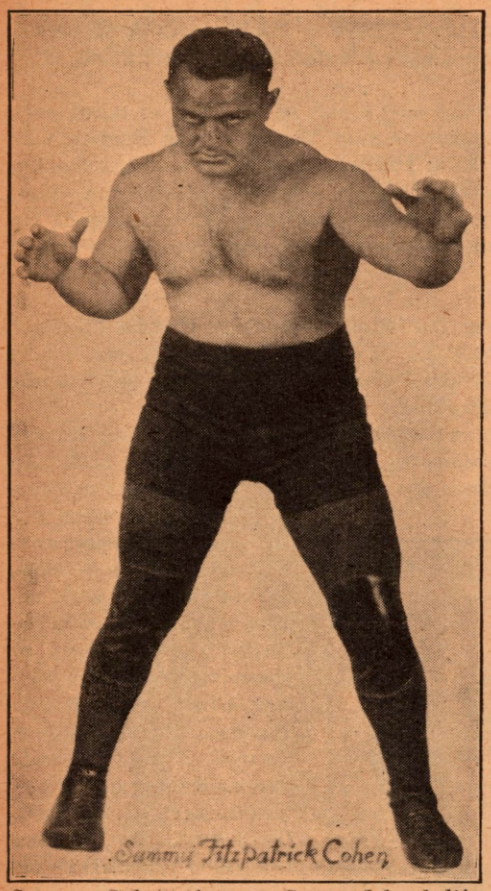
ALTHOUGH our British correspondent, Charles "Spider" Mascall, formerly of Western Canada, has joined the British Army, he has found time to pen his RING readers the following news from England:

A month or so ago, wrestling showed signs of being revived in London but once again the sport here has slipped back into the doldrums. Today there are only two halls billing the mat game and neither of these are of major importance. However, this is definitely not the case with the rest of the stadiums in the British Isles. Thanks to the courageous and visionary efforts of men like George de Relwyskow former British Olympic representative and now a promoter in Scotland, Fred Bretherton, William (Apollo) Bankier and Sam Cowen of the Ardwick Stadium, Manchester, the grappling followers in the North Country and the Midlands are getting a "look-see" at the best talent available despite the war. Recreation is good for morale, you know.

Along with the mentioned promotions and others, many matmen are working in closest cooperation with E.N.S.A. and performing a yoeman service nightly entertaining the fighting forces in the various army camps. Harold Lane, whose "come-back" dreams have been temporarily shattered, wants to stage a mammoth mat carnival in aid of the British Red Cross. Let's hope he gets the chance.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—Jim Atlas, globe-travelling Greek, is reported to be barnstorming in Portugal and Spain. French promoter, Raoul Paoli, late of the Palais des Sports, Paris, is said to be doing the promoting chores . . . . Cliff Warner, youthful welterweight from Oxford, is training for a commission in the British Army . . . . Canadian Jack (Tarzan) Hunter, versatile middleweight, left these shores, in convoy, for his native land . . . . Joe Akron, too, has returned to Africa. A smashed jaw forced him to abandon his tour of the Motherland. We were all sorry to lose his company. He was a swell fellow and slick chess player . . . . Orchids to *Robert Arden,* a young vocalist whom London night-clubbers are whispering about. Off-stage and in real life, he's Monty Sharpe, son of Johnny Sharpe, THE RING'S English boxing reporter . . . Frankie Boyne, Tasmanian wrestler, is creating a mild sensation around Birmingham. He is just as good as we have always said he was . . . . Wrestlers, like boxers, are helping charity shows . . . . "Bully" Pye is serving with the British Expeditionary Force in France. He was among



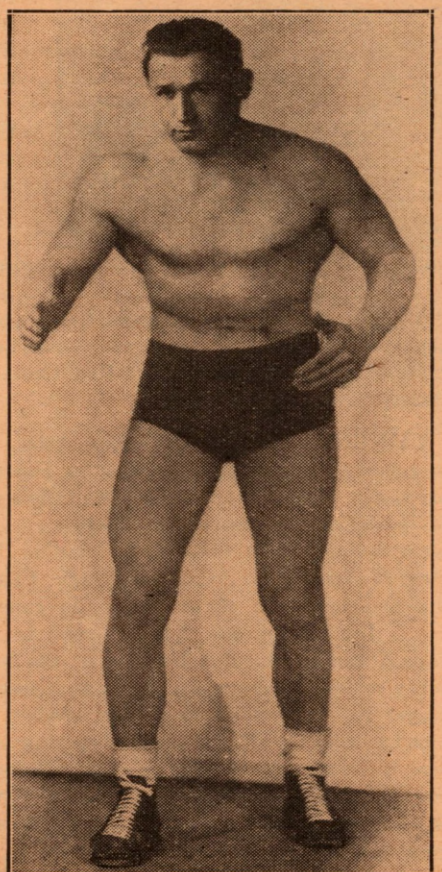
Sammy Cohen, former Coney Island life guard who is going to Hawaii.

the first to be called to the colors . . . . Peter Wilson, well-known in the United States as a boxing reporter for the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial* newspapers of London, signed on to do military service when his age-group was called up. Despite the wisdom and the sageness of his articles, Wilson is only twenty-six. He is called the Dan Parker of England's sports scribes.

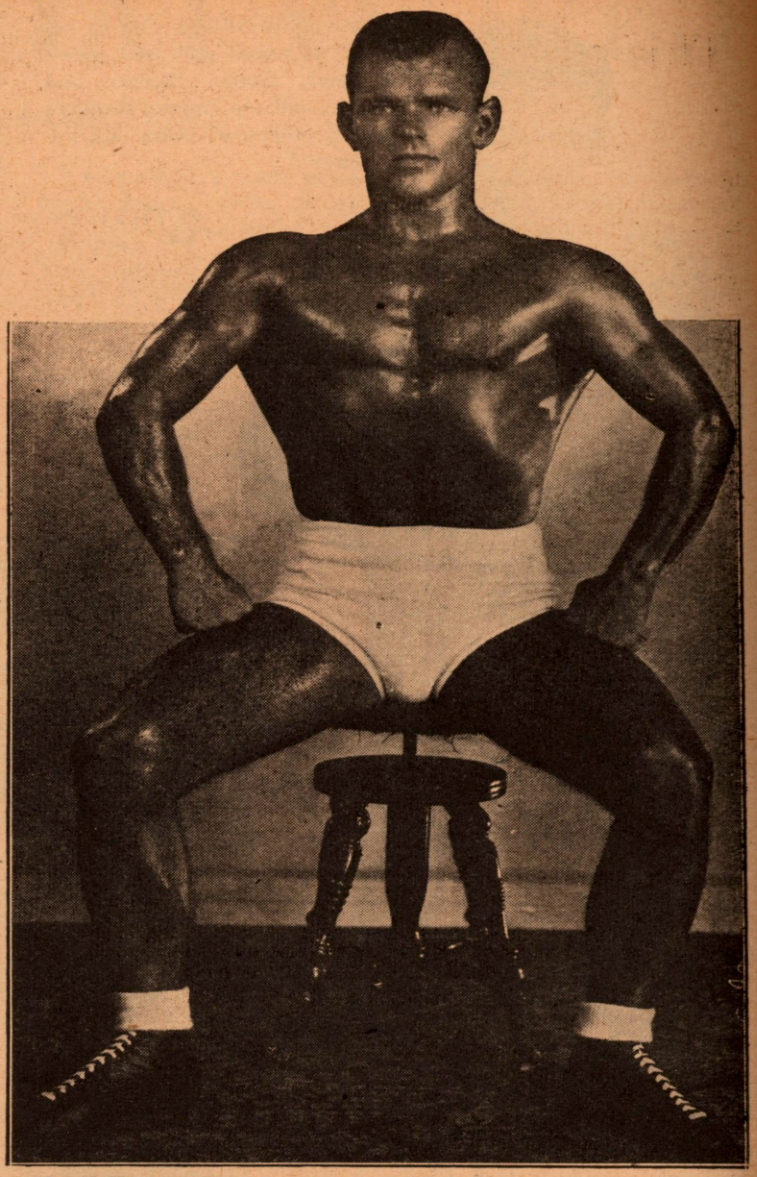
* * *

FROM HAWAII, Ted Yamachika sends in the following wrestling news: Handsome Whitey Walberg became the wrestler of the month when he defeated Hawaiian champion Billy Venable, 2 out of 3 falls in a rough and tumble battle which had the fans yelling throughout. For the deciding fall both wrestlers fell out of the ring after a fierce collision and only Walberg returned into the ring within the required time limit. Venable, who was injured, wasn't able to climb over the ropes. This is the second time Walberg has taken the measure of Venable, but unfortunately the title was not at stake at either time. But these two victories over the Hawaiian champion clearly established Walberg as the outstanding wrestler because Venable had previously made a clean sweep of all the wrestlers in Honolulu, including the hitherto undefeated Kimon Kudo. It is a foregone conclusion that sooner or later Venable would have to defend his title against Walberg and it won't be long either.

Dynamite Joe Parelli, as he is known in the Islands, was finally reinstated after he had gone on a one man strike against Promoter Al Karasick's suspension. Parelli was suspended on the grounds of causing a riot and Karasick decided not to give him a main event bout for a long time. The Italian didn't like this at all. He went on a strike and paraded with sandwich cards outside the auditorium on every wrestling night. Karasick didn't like this at all. So they finally compromised. Parelli was told that if he could get a thousand signatures to approve his reinstatement everything would be all right. Well, Joe said all right to this and in a couple days all was quiet on the wrestling front again.



Mike Haller, a Polish heavyweight wrestling in East.



Karol Krauser, Polish mat star back East from tour of country

A new team of Kimon Kudo and Young Shiranuhi had little trouble defeating the veteran team of Sir Nick Baynalis and Steve Nenoff. Of the two, Kimon needs no introduction here. He is a veteran and one of the best junior heavyweight grapplers of the world. But his partner, Young Shiranuhi, is a young wrestler who made his professional debut only about six months ago. But in that time he has improved with such rapid strides that he is already taking on all comers. Many are of the opinion that if he keeps on improving at this rate he may become even a better grappler than the former Hawaiian champion, Oki Shikina.

Honolulu wrestling fans are due for some high-class wrestling when Prof. Tetsuo Higami, the rubberman, and Sammy Cohen, Jewish grappler, arrive. Both were extremely popular when they performed here before.

Cohen is a rough, tough wrestler who, according to reports in previous issues of this magazine, was a popular grappler in and around New York. He can take it and he can give. Sammy should do big business here. He and Paul Jones would make a fine match.

This Steve Has a Sock

(Continued from page 19)

from it now, the exuberant relations couldn't see how Steve could miss winning the title. So just one month later, on Aug. 24, 1938, Steve Belloise, age 19, weight 145 lbs., minus any amateur experience, made his first pro start at Dyckman Oval in New York and scored a 4-round knockout over one Vince Califano.

Just five days later in the same arena the youngster ran into one of his two reverses. After bouncing Vince Jaskel off the canvas no less than four times, the novice got careless, ran into a right in the 4th round, went down, got up in a wobbly condition and Referee Young Otto called a halt. Otto afterwards explained he couldn't bear to see such a grand prospect risk getting hurt at such an early stage of his career.

This setback didn't phase Steve, whose dormant liking for the game had now been thoroughly aroused, he rebounded right back with a 3-round knockout of Nick Perfetti, a win over Lawyer Kirkland, then ran into experienced Gene Molnar, who knew too much for him and registered the only other verdict ever chalked against the Bronx boy.

Steve turned back a couple of other small time foes, Joe Comito and Ralph Tiovelli, with ease, then with winter coming on, decided that the chance to bask under California's golden sun was too much to resist and headed west with brother Mike who had several bouts lined up on the coast in January 1939.

Preliminary opposition was soft for Stephen, he had little trouble whipping Don Brooks, Rudy Villa, Art Gonzales, Howard Eldridge and Henry Major in California.

While on the coast both brothers lived the proverbial life of Reilly with Actor Paul Kelly, who had become interested in Mike, in the role of host. Steve spent five months at the Kelly ranch in hunting, riding, and indulging in other recreations usually reserved for monied movie stars.

This sort of life couldn't help but benefit the city-raised youngster tremendously, and when he returned to New York in July, 1939, the fragile, splintery kid who had left 5 months previously had become transformed into a lean, hard as rawhide, razor-sharp fighting man. Along with his physical development, Steve's latent ability was such that under Mike's guidance and tutelage he had absorbed boxing knowledge and skill less talented boys take years to acquire. He had mastered the intricate knack of feinting, creating openings, and then exploding a bull's-eye right with stunning force at the target.

His great improvement was soon evident. Although bereft of any amateur experience, and with less than 15 pro fights under his belt, he flashed ability worthy of one with years of ring service behind him.

Back in New York last summer, he beat seasoned Corky Dulgarian, stopped Cesar Ferro in a round, then established himself as the best looking welter prospect in the east by beating tough Paulie Griffiths in 6 rounds on Aug. 17, 1939.

Following this win Steve really began to roll, scoring three quick knockouts over Rego Dell, Louis Roig, and Ernest Copeland, all at the White Plains Community Center. He then beat experienced Harry Ginsberg at the same club, and topped off his 1939 campaign with a brace of kayoes over two tough 155 pounders, Marty Marino and Ralph Vona.

Steve outclassed all opposition by such ridiculous margins in these bouts, all of which took place at the White Plains club, that even as in the case of Joe Louis, the clientele began to root frantically for the other fellow in all his bouts, and set Steve up as the "villain," a strange role for this jolly, generous, agreeable, and thoroughly likeable youngster.

Contrary to faulty impressions, Mike Jacobs is never unaware of real ability, and of course, Steve eventually wound up in the Garden. Following his initial appearance in the big arena, fans left the house chattering excitedly about the speed, skill and sharp hitting he flashed stopping the then unbeaten Vinnie Vines in a prelim bout.

He looked so good, Uncle Michael brought him back. This time Irish Eddie Dunne had one of his good nights and made it close, Steve winning in 8 rounds. Rematched with Irish Edward, in his home bailiwick up at White Plains, Steve only required one round to finish Dunne, the darling of the crowd before a record breaking attendance. Wild Bill M'Dowell was then an easy decision victim.

Tony Ferrara, next on his list, lasted the distance of 8 rounds, but was beaten handily; then followed the Dellicurti affair, and his most recent triumph occurred over the very competent Canadian welter champion Sammy Luftspring, at the N.Y. Coliseum, on May 27, just four days after his victory over Dellicurti.

In his go with Luftspring, who has beaten many top notch men, Belloise along with his better known abilities showed he can take a good wallop, and come on to win. He had Sammy on the verge of a kayo in the fourth, was staggered himself in the fifth, then came again to win by a sizable margin after eight fast, hard rounds.

One of a family of nine children, his emergence into the money class of boxing will be most welcome to Steve as well as the numerous big and little Belloises, especially since big brother Mike is contemplating matrimony. His first and only manager has been George Hughes, retired city fireman, who steered Brother Mike to the featherweight crown, and persisted with Steve when numerous smarties advised him otherwise. He has a most unusual hobby for a boxer—needlework, which means his skill and sock figure to weave a brilliant and exciting design on the New York boxing scene this summer. Not since Ruby Goldstein, 15 years ago, has a boxer appeared in the big town combining the two qualities of ring artistry and deadliness as Steve Belloise does.

* * *

THE Belloise brothers, Steve and Mike, are the latest of a long line of boxing brothers who have written exciting pages in ring history. More so than in any other sport boxing ability seems to be an inherent trait, and the list of brothers who have gained fame in the roped arena is a most impressive one.

As Mike is a former featherweight champion of the world, the Belloise family may some day lay claim to an achievement which is at present confined to the tribe of Baltimore Dundees, two champions in one family. Joe and Vince Dundee, nee Lazzaro, were the only brothers to ever attain ring thrones. Joe annexed the welter laurels and clever Vince won a claim to the middleweight crown. On the other hand, perhaps the most gifted pair of brothers of them all, the highly talented Gibbons boys of St. Paul, Tom and Mike, never held boxing titles, although Mike is still regarded as one of the greatest of all middleweights, and Tom at 172 lbs. was good enough to go the 15-round distance with Dempsey.

The Zivics of Pittsburgh were equally unlucky, Jack, Pete, Fritzie and Eddie were as capable as many champions, but none of them ever held a championship. Jack, particularly, was a brilliant ringman and Fritzie is one of our present day hardest hitting welterweights. Richie and Pinkie Mitchell were another pair of talented performers. Hard-smacking Richie gave Benny Leonard one of his roughest evenings and lanky Pinky was the first claimant of the synthetic junior welterweight crown. The Boxing Baers are still very much in evidence. Max is a former heavyweight king and big Bud still has hopes of making it two for the family.

A good while ago, the celebrated twin Sullivans, Jack and Mike, were rated among the best, and many oldsters still insist they were the ring's outstanding pair of brothers. Abe and Monte Attell are another pair ring veterans give high ranking. The three Shade boys, Dave, George, and Billy, played a prominent part in ring doings for years.

* * *

THE Ropers of the Deep South, Captain Bob, Tom and Jack, were all heavyweights of more or less repute. Captain Bob, rating as best of the lot, although Jack wangled his way into a chance at the heavyweight crown and a shot at Joe Louis. The Latzos of Scranton, Pa., Pete, former world's welterweight champion, and Steve, were genuine topnotchers, as were the Shugrues of Jersey City, Joe, Willie, and Johnny.

Quite often there is quite a difference in ability between members of the various fighting families. The peerless Benny Leonard had a couple of brothers who tried their hands at the business, Charlie and Joey, and although Charlie was a wonderful amateur he never approached his famed brother's success in the paid ranks. Jack Jeffries tried hard but his greatest claim to fistic fame remained his relationship to brother Jim. Charlie Loughran looked promising for a time, but never came near the heights gained by the masterful Tom. Pete and Frankie Petrolle were tough and game but they were just locals running on the same track with Billy, the Fargo Express. Maxie Rosenbloom had a couple of brothers, Hymie and Jack, neither of whom ever got out of the preliminary ranks. Baby Stribling fought a lot of battles, but Willie remained the pride of the Sunny South. Sammy McLarnin tried to follow in the footsteps of brother Jim but fell by the wayside. Danny Terris met the same fate when he attempted to emulate brother Sid.

Other brothers who gained considerable fame in the boxing game were the capable Crosses, Leach and Marty, the cumbersome Campolos, Valentin and Vittorio, and the playboy Perlick twins, Herman and Henry.

The Manager's Role

(Continued from page 15)

of his own adventurous manipulations.

In the old days, Will often worked as a kind of uncoverer of heavyweight fodder for Jack Kearns, then engaged in maneuvering Dempsey to the top. Stymied in his search for a likely foe for a Tulsa, Okla.. bout for the Manassa Mauler, Bill, detained in Kansas City at the time, dug up a German waiter with pugilistic ambitions.

German monickers were out of order back in 1918, so Will tagged the hopeful Kid McCarthy, assured him everything was all right and this guy Dempsey was just a beginner like he was. A minute after the opening gong, the waiter was in the lap of the mayor of the town, propelled there by Dempsey's first left hook. Some time later, the wandering Dempsey and Kearns wound up in Kansas City. Imagine Dempsey's surprise when he looked up and saw his erstwhile victim.

"Hey," barked Jack, "haven't I seen you some place before."

"Yah, Chack," said the waiter, "in Tulsa, three veeks ago."

A genius at odd nomenclature, Billy's forte in the old days was tagging his fighters with odd names. He called one of his charges, a colored battler with a pair of unusually long flat feet, the Virginia Creeper, because that worthy had a sliding sort of footwork in the ring.

Past the three score mark, the Professor is still handsome, sartorially resplendent, and second to none as a ballyhoo merchant extraordinary. The late Joe Jacobs assimilated most of his knowledge of the ins and outs of the boxing business from his ten-year association with the astute McCarney. A native of Philadelphia, the amiable Will is known and welcomed everywhere. Long may he continue to trek the boxing byways.

* * *

THE ways, means and methods many of the pilots use are as varied as the colors of the rainbow. Aggravation, or goat grabbing has been the means employed by the irrepressible James J. Johnston to gain his ends many times in the past. Derby aslant over one eye, his chest out like a belligerent bantam rooster, Jaunty James has goaded many an unsuspecting victim into acting as an unwitting tool to James' advantage.

Johnston is never serious about his jibes and darts, as the learned judge informed the flustered Gen. John J. Phelan, in the New York Boxing Commissioner's recent court clash with James J. "Here is a man who must have his little joke. There is a mischievous gleam in his eye, only those with tender ears will be hurt by what he says or does," opined the jurist. Johnston's charges invariably wind up in lucrative spots.

His cockiness has paid him and his battlers well for a long, long time.

Always-on-the-go, hustling is a highly successful formula for some of the boys. Always busier than a swarm of bees is the lively young looking Philadelphian, Chris Dundee. Like the fabulous Leo P. Flynn of yore, it's nothing unusual for the dark-haired, bespectacled, young Italian to have a fighter working every night in the week.

One night in March Dundee had Eddie Dunne boxing Steve Belloise in a main event at the White Plains Community Center and George Abrams facing Ernie Vigh at the Bronx Coliseum the same evening. How he did it, nobody knows, but the ubiquitous Dundee showed up in both corners, although the arenas are ten miles apart. This is just a sample of the energy Chris expends in making boxing a good proposition for himself and his stable.

Of course, the patron saint of all the hustling pilots was silver-thatched Leo P. Flynn. Old Leo, whose middle name remains one of the ring's great mysteries, in later years turned over the job of handling his hinterland interests to others, and wound up Dempsey's manager in both the Sharkey and second Tunney battles.

Tales about the great Leo are plentiful in ring lore. A golfer of some repute, he was one day accosted by a tall, good looking stranger on the links, who forthwith invited Flynn to join him in a round. After a few holes, the stranger suggested that they add interest to the game by making small bets on each hole. Leo P. acquiesced and wound up a hundred dollars ahead after eighteen holes. The day following the stranger appeared again, this time suggested that the ante be raised. "OK," said Leo, and that night Flynn went home $1,200 richer.

The next afternoon, the stranger propositioned Leo. "Mr. Flynn, you've been going quite well. What do you say, we play eighteen holes at $200 a hole?" Leo P.'s rejoinder floored the questioner. "Listen, Mr. Titanic Thompson," sneered Leo, "I *KNOW* you, and I'm $1,200 ahead of you, and that's the way we're gonna stay." Titanic Thompson, notorious gambler and golf expert, watched the flamboyant Flynn saunter away, beaten at his own game.

* * *

SOME of the tricks imaginative mentors use in out-angling the opposition border on downright genius. For instance, Hymie Caplin, out on the Coast with Solly Krieger a couple of years ago, wanted a match with Champion Al Hostak in the worst way. Wanting it and getting it were two entirely different things, until hand-talking Hymie thought this up.

He approached the Hostak forces with overtures for a match with Krieger, after first allowing rumors to drift about that Sol could not make the 160-pound limit and be himself. He next made a match for Solly with a local rival at 165 pounds, putting up a $200 forfeit that Krieger would come in at this poundage. Solly entered the ring a pound over.

Hymie blew his forfeit, and Hostak's board of strategy, figuring that the reports about Krieger's inability to make 160 pounds and be strong must be correct, fell into the trap and accepted Solly as a title foe.

Krieger proved to be a bull at 159 pounds, pasted Hostak, and Hymie had his fourth world's champion—in a lot of states, anyway.

* * *

SOME of the boys rely upon the gift of gab in getting results. The voluble Dumb Dan Morgan has become legendary, even though the years have given Daniel the general appearance of a small town deacon, with his black fedora, square toed shoes and dark ministerial garb. But be that as it may, Jack Britton and Bat Levinsky soared to fame on the power of Dan's vocal chords, and even today Dan commands plenty of space in the sports pages at every big fight.

Jack Hurley, who doubles in brass as a sports columnist and boxing manager, has a Jekyll and Hyde routine all his own. Outside the corner, the tall soft spoken Hurley is the acme of gentleness, a Chesterfieldian fellow, from whom one would never expect a harsh word. Inside the ropes, though, the mild-mannered Hurley is transformed into a raging, acid-tongued Simon Legree, as he frantically goads his protege on to greater efforts.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of manners and particularly suaveness, one member of the fraternity stands out. James Bronson, a promoter at the moment, none the less for years stood as a symbol of the polished, smooth speaking, refined and dignified fight manager in the Adolphe Menjou manner. Mr. Bronson went from the boxing halls of Joplin, Missouri, to the post of boxing director of the A.E.F. in the first World War. Then followed a long and honorable stretch as a pilot for many top-notch ringmen.

James is one of the few members of the trade to be taken up by society, having had Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle of the Philadelphia Biddles, if you please, as a partner in the management of Abe Simon and Rene De Vos. Always impeccably clad, at home in any company, the bow-tied Mr. Bronson has added plenty of class to a business that can certainly use it, during all the years of his connection with pugilism.

Young Dewey Fragetta has gone his contemporaries one better by inaugurating a sort of chain-store system in boxing and managing the managers. From his central office in New York, Dewey contacts out of town entrepeneurs, then the local managers, and dispatches the desired talent to the port of call.

In his early thirties, dark-haired Dewey, a former Utica boy who slid into the boxing business in the wake of Bushey Graham, is expanding his operations all the time. To give the impression of extreme activity, Dewey affects a tiny office in a Broadway building. This means that his office is always crowded, giving everyone the idea business is flourishing, as it usually is.

* * *

SCRIBES often find more to write about among the managers than the fighters. Many of the pilots have color ridden backgrounds. Andy Niederrietter, for example, a member of the suave and debonair school, went to Fordham and served as a sergeant in the United States Marines during the last war.

Lou Raymond, better known as a promoter, but who has done his share of managing in his time, started out as a burlesque comedian. From this he evolved a double talk lingo which is still looked on as a model of verbal confusion by all imitators. Lou also initiated the cigar smoking vogue among the mentors. In the days when he was associated with Paddy Mullins, manager of the then Dark Menace, Harry Wills, there was no end to the tricks Lou pulled

in keeping the Dempsey-Wills controversy alive.

Georgie Sheppard is another modern disciple of the Leo P. Flynn school. He keeps railroad stockholders smiling.

Probably no man ever performed his managerial duties better than frugal old Pop Foster. Not only did he adopt Jimmy McLarnin, but schooled him. He always got James the better of it, both on the scales and at the till, and retired his boy a rich man. If ever anyone made a case for a fight manager as an indispensable part of the business, it was old Pop.

Outstanding among the ex-pugs who have adopted managerial careers is dapper, unmarked Johnny Ray. Ray's eye for business is unusual for an ex-fighter, and he has imparted his own great defensive skill as a boxer to Billy Conn.

* * *

THE Silver Fox of the business, Pete Reilly, has a flair for featherweights, owner of three recent title-holders in that division. White-haired Peter has an uncanny knack for coming up with the 126-pound incumbent. An incurable practical joker, Pete is generally credited with being the originator of the "hot foot." Laughing Lenny Sachs, the always smiling citizen who conducted Dempsey's farewell tour, which netted Jack and Lenny half a million, showed a keen sense of showmanship. He had a rare business acumen.

The stunning passing of colorful Joe Jacobs, one of the most picturesque managers of all time, has focused the spotlight on the pilots and the great part they play in the world of pugilism. If any one individual had to be picked to most typify a boxing manager as a great portion of the public imagines him, Yussel, as he was known, would undoubtedly have been the man.

Quick witted, inventive, aggressive when it was in line with his purpose, a natural showman, Jacobs' passing leaves a gap in the boxing world and the sport pages which will be hard to fill.

His supreme achievement of yelling the reclining Max Schmeling into the heavyweight championship of the world alone justifies the existence of the managers in the pugilistic scheme of things, and answers the question asked in the opening line of this piece—"Why a Manager."

Former Gob in New Role

(Continued from page 6)

score a knockout—of that I am certain," said Druxman.

If such a fight takes place, THE RING will donate a handsome belt to the winner. Such a contest will settle the matter of supremacy and would be welcomed by the fight fans who are eager to see only one champion, an undisputed king of the division, reign. There can be no doubt that Hostak is the middleweight ace. He carries more guns than any other boy in his division and for that reason, if for no other, he should place his portion of the crown on the block in a fight for the international title.

New York's new world middleweight champion has been at it for many years. He did a seven years' stretch in the Navy, during which time he gained many honors, including the Atlantic Fleet championship. Ken put in three years in Decatur, Illinois, High School before joining Uncle Sam's service. He is thirty years old and has been in about 250 fights in every nook and corner of America. There isn't a fighter in his division who has a better record than has Ken. He has fought the cream of the talent and has piled up victory after victory. His only loss in two years was with Teddy Yarosz.

* * *

FROM the day when he got his first job, that of a bellhop in Decatur, to the day he joined the Navy and then walked proudly down the gangplank after four years of service, his ambition was to win a world title. Now he has the crown and feels mighty proud of it, even though his championship is not universally recognized.

Overlin's first service in the squared circle was in the United States Navy. He fared well there, but his success was to come after he had completed four years' enlistment and carried his fistic endeavors throughout the width and breadth of the nation.

The turning point in the career of Ken Overlin was the day a little more than six years ago that he was taken in hand by Chris Dundee, a shrewd boxing manager, who had come to a small fight club in Portsmouth, Va., with a few of his proteges. Dundee, a former trainer of Midget Wolgast, once flyweight champion, saw possibilities in the sailor stationed at the Navy Yard in Portsmouth aboard the U.S.S. *Idaho*.

So enthused was Dundee with his new prospect that he changed headquarters from Philadelphia to Norfolk, where he could follow the budding youth. Soon Overlin finished his service in the Navy and was signed by Dundee with the greatest of dispatch.

At the time he was taken under the wing of Dundee, Overlin had done most of his campaigning in the small fight clubs of Virginia. He was undefeated and was bursting with ambition.

Dundee gratified that ambition. He took him north, south, east and west, and soon Ken and Chris were known as the globe trotters. There isn't a manager and fighter in the world who has done as much flying as has this pair. Ken even went to Australia for a short campaign and there lost bouts to Fred Henneberry, drew with Atilio Sabatino and engaged in a "no contest" with the latter. Craving for action he couldn't get in the Antipodes, he came back to America and has been fighting with more regularity than the average pugilists since. He is well educated, handsome and well liked. He now lives in Washington, D. C.

"This Lunny Is a Honey"

(Continued from page 31)

What he did to Bybee is history and may well be the first chapter in a success story that will reach its climax when this 130-odd pounds of flawless ring machinery is crowned champion of all the lightweights. San Francisco's overly-cynical boxing scribes climbed aboard his bandwagon to a man following the Bybee episode. Tom Laird of the *News*, than whom there is none more critical, calls Lunny a throwback to the greatest lightweights San Francisco has known, and it has known some great ones—Willie Ritchie, for a single example. Lunny is as smooth as a mile of plate glass and there is no comeback to an attribute he has in abundance, i.e., class—sheer, undiluted class. Here is what Laird printed on Lunny after the Bybee fight:

"Ray Lunny, San Francisco's newest fistic sensation, represents flaming youth. As a result, he hardly knows what to do with himself when he isn't in training.

"Like all young boxers, Lunny likes to train. In time his ideas of training will change. Training becomes a grind to most ringmen—in fact, the toughest part of the job. It is when training becomes hard work that fighters begin to slip.

"Lunny had to go away from home to make good. Hollywood acclaimed him after he had won something like fifteen successive bouts. But Ray has forgotten that period of his career—forgotten it so completely, in fact, that he would rather fight for less money in San Francisco than he could earn in Hollywood or Los Angeles.

"I've said it before and I'll say it again: If and when Lunny develops a punch, he will become one of the world's best lightweights, if not the best."

His is a background for greatness. Back in 1925, when Ray was a five-year-old citizen weighing little more than a tubercular gnat, a grandmother with unorthodox ideas about those things handed him a set of undersized boxing gloves on Christmas Day. The good lady couldn't have known what she was starting, for, symbolically speaking, he has yet to remove those gloves.

From the time Ray was five years old until he was a Commerce High School student of fifteen, Grandma came across with new boxing mitts every Christmas morn. At fifteen, Ray determined to put them to gainful use and he enlisted in the Catholic Youth Organization, whose fisticuffs department was then under the supervision of lean George Malley, now head football coach for the University of San Francisco. Malley produced many an amateur champion during his tenure of office with the C. Y. O. and when the almighty pigskin called him away, he left Lunny well-schooled in fistic fundamentals.

Ray's weight mounted from 105 to 126 pounds during the three and a half years he spent fighting for the fun of it. He twice won the California state championship, owns a Pacific Coast Diamond Belt title, once grabbed off the Pacific Coast Golden Gloves bauble at 118 pounds, not to mention a C. Y. O. belt-buckle emblematic of superiority from Vancouver to Caliente and a Pacific Association senior A. A. U. featherweight laurel. Lunny was beaten a disgraceful total of three times during those three and a half years as a pure.

He has the appearance and mannerisms of the nicest kid at the junior prom. Ray is a soft-spoken youngster with a world of natural charm and a faculty of having people like him intensely at first meeting. He is of that intangible something, this rage of San Francisco, where rages are notably few and far between. We think he will eventually gain the lightweight title.

Jeffra in Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 20)

the feather class has had in the last twenty years, but he nevertheless holds the unique record of being the only champion in Baltimore to come back to win a second crown after losing his first title. Jeffra's victory over Archibald was a clean-cut one. The new champion was credited by me, an official judge, with a total of 78 points to 72. On rounds, I scored seven for Jeffra, five for Archibald and three even.

Jeffra practically clinched the championship in the second round when he dropped the defending king twice for nine-counts and had him so groggy at the end of the session it seemed a miracle that Archibald could walk to his corner. Crashing rights to the jaw turned the trick after a rather tame first round which was even.

Archibald not only was able to return to the combat when the third round started, but went through round after round and lasted the route of fifteen sessions. The Pimlico boy tore out of the corner in the early rounds determined to end the fray as quickly as possible. Jeffra might have done so, had he not been wary about Joey's real condition and eased up at a time when he should have fired all of his ammunition.

When the third round got under way, Archibald carried the fight to his rival, but only briefly. Halfway through the session, Harry cut loose with a furious attack and again had Archibald on the run. But as the fight progressed, the Maryland boy slowed up. And so did Archibald. At times they fought at a snail's pace and the fans became riled.

When Jeffra tired in the eighth and ninth frames, Archibald, urged on by his manager, Al Weill, shot into the mid-section many telling blows that enabled him to carry off the rounds but he couldn't retain his pace and Jeffra piled up additional points in the next three rounds to clinch his victory.

* * *

IN the tenth round, they stood toe to toe and punched away at each other, but each seemed weary and the blows were ineffective. Jeffra landed the harder punches in that round and earned a slight margin.

The eleventh found Archibald also on the receiving end most of the time, with hard right jolts taking their toll. In this session, Jeffra used an overhand right effectively and took the honors by a big margin.

Starting with the twelfth, however, Archibald, in desperation, piled up points but his efforts were insufficient to turn the tide in his favor. Neither inflicted much damage in the twelfth, but what little fighting there was, was credited to the defending titleholder. The thirteenth, likewise, was an Archibald session. Although his opponent forced the fighting, his aggressiveness gained him little as he failed to land an effective blow. Two right smashes to the head were his best punches.

With only two more rounds to go, it was evident that the title would change hands unless Archibald could score a knockout, and Al Weill pleaded with Joey to go out and turn the trick. The champ tried his best to obey instructions. He sailed into Jeffra at the clang of the gong and fists kept flying throughout the round. But Jeffra was not caught napping. Though he coasted along most of the time in the previous two rounds, he went after Archibald with the same vim that the champion was showing. It was a nip and tuck affair and the round ended with honors even.

They continued at the same pace in the final session with neither gaining an advantage. When the round was over, there was little doubt as to the winner. The knockdowns gave the challenger enough of an advantage to give him the honors.

Thus Harry Jeffra, former world bantam king, came back to win a new crown. The Baltimoreans went wild with joy when the announcer held up the hand of their idol, proclaiming him the new featherweight champion. Harry's victory made him the first holder of two world boxing championships in Baltimore's history and the town went for him in a big way. The demonstration was the greatest ever given a champion in Maryland.

Considering that Jeffra three years ago had a double fracture of the jaw as a result of blows he received when he lost his title to Sixto Escobar in Puerto Rico, he deserved all that praise. At the time of the accident it was feared he never again would don the mitts. He was in a hospital for almost four months and now he is back in the big money.

When Archibald lost his title, it marked the second championship to fall in Al Weill's stable in ten days, a record in fisticuffs. On May 10 his lightweight king, Lou Ambers, dropped his crown to Lew Jenkins.

Sweetwater Lew

(Continued from page 3)

he simply was ready to toss in the towel. He couldn't bear the idea of having a crippled and maimed Ambers on his hands, and that was exactly what this wire-haired bushman from Texas was trying to hand him—and darn near succeeded. You know how the bout ended—Jenkins winning by a kayo in the third round.

All of which brings us face to face with the knowledge that we are in a worse financial plight than was Henry McLemore immediately after he had backed his contention that Bimelich was a cinch to win the Kentucky Derby.

However, we deem ourself smart enough to know when we've had enough. And from this date, time and place we are risking no more coin of the realm on the opposition facing Larrupin' Lew Jenkins of Sweetwater, Nolan County, Texas. Rather the contrary. The guy has got something. A fair to middling poke in either mitt for one thing, a heart as big as a pumpkin for another, and don't let them tell you that the kid is shy on intestinal fortitude—or should we say he has guts to spare.

Nor is his pretty kid wife any handicap. Katie Jenkins fairly oozes that precious ingredient to prize-ring success — color. She'll have Lew drawing capacity gates long after the sting has left his Sunday wallops. And in the final analysis, it might be well to remember that it was Katie Jenkins who pulled Lew off the bush league circuit and showed him that the big dough was on the big time.

WITH a gal like Katie as an incentive to fight for, the thunder in Lew Jenkins' fists should be sufficient to enable him to rule the 135-pounders for some time.

Yes, sir, all in all it looks like the good ship Jenkins, with Lew and Katie at the helm, has set sail for a pleasant voyage on the usually turbulent pugilistic sea. And those of thousands of fight fans who love a socker best of all wish them bon voyage.

Exhibition Snags

(Continued from page 25)

an opponent in one of these four round tests, but the lay-'em-cold hitter is the boy who pleases the crowds and makes those sort of engagements lucrative.

That's the reason why John L. Sullivan, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, among the heavies of the past, and Jack MacAuliffe, George Dixon, Joe Walcott and Terry McGovern, in the lighter classes, were all hot stuff in the show field. Each was a kayo puncher.

* * *

JOE LOUIS'S belting ability tabs him as an ideal touring star, experts conceding him to be one of the most deadly punchers of all time. His smaller contemporary Henry Armstrong, successively head of the feather, lightweight and welter divisions, is not so fortunate in that respect. Lightning fast, Henry never packed a wallop such as distinguished Dixon, MacAuliffe, Walcott or McGovern. But none of the great heavyweights had anything on Joe Louis as a lethal puncher.

There have never been any complaints of Louis slamming around his sparring partners when on tour, Joe seems to have mastered the knack of pulling his punches when it pleases him, something that most hard sockers cannot do.

McGovern, for example, boxed just as he fought, and put sparring partners on the bum repeatedly with his unsparing hammer-and-tongs tactics. Sullivan was a tough man to double up with for the same reason, and nobody ever found sparring with Fitzsimmons a pleasant job.

Big Jim Jeffries changed boxing partners a dozen times when he went on the road playing the lead role of the melodrama—"Davy Crockett." Between the second and third act Jeff sparred three rounds. He didn't like the drama business, was always threatening to break his contract and quit, and maybe that was why he used to take it out of whoever happened to be his luckless glove-stooge.

At any rate, it was no easy job persuading sparring partners to stick with the then world's champ. There was a huge heavy named "Yank" Kenny, six feet, three inches tall, and built in proportion, who stood the gaff longest.

Kenny, who resembled Jim Corbett enough facially to have been mistaken for the latter's brother, gave up the job several times, and was only induced to remain by the management giving him salary increases. But finally, "Yank" got a pasting during a matinee that proved to be the "last straw that broke the camel's back!" Only, in Kenny's case, it was a rib, or so he claimed. Anyhow, he quit as quickly as he could get his tights off and vacated the role of human punching bag forever.

War Rages

(Continued from page 9)

is likely to have a fight or two more. He is due to defend his title against the Italian-Scot, Bert Gilroy, this month, but at the moment he is dickering about the purse. McAvoy, who created something of a sensation by knocking out Babe Risko in New York in 1935, and gave John Henry Lewis a hard battle for fifteen rounds for the world cruiserweight crown, has been rather unfortunate never to have held a world title. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest middleweights ever produced in this country. I should say that he and Tom Thomas are the best we have ever had in this class.

Len Harvey, who is a P.T. Instructor in the Royal Air Force, has not fought for a long time and it is being said that he will never be seen in the ring again. He talks about meeting Tommy Farr in the open-air during the summer, but the Cornishman's idea of a purse to defend his heavyweight title is a little exalted. Farr has recently undergone operations for sinus trouble and he is getting back into fine shape now. He talks about meeting the gargantuan Jack London, now in the Air Force, and Eddie Phillips, this summer. Phillips holds three decisions over Farr, but the last of them was as long ago as 1935.

Phillips is a beautiful boxer, but his temperament has always let him down in actual contests. Farr, at 27, should be in his boxing prime. The cleverness of the Welshman has always been admitted but his lack of really decisive punch has kept him from the highest honors. He has had a number of genuine offers from America, but it will certainly be some time before he fights again.

Arthur Danahar and Tom Smith are perhaps our greatest hopes for the future. Danahar I have already discussed, but Smith, now on active service with the Forces, is surely the next featherweight champion. Nel Tarleton, the veteran Liverpool boxer, now holds the title for the third time but it cannot be for long. Smith is in the Tarleton mold—a clever boxer with every shift at his command, and, as an extra asset, a really devastating punch. He disposed of Jackie Rankin, who stopped Peter Kane, in really masterly style at the last Earl's Court show.

Yes, Danahar and Smith, with possibly Jackie Paterson, the Scottish holder of the flyweight title, would be excellent propositions for America. Danahar certainly would do well. Paterson's two-fisted style would also endear him to Americans. He is a southpaw with a punch, but he is not in the class of Peter Kane or Benny Lynch from the boxing aspect.

Hold that Temper!

(Continued from page 23)

over the ropes when Referee Gunboat Smith refused to disqualify Primo Carnera for going down without being hit and in his fight with Phil Scott in Miami, his temper got the better of him to such an extent, it seemed he would strike every one within reach.

Aldo Spoldi goes wild when things are against him. His Latin temper is displayed at the least provocation when in the ring. When he fought Sammy Angott we got a taste of his temper. He would hit low and break all rules in an effort to turn the tide when he realized that defeat was staring him in the face.

Fighters of that type don't get very far. Sooner or later they drop out of sight.

When Terry McGovern started out he had not the faintest knowledge of what it was to fight fairly. Whenever McGovern fought, the referee had to do yoeman work to keep Terry away from a fallen foe for fear that McGovern would break the rules.

McGovern, like Jack Dempsey of the later period, as soon as he scored a knockdown, instantly stood over his rival like an infuriated animal ready to spring at its prey when it gave signs of showing fight. All the generalship that he possessed and all the coaching in the world against such expected circumstances, deserted him. He had only one aim then, and that was to win by hook or crook.

But McGovern was as different a man as night and day when he was floored. Intelligence and discretion seemed to be his. He seemed to be conscious of his plight, unless the punch happened to be very powerful. He would take his time getting up, and motion to the referee to keep his adversary at a safe distance until he arose, if his man showed a disposition to come too near.

McGovern lost the only fight of his career on a foul to Tim Callahan before he was knocked out by Young Corbett the first time at Hartford. He never profited by that experience, however, for all through his career as a fighter he invited defeat by the same methods.

* * *

IT matters not how seasoned or experienced a pugilist may be, there is no telling when his temper will get the better of him. Take, for instance, the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world between Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City. Fitzsimmons was looked upon as the headiest scrapper in the business. No one, to consider his brilliant record and long campaign as a boxer, would dream that Fitz would ever have done anything that could have been regarded as unjust in a strict fighting sense. But in his fight with Corbett, after knocking the then champion down with his famous shift and solar plexus punch, Fitz let go a right swing for Corbett's jaw while Corbett was resting on one knee.

It was only after the blow was on the way, that the Cornishman realized that he was doing wrong, and he checked the smash just in time. The punch stopped about an inch or so from Corbett's face. Though the punch never landed, the act served to raise a discussion many weeks afterward as to whether the rules were not really broken. This supposition was all the more aggravated when moving pictures of the encounter were produced at a local theatre afterward. The films showed Fitz's right glove seemingly resting on his rival's cheek. The referee, George Siler, might have been excused for declaring Corbett the victor on a foul, but he gave Fitz the benefit of the doubt.

* * *

WHEN Corbett fought Charlie Mitchell at Jacksonville, Fla. on the afternoon of January 25, 1894, the ex-champion's seconds had all they could do to restrain the Californian from committing a foul. Although an intelligent and usually heady man, Corbett was beside himself with rage that day. There was not much love lost between the pair and the thought uppermost in Corbett's mind then was to avenge all the insults, fancied and real, he thought Mitchell had heaped on him. It was in the third and last round that Corbett nearly deviated from the path of fairness.

Corbett began with right and left and Mitchell clinched to escape a storm of blows. He was thrown aside, however, and Corbett, grinning like a demon, shot his left to the jaw and Mitchell tumbled headlong to the floor. With his eyes almost sightless, the Briton struggled to regain his feet. Corbett rushed in and was about to commit a foul by striking the dazed Englishman as he crept upon one knee.

Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, one of Corbett's seconds, sprang through the rope and roused Corbett to a sense of his position by slapping him smartly over the cheek two or three times and besought him to restrain himself. Even at that, it took all of Dempsey's efforts and that of the referee to prevent his falling on Mitchell when he was down. He acted more like a madman than a fighter that day.

Nobody following the strict interpretation of the rules could have complained had Referee "Honest John" Kelly awarded the contest to Mitchell, but the foreigner had nobody at his back who semed capable of comprehending the gravity of the situation despite the fact that Corbett's seconds were continually breaking into the ring to control him.

According to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, then in force, a principal after knocking his opponent down, must retire to his own or neutral corner and wait until his man can arise before making another attack. But this rule was not always observed.

In recent years, it was only after the famous "Long Count" in the fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in Chicago, that the boxing commissions throughout the world adopted the Marquis of Queensberry rule to force a fighter who has scored a knockdown to go to a neutral corner. Many fight critics have declared that this rule was put into effect for the first time for the Chicago battle, but in this they are wrong. The rule as I have said, was part of the Marquis of Queensberry Code for almost fifty years before the Chicago Commission enforced it during the knockdown of Tunney and now it is universally adopted.

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LETTERS *from Our* READERS

LAST night Harry Phillips who runs the Horseshoe Cigar Store here, saw me take THE RING off a rack, so he rose from a card game in the rear, and asked:

"Do you read that?"

I explained I had been reading fight stuff, and at times writing it, for long years—that I read my copy and sent it to young boxer pals out on the creeks.

This April issue—Jimmy Britt. A good yarn and good stuff in it. I meet many old friends in your pages.

Alaska was once okay for boxing. Then dull days as the glitter passed, and there was no money and no interest. Now with the Army building air bases, enough people will come in too, if the right build up is made, do something as to boxing promotion. In case any boys get excited, and ask you, from hearing wild stuff about Alaska, there is no real money hung up here—$125.00 top for 4 rounds. I think there will be, later this year, but it is no spot for a boxer used to purses, and fancy working-out background, because that just isn't, here. It's a working country, and no lad should start dreaming and then get here and find himself broke.

Men from Honolulu, Philadelphia, Dallas, China, Spain—serious workers, and boomers—they're coming in by plane and train, hitting good luck as its an earlier and warmer Spring than any one can remember. We just finished with a Dog Derby, and an Ice Carnival, and the chechakos had a chance to see the Northland making whoopee.

I thought tonight, next time East I'll look at Jack Dempsey's place, where my old office was—the *Morning Telegraph*. I wrote there as Helen Green.

Some Fairbanks papers will go to you, with good wishes from your regular customer.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

HELEN VANCAMPEN,
Alaska Air Base,
Fairbanks, Alaska.

* * *

I SEE the critics and ex-champs are still knocking and belittling Joe Louis, the latest being Gene Tunney who gives a report of an imaginary fight between Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, in which Jack K.O.s Joe; frankly this seems to be a fantasy by a person who only hopes it could come true, whether to show Gene up in a better light I don't know, but really only demonstrates racial prejudice.

I certainly agree the standard of the present day heavyweights is not very high, but you can count all the men who were good on one hand whom Jack defeated when he was king, and anyway distance lends enchantment to the view. Let us revise the list of whom Jack defeated when he was champion, starting with Jess Willard, who according to the critics was never a great champion.

Then Billy Miske whom he kayoed in three rounds. Jack followed this by knocking out Bill Brennan in the twelfth and Jack couldn't claim much glory for this as he had a tough time of it until he used the rabbit punch so unmercifully that he put Brennan in the hospital.

As for Georges Carpentier, he never had a chance because he wasn't in the same class with Dempsey when they fought. He certainly was no contender—just a glamour boy who could draw 'em in at the gate. That's why he got the shot at the title. Tommy Gibbons made Jack look pretty small when he remained on his feet for fifteen rounds at Shelby.

Luis Firpo didn't enjoy the referee's favor when he clashed with Jack. The critics are all agreed that he was very lax in not admonishing Dempsey for his rabbit punches, and forgetting to count when Jack was knocked out of the ring. The critics are again all unanimous in saying that Tunney was far too good for him in their two encounters. In between his fights with Gene is his very dubious K.O. of Jack Sharkey, another very ordinary performer. When you take into consideration he was K.O.'d by Jim Flynn in one round two years previous to winning the title, you must agree it's not a very inspiring record for one whom the critics acclaim as one of the best ever.

Dempsey even has the nerve to allege that his fight with Flynn wasn't on the level, not a very nice admission for an ex-champion to make.

No I think Mr. Tunney is only patting himself on the back when he can imagine that Dempsey could knock out Louis. My opinion is that if Joe were a white boy, he would be proclaimed the best ever by the very critics who now call him an ordinary fighter. Comparisons are odious and don't get you anywhere, but in my opinion, if the former champions who are now knocking the Bomber were half as good as they think they were compared to Louis, they must have been world wonders. That goes for Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, his most severe critics.

JAMES DAVISON,
Dundee, Scotland.

* * *

IN this letter to THE RING, I am sending a list which I consider to be the greatest aggregation of pugilists that ever pulled on gloves. My fifty immortals of the ring. They are the men whose names will never die as long as boxing is a profession.

Getting up a list of fifty of the greatest ringmen, is no easy matter. Some great men must be left out in such a list and you will find missing in the list some well known names.

I have tried to be fair with the present day fighters as well as the old era pugilists. Some of the Immortals I have listed never held a world championship but they were greater fighters than some who did hold a world's title.

Flyweights—Pancho Villa and Jimmy Wilde.

Bantamweights—Jimmy Barry, Ben Jordan, Al Brown.

Featherweights—Young Griffo, Abe Attell, Jem Driscoll, Geo. Dixon, Terry McGovern, Billy Murphy, Johnny Kilbane.

Lightweights—Joe Gans, Henry Armstrong, Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Battling Nelson, Jem Carney, Tony Canzoneri, Benny Leonard, Packey McFarland.

Welterweights—Joe Walcott, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Billy Smith, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Ryan, Matty Matthews.

Middleweights—"Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, Stanley Ketchel, Les Darcy, Harry Greb, Charley Mitchell, Mick Dooley, "Phila." Jack O'Brien.

Light-heavyweights—Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Kid McCoy, Joe Choynski, Jack Dillon, Tommy Longhran.

Heavyweights—John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, James J. Corbett, James J. Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Harry Wills, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis.

Well there they are. I know there is room for argument in that list when such great fighters as, Tom Sharkey, Jeanette, Blackburn, Ike Weir, Young Corbett, Ad Wolgast, Freddy Welsh, Geo. Chip, Billy Papke, Owen Moran, Casper Leon, Bobby Dobbs, Frank Slavin, Billy Edwards, Dawson, Berlenbach, Tiger Flowers, McTigue, Jack Sharkey, John Henry Lewis, Petrolle, Barney Ross, Ambers, Jimmy Barry, La Barba, Genaro and many others are left out of the topmost ranking.

I would like to hear from other old timers on this point.

I have every issue of THE RING from 1925 up to the present issue and most of the books from THE RING'S BOOK SHOP. I would not part with a single one. "Black Prince Peter" and the "Black Dynamite Series" are tops. My advice to every fight fan is to read them and don't miss a single issue of pugilism's No. 1 publication, THE RING.

JOHN BRUEN, SR.
189 Montgomery St., Goshen, N. Y.

ORDINARILY I wouldn't air this but the wind-jammers, these so-called fight critics, disturb my peace. First they write that "Hurricane" Henry Armstrong is the greatest fighting champion of all time. Then, before his fight with Pedro Montanez, he had passed his peak, and was slipping rapidly. They charged that the constant punching and glove throwing that carried him to three world titles at the same time within a year's time, had taken their toll on "Hurricane Henry". But Henry changed the tune of their wind-jamming with his ninth round K.O. triumph, when he beat Montanez, bringing his record up to 68 K.O.s in 114 fights with only two losses in 57 fights since 1935!

Henry has the greatest string of consecutive K.O.s; the greatest string of consecutive wins, 46; the greatest number of fights without a loss, 53. He is the only fighter in ring history to win three titles in ten months.

Just for the sake of brutal, cold facts, Henry has defended his welterweight title more often than all the other last dozen welterweight predecessors combined. Hurricane Henry was successful in his quest for a fourth World's title but the record books won't show it at present because referee George Blake pulled a boner on Henry in declaring the bout a draw, although Henry won Garcia's crown "from here to Helsinki". Therefore, my predictions are that Henry will beat Lou Ambers, if they meet again and go on to win the middleweight title.

Did Jack Dempsey K.O. Tom Gibbons or Fat Willie Meehan, whom he met several times?

Did Tunney K.O. many fighters?

The old time fighters, whose wind-jamming boosters never saw them fight, make me laugh out loud. Of all the old time Immortals, there are only two who might have whipped Louis—Jack Johnson and Fitzsimmons.

Johnson had cleverness and ring strategy which he would have depended upon to win. Fitzsimmons had persistency and a punch that was a finisher like Louis with his wallop. Meantime, just consult Joe's record, compare it with who the wind-jamming critics have conceded immortality, and then in a rush of repentance, concede that no heavyweight champion in ring history ever compiled such a string of victories, with only one defeat as a pro, as has Louis.

What other man would take the chances Joe has with a million dollar asset? Joe is the first and only real fighting heavyweight champion this or any other country has ever seen. Many former champions have said, "I'll be a fighting champion." But after a year or so they all decide to pick their own opponents and invariably lose. Where do Dempsey and Tunney come in to rap Louis.

Joe never has uttered a malicious word about any of his opponents. Never employs foul tactics. Has no alibis. Doesn't ask for any assistance once the bell has started him on the way. Joe is a credit to boxing and to his race.

The ring will wait a long time before two champions will come along that can be compared with Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong.

GEORGE DEWEY WALLS.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of THE RING for years and think it is the best magazine ever published. Discussing heavyweights, I agree with Jim Corbett that Jim Jeffries was the greatest all around fighter the world has ever known. Jeffries was a hard hitter. He could take it, and was, in my opinion, the fastest big man ever to enter a ring.

I read in the March issue of THE RING where one Bill Brown belittled the qualities of Dempsey's punch, in recalling that Dempsey couldn't keep Willard down. I suppose Mr. Brown has overlooked the fact that Dempsey was outweighed some eighty pounds, and also that a man is sometimes easier to knock out the first punch he receives, than he is when groggy.

I am sure that the Louis-Godoy fight has changed Mr. Brown's opinion concerning Louis' ability to murder Dempsey. If Louis had fought Jack, as he did Godoy, I doubt if he would have lasted three rounds. Jack fought in a crouch as Godoy did, and was a murderous puncher at close range.

I do not mean to belittle Louis, for he is indeed, a great fighter but I just can't picture Louis beating Sullivan, Jeffries, or Dempsey, men who possessed fighting hearts.

DAVID FERGUSON,
Holdenville, Oklahoma.

* * *

I HAVE just finished my latest RING MAGAZINE and what appealed to me most was the Nat Fleischer Says pages. Especially the part that suggested The Champ of All Times.

Of course one man's opinion doesn't count much. But as long as you suggest our opinion, Why not? Here goes—

To me Jefferies was the champion of them all. When "The Boilermaker" was in his prime, no one could stand a chance. He won the championship in his eleventh fight. And I think that record certainly justifies him to be called the Champ of Champions.

Robert L. Fitzsimmons is my second choice. If the Fighting Blacksmith were alive today and in his prime, he could take any three of the best heavy men into camp in one night.

Jack Dempsey is my third choice.

GARLAND LIFLE, Ahilene, Texas.

* * *

I HAVE been a very ardent reader of that most interesting, impartial, and very instructive magazine, the boxing fan's bible, THE RING, for years and this is my first attempt at writing to you.

Now there is something I would like to comment on if you will allow me the privilege of your valuable columns. Every time that Henry Armstrong fights, there seems to be an extra amount of vigilance on the part of the referee for every slip he makes in his punches and he is promptly penalized. I am not saying that it is not right to do so, but it seems to me that undue advantage is taken of the interpretation of that rule, in his fights, especially.

I saw some pictures in the May issue of your magazine of how he was penalized for butting in the Garcia fight, and yet in the Louis-Godoy fight, also pictured in the April issue, Godoy seemed to have used his head as often and just about as devastatingly as either of his fists.

I have to wonder if the rules that apply to the lighter divisions also apply to the heavyweight division. A lot of folks seem to be taking a dig at Louis because he didn't K.O. Godoy. Every fighter has his off night, even the one and only Jack Dempsey. They can't be expected to be killers every time they go into the ring. If that is expected, then we must also expect disappointment sometimes. I am sure Louis will redeem himself to the satisfaction of many at his next outing.

In conclusion let me wish your magazine continued prosperity.

LAWRENCE MARRETT,
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

The same rules are in effect all over the world on butting, hitting low, gouging, etc. Of course, some referees are more strict than others. Then again, those same strict referees penalize a fighter for certain offenses in one fight, yet let those infractions go on other occasions. For example, Arthur Donovan penalized Armstrong heavily in the fight with Lou Ambers, but didn't penalize Godoy in the Louis fight for infractions just as strong. —EDITOR'S NOTE

* * *

I KNOW you are a busy man, but permit me this encroachment on your time. It is my considered opinion that you have done more for boxing as a sport than any other man alive or dead. You compel my admiration with your knowledge of the game, your fearless, unprejudiced articles. I am convinced of your sincerity—you are in the game because of love of it. You give a man his due regardless of color, race or creed. Remember that letter from a chap in Scotland, belittling that great champion, Joe Louis? Remember your editorial after Hitler had decreed that Jewish athletes shall no longer hold titles?

Joe Louis is one of the greatest champions the world has ever seen. He has not grown swell-headed with all his success.

J. E. CALVERT,
Dysseldorp,
West Oudtshoorn, S. Africa.

THE GREATEST BOOK ON WEIGHT LIFTING EVER WRITTEN!

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Bob Hoffman has completed a fine new book on the popular sport, Weight Lifting. It contains 208 pages and is printed on 100 pound enamel paper, the same material of which the cover of this magazine is made. This permits the finest reproduction of all the photos shown. This volume, which is a textbook on weight lifting, includes the finest group of physique studies ever presented to the strength and health seeking public.

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Included are the official rules for the performance of these fifty lifts. Detailed instruction concerning training and the performance of each lift. As well as all causes for disqualification. There is a chart, listing the various lifts for which certificates and medals may be won. Five bodyweight classes, fifty lifts, the poundage required to win first, second or third certificates. Gold, silver or bronze medals.

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Jim Corbett

(Continued from page 18)

These I have answered before, hence there is no need for repeating. But in passing, I will say that Fitzsimmons, Johnson and Jeffries I consider the best all-around heavyweights of all time. Corbett, in my opinion, was the most scientific and skillful heavyweight I ever saw, and with Young Griffo, Benny Leonard, Tommy Loughran, Jem Driscoll, Fred Welsh and Joe Gans, we have the most scientific septet since the start of the boxing under Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Jack Johnson I consider the greatest defensive fighter, the best feinter and the best deliverer of an uppercut in modern ring history.

Of the champions who ruled from 1910 to the present day, I consider Leonard the best all-around fighter, and Tommy Loughran and Jack Dempsey, the cleverest and the hardest hitter, respectively, among the bigger fellows.

The Leonard who fought Ritchie Mitchell in Anne Morgan's Fund for Devastated France gave as great an exhibition of ring generalship and quick thinking as I have seen in the last forty years. The knockout of Max Schmeling by Joe Louis was the most artistic piece of work a heavyweight has performed since Jack Johnson was in his prime.

* * *

JOE LOUIS, at this writing, looks good enough to last at least four more years unless some youngster comes forth with a rush as did Jim Jeffries. There is nothing that depreciates like a champion and this is as true of Louis as it has been of past masters of fisticuffs. Louis has shown that in his last two battles, but he still rates so much better than any heavyweight in the field of challengers that it is doubtful if there will be a new champion for some time.

As I ramble down the home stretch, telling of this and that fighter, mostly heavyweights, I must come to the conclusion that Fitzsimmons was the most remarkable fighter the ring has ever seen. He was a fighting freak, with the legs of a lightweight and the torso of a heavyweight. He possessed a tremendous punch and had a great fighting head. Though not extremely clever as was Corbett, he had great fighting skill.

What Joe Walcott could do to the present crop of welters and middleweights is a shame. There is not a middleweight of this era who compares to Walcott, Ryan, McCoy, Ketchel, Fitzsimmons, Greb or Les Darcy. The present field would be a cinch for any of those named.

* * *

AND now my task is finished. I promised my son-in-law, the Editor of THE RING, that my gift to this publication at my eighty-eighth birthday would be a series such as I have written, reminiscences covering my seventy years of intimate association with men of the ring, and I have finished this self-made assignment. Three score and ten years is a long span, and naturally one could not hope to have such a period covered fully in seven articles, but by presenting the highlights, I think I have enabled my readers to carry away with them a fairly good idea of conditions and the men who made ring history under such conditions in the era when Grandpa was a kid.

I love the game and I hope that it will continue to thrive as it has in the last decade. The love of fight and fighting men is inborn in the American public and that is why boxing flourishes in every nook and corner of this great and glorious country.

In concluding my short narrative, I want to leave with my readers one strong point—as long as America takes a keen interest in the most virile of all sports—boxing—our nation has nothing to fear from any foreign attack. We are a sports loving people.

Henceforth, I shall act only in an advisory capacity as a member of THE RING Editorial staff. With this series, I have concluded my work as an active writer. I hope that my readers have enjoyed these reminiscenses as much as I have while writing them. It has been a most pleasant assignment. I also hope that you will all continue to give to THE RING and its Editor, my son-in-law, your whole-hearted support. In these trying times THE RING needs your help. Don't let it down.

* * *

[When "Pop" Phillips finished that last paragraph, little did he think that on the morrow the Grim Reaper would bid him enter Valhalla, where he could meet many of those about whom he had written. It seems as if by intuition he knew that his time was rapidly approaching and that his work had to be completed on a definite day. The night after he had turned over the seven articles to THE RING *Editor, he passed into the Great Beyond with less than fifteen minutes of illness to cause him any suffering.*

[His was a happy, cheerful, well-moulded life of usefulness. He loved to live as much in the present era as he did in the romantic past, enjoyed all variety of sports as few of his age, and boasted of an army of friends. God bless his Soul. — EDITOR'S NOTE]

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of ten you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 51.

1—What famous heavyweight fight was staged at Langtry, Texas?

2—Who was Squire Abingdon?

3—What manager handled two world heavyweight champions?

4—Right or wrong—Benny Leonard held the lightweight and welter championships. Gene Tunney was knocked out at least once in his career. Johnny Dundee won the feather title from Johnny Kilbane. Tommy Loughran retired as world's light-heavy king. Al Singer was knocked out in one round by Jimmy McLarnin and in three by Canzoneri.

5—How many times did Arturo Godoy and Tony Galento fight? What were the results?

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

PRIOR to the advent of the summer season, boxing showed a little lull in spots around this country, but since the outdoor season got under way, there has been a decided increase in interest. It isn't often that four champions are seen in action during a stretch of a fortnight, yet that is what happened during the past month. Henry Armstrong, world welter champion; Billy Conn, light-heavyweight king; Ceferino Garcia, New York State's holder of the world middleweight crown, and Joey Archibald, world feather champion, were all on view in title contests, and in addition, Bud Baer, one of the most promising of the younger heavyweights, appeared before the public in a fight that added to his prestige.

Buddy put Valentin Campolo away in one round in the Garden and thus proved that he still has a chance to get to the top. Billy Conn retained his crown by beating Gus Lesnevich in a return engagement in Detroit in fifteen rounds. Ken Overlin took away Garcia's New York honors in a fifteen-round bout. Henry Armstrong disposed of Ralph Zanelli in the fourth round in a welter title match, and Harry Jeffra, former world bantam king, gained the world featherweight title by defeating Archibald in fifteen rounds in Baltimore.

Those bouts were the leading contests of the month. By his fine victory over Campolo, Baer gained a commanding position among the heavyweights. He jumped into fourth place in THE RING'S ratings. Other important heavyweight bouts included the following:

Buddy Walker scored two knockouts in the fourth session. His victims were Eddie Mader and Lou Thomas. Gus Dorazio, vastly improved heavyweight from Philadelphia, stepped into the elite circle with his victory over Bill Boyd. Pat Comiskey, promising Paterson heavyweight, was another who registered with his victory over Steve Dudas. He also kayoed Larry Marino in one round. Buddy Knox whipped Chuck Crowell and Henry Cooper.

Al McCoy came through with a clean-cut victory over Melio Bettina. Though Bettina is rated among the light-heavies, it was a good win for McCoy. Bob Sikes kayoed Pete Arnold in two and Johnny McCarthy in five. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Al Delaney. Abe Simon scored over Eddie Blunt. Henry Wacker disposed of Billy Muldune in one heat. Altus Allen disposed of Italo Colonello in the ninth and Johnny Paychek in the tenth. Paychek announced his retirement after that contest. Eddie Simms scored over Cyclone Lynch.

Carl Vinciquerra whipped Arne Anderson. Tommy Martin scored a six-round knockout over Bob Nestell. Tony Novak lost to Neville Beech but disposed of Dan Dowling in four rounds. Emanuel Murray scored a surprise knockout over Elza Thompson in two rounds. Jorge Brescia defeated Roy Lazer. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Frank Rowsey in five sessions. Unknown Winston kayoed Buff Mellinger in one. Nick Fiorentino scored over Joe Brickle. Johnny Hanschen bested Billy Miske, Jr. Buddy Scott won over Felix Del Paoli. Jim Thompson scored over Curtis Sheppard, Red Bruce drew with Andy Kid Miller.

Billy Conn's victory over Lesnevich in the light-heavyweight class may be his last defense of that title but he still remains the leader until he officially decides to vacate the class. Anton Christoforidis is continuing his progress in the 175-pound class. He turned in a five-round knockout over Jimmy Burns. Jimmy Reeves whipped Solly Krieger. Tony Cisco fought a draw with Lloyd Marshall. Jimmy Webb scored over Willie Pavlovich, Johnny Kapovich and Irv Sarlin. Herbie Katz won over Stanley Hasrato. Honeyboy Jones defeated Gunboat Davis.

Ken Overlin's victory over Ceferino Garcia for middleweight honors, so far as New York is concerned, was the clincher for him after many years of perseverance, during which he has fought the leaders. Georgie Abrams continued his fine strides by beating Augie Arellano. Jimmy Bivins disposed of Paul Frazier in one round and it marks his first appearance in the front ranking middles. Howell King halted the progress of Coley Welch by whipping him. Billy Soose whipped Eddie Peirce and Jack Ennis. Alabama Kid scored over Atilio Sabatino in Australia. Ernie Vigh kayoed Henry Chmielewski in one round but was beaten by Harvey Massey.

Vincent Pimpinella defeated Jimmy Shepard and Jay Macedon. Wicky Harkins won from Vincent Fratello. Shorty Hogue whipped Johnny Jackson twice and kayoed Pete Mike in two. Big Boy Hogue drew with Lige Drew. Walter Franklin kayoed Jimmy Jones in three but was beaten by Gene Molnar. Teeko Born was beaten by Al Bernard and Mutt Womer. Jose Basora defeated Milo Theodorescu. Tony Martin kayoed Toots Bernstein in eight.

Henry Armstrong's four-round knockout over Ralph Zanelli was fought at the weight limit and showed Hank still in top form. Cocoa Kid disposed of Billy White in two rounds. Milt Aron disposed of Frankie Cavanna in the sixth. Victor Dellicurti was beaten by Jack Larrimore and kayoed by Steve Belloise in round one. Steve also whipped Sammy Luftspring. Fritzie Zivic disposed of Ossie Harris in the third round. Phil Furr flattened Steve Mamakos in the seventh.

Bobby McIntire disposed of Jimmy Fantini in the fifth but was beaten by Maxie Berger. Berger also defeated Tony Ferrara. Jimmy Garrison scored over George Crouch. Tony Chavez won from Red Green. Paul Junior drew with Kid McCoy. Leon Zorrita kayoed Jimmy Day and Allen Westbury in four rounds each. Jackie Donovan defeated Dodo Woods. Carlos Miranda bested Dencio Cabanela. Eddie Dolan won over Ernest Robinson. Al Smith whipped Big Boy Hogue. Quentin Breese won from Norment Quarles. Jimmy Leto kayoed Frank Terry in six. Bobby Britton drew with Jerome Conforto.

Pete Lello was the most prominent lightweight in action. He whipped Victor Troise. Bob Montgomery defeated Al Nettlow. Johnny Bellus won over Red Guggino while Red whipped Jackie Carter. Leo Rodak scored over Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson. George Zengaras won over Ray Sharkey and Lou Fortuna. Tippy Larkin disposed of Frankie Wallace in the fourth. Jimmy Tygh drew with Honey Mellody. Billy Marquart defeated Sammy Musco. Herschel Joiner kayoed Eddie Zivic in five rounds. Charley Gomer scored over Everette Rightmire. Willie Joyce and Jorge Morelia split two decisions.

Billy Maher whipped Tony Morgano. Mike Evans scored over Buck Streator. Ray Lunny defeated Verne Bybee. Clever Henry triumphed over Tod Morgan. Danny La Verne kayoed Jimmy Dundee in the fourth. Toby Vigil won from Young Polite. Lee Harper was beaten by Joey Fontana and Bobby Ivy. Baby Arizmendi defeated Guy Serean. Ervin Berlier won from Manuel Villa. Billy Beauhuld drew with Teddy Baldwin. Maxie Fisher bested Jack Sharkey, Jr. Nick Castiglione scored over Yucatan Kid.

With Harry Jeffra's fifteen-round victory over Joey Archibald went the featherweight title. Jimmy Perrin won over Paul Lee. Pete Scalzo kayoed Frankie Covelli in six and defeated Mike Belloise. Spider Armstrong won over Sammy Garcia. Maxie Shapiro defeated Bobby Ivy but was beaten by Everette Rightmire. Bobby Ruffin triumphed over Eddie Lander.

Larry Bolvin whipped and kayoed Lou Transparenti in eight rounds. Richard Lemos scored over Christobal Jaramillo and drew with Memo Llanes. Jackie Rankin kayoed Billy Walker in the eighth in England. Mickey Miller disposed of George Smedley in twelve in Australia. Young Gildo drew with Don Melville. Nat Litfin drew with Pablo Dano and whipped Vincenzo Dell Orto. Dell Orto scored over Henry Huerta. Matt Perfetti defeated Joe Amico. Bobby Green drew with Vic Corchado. Joey Iannotti kayoed Paul Lee in the third.

Among the bantamweights, Tony Olivera drew with Aurel Toma. Toma won from Jackie Callura. Jim Hayes whipped Tommy Burns. Les Johnson kayoed Pat Palmer in the fourth. Johnny Juliano defeated Nono Cuebas.

In the flyweight class, Jimmy Stewart, a newcomer from Scotland, came through with a victory over Joe Curran. Jackie Jurich scored a five-round knockout over Little Ceferino. Dudley Lewis kayoed Jimmy Stubbs in three but was stopped by Lewis in their next contest in the tenth. Billy Hazelgrove scored over Frank Bonser.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—None available.
Bantamweight—Billy Hazelgrove, England.
Featherweight—Salvatore Bartolo, Boston, Mass.
Lightweight—Phil Siriani, New York City.
Welterweight—Eddie Ellis, Quincy, Mass.
Middleweight—Al Gilbert, Honolulu, Hawaii.
Light-heavyweight—Buster Miller, Washington, D. C.
Heavyweight—Peter Denley, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Cocoa Kid
2—Tony Galento	Anton Christoforidis	Tony Zale	Milt Aron
3—Bob Pastor	Teddy Yarosz	Ceferino Garcia	Holman Williams
4—Buddy Baer	Melio Bettina	Al Hostak	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Red Burman	Len Harvey	Archie Moore	Steve Belloise
6—Johnny Whiters	Jock McAvoy	Ron Richards	Fritzie Zivic
7—Junior Munsell	Jimmy Reeves	Georgie Abrams	Phil Furr
8—Buddy Walker	Turkey Thompson	Lloyd Marshall	Maxie Berger
9—Gus Dorazio	Tony Cisco	Jimmy Bivins	Mike Kaplan
10—Pat Comiskey	Jimmy Webb	Howell King	Jack Larrimore

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Joey Archibald	Little Dado	Jackie Paterson
2—Davey Day	Jimmy Perrin	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Jackie Wilson	Pete Scalzo	Tony Olivera	Manuel Ortiz
4—George Latka	Chalky Wright	Lou Salica	Tiny Bostock
5—Pete Lello	Simon Chavez	K. O. Morgan	Jimmy Stewart
6—Eric Boon	Sixto Escobar	Little Pancho	Small Montana
7—Bob Montgomery	Spider Armstrong	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Jurich
8—Dave Castilloux	Everette Rightmire	Kid Tanner	Joe Curran
9—Johnny Bellus	Bobby Ruffin	Chick Delaney	Jimmy Stubbs
10—Leo Rodak	Larry Bolvin	Aurel Toma	Dudley Lewis

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER a twelve-year chase in the middleweight ranks, Ken Overlin finally reached his objective. He gained the fifteen-round decision over Ceferino Garcia in a gruelling scrap at Madison Square Garden in which both principals were forced to subject themselves to considerable wear and tear. With that victory comes the New York State Middleweight Championship.

Overlin proved a cagy and slippery opponent for the hard-hitting but slow-thinking Filipino. Ken was always one move ahead of Garcia. His powerful left hook and right hand always fell short, with Overlin moving and stepping away from danger.

The fight was exciting in spots and lagged occasionally. The final round found Garcia desperately trying for a knockout—the only possible way of victory at that stage—but Ken fought him blow for blow until the final bell. Garcia scaled 154½ and Overlin 159.

Steve Belloise electrified the spectators with his thrilling one-round knock-out over Victor Dellicurti. Belloise, a colorful performer and a terrific hitter for his frame, will cause a havoc among the leading welterweight contenders. Dellicurti weighed 147 and Belloise 148.

Jose Basora whipped Milo Theodorescu in six rounds while Ernie Vigh scored an impressive one-round kayo over Henry Chmielewski. Pete Asero trimmed Norman Hurdman and Mutt Womer scored over George Costulis in the four-rounders. The house grossed $15,710.

Nat Litfin won an eight-round verdict over Vincenzo Dell Orto in the feature eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. The fight was fairly even and the decision was far from popular. Dell Orto weighed 130 and Litfin 130¾. Jimmy Casa scored over Teeko Born in the six-round semi-final.

Joey Iannotti added another splendid victory to his growing list when he vanquished Paul Lee in the third round of their scheduled eight at the New York Coliseum. Tami Mauriello whipped Norman Hurdman while Mickey La Marr scored over Eddie Voccia in other eights on the same program.

Joe (Yussell) Goldstein, making his first appearance in big league competition, defeated Pete De Ruzza in the headlining eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Goldstein is a rough and tough customer with hands, and won convincingly. He weighed 153 against 148½ for De Ruzza.

Monty Pignatore won the eight-round semi-final over Harold Valan after a bitter scrap.—Johnny Juliano, fast-moving bantam from Paterson, N. J., defeated Nono Cuebas in the feature eight-rounder at the White Plains Community Center. This was the concluding affair before the summer season and it attracted a fine crowd. Juliano weighed 113½ and Cuebas 116¾.

Maxie Shapiro, East Sider, continued his winning ways. On this occasion he scored over Bobby (Poison) Ivy, of Hartford, in the feature eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn. Ivy made a good showing and tried hard all the way. Shapiro weighed 130 and his opponent half a pound heavier. Terry Young stopped Al Ragone in the fifth of the six-round semi-final. Paul Klang whipped Johnny Fonfara in another sixer.

Georgie Abrams, Washington middleweight, started the open air activity at the Queensboro Stadium with an eight-round victory over Augie Arellano. It was an overwhelmingly easy victory for Georgie. He proved too speedy and his punching was too accurate for the rough and aggressive Texan. Abrams weighed 163 against 154½ for Arellano.

Phil Siriani whipped Norman Rahn in a rough and ready six-round scrap. Lou Barbetta scored over Dom Fiantini in another exciting six-round scrap. Jerry Fiorella and Ernest Robinson staged a corking six-rounder with honors even at the finish. It was an excellent show for the initial card and speaks well for the matchmaking department which is headed by Jack "Zunk" Serlin.

Vincent Pimpinella headed the card at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn with an eight-round victory over Jay Macedon. Macedon subbed for Billy Soose. Pimpinella's long reach and left hand jabbing enabled him to hold the lead throughout. Macedon weighed 153 and Pimpinella 158½. Al Costa whipped Frank Terry in the six-round semi-final while Sean Haynes scored over Silvio Zangrillo in another sixer.

Jackie Donovan, Buffalo's modern Jimmy Slattery, came to New York to see the sights and also to take in the Garcia-Overlin scrap. He was accompanied by Manager W. J. Michael who has been his trainer, guardian and manager ever since he started boxing. Jackie is a tall, clean cut youngster, who appears to be headed for stardom. He has outgrown the welterweight class and will confine his activity towards the 160-pound division. Jackie travelled from New York to Detroit for the Conn-Lesnevich fight and received quite an ovation when introduced.

Bobby Intyre, Detroit 140-pounder, started the open air festivities at the New York Coliseum by registering an impressive five-round knockout over Jimmy Fantini of Harlem. The bout was scheduled for eight sessions. Bobby outclassed his opponent from the start and scored several knockdowns before the final wallop. Fantini scaled 138¾ against 140 for Bobby. Curley St. Angelo stopped Danny Sinnott in the sixth of their eight-round affair, after Danny was floored many times.

Matt Perfetti whipped Joe Amico in another eight-round affair.—Wicky Harkins was awarded the verdict over Vincent Fratello in a nip and tuck eight-round affair at the St. Nicholas Palace. This was a hotly contested scrap with very little to choose between them at the finish. Victor Troise won from Johnny Rinaldi in the eight-round semi-final.

The victory scored by Overlin over Garcia now leaves the middleweight division with two entries. Al Hostak with Ken must decide just who is the real middleweight champion. That match should be possible now. Nate Druxman, Seattle promoter, was in New York to attend the Garcia fray and expects to close for the Hostak-Overlin bout in Seattle. That match is a huge one for that particular section of the country. It is the only place where the fight should take place. Just when it seemed the affair would be clinched, Mike Jacobs, instead of easing the situation, rematched Overlin and Garcia for a September 12 meeting in the Garden. The fight was not good enough to command an immediate return engagement and it only adds confusion to the middleweight class instead of settling the situation for the best interests of boxing. Too bad this bout fell through.

George Zengaras was too tough and pugnacious for Lou Fortuna in their eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn. Fortuna subbed for Jimmy Vaughn and gave a very good account of himself, considering the short space of time that he had to prepare himself. Zengaras lost two rounds on low punches but had enough margin in his favor to win the award. Fortuna weighed 137 and Zengaras one pound lighter. Dave Smith stopped Angelo Lato in the fourth of the scheduled six-round semi-final . . . . Eddie Mead has opened his offices at Radio City and in the future can be reached at 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City. Mead expects to add to his stable in the near future and is looking for likely material to handle.

Steve Belloise, Harlem youngster, added to his prestige when he took Sammy Luftspring, of Toronto, over the hurdles in their eight-round scrap at the New York Coliseum. This fight took place four days after Steve had flattened Vic Dellicurti in the Garden and almost 13,000 spectators turned out for this excellent attraction. Luftspring proved tough and rugged and had plenty of experience but Steve overcame those obstacles with his natural skill and hitting powers. In the fourth and fifth he had Sammy hurt but the latter recovered before any further damage could be done. Belloise 146¼ and Luftspring 147½.

Tommy Christie whipped Johnny Litto in the semi-final of eight rounds. Andy Melia disposed of Enzo Iannozzi in the second session of a scheduled sixer.

Pete Lello, Chicago lightweight, pounded out an eight round victory over Victor Troise in their eight-rounder at the Queensboro Stadium. Lello scored knockdowns in the second and fifth sessions and held a commanding lead at all times though Troise proved to be anything but an easy customer. Lello weighed 134 and Troise 138.

Harvey Massey scored a big upset in winning from Ernie Vigh in the semi-final of eight rounds. Vigh scored a knockdown in the third session but Massey came on to box his way to a victory. Massey weighed 164½ against 159 for Vigh.

Only 4,000 fans turned out to see the first summer heavyweight show at the Garden but plenty of thrills were provided for the small gathering. Buddy Baer, 246, rushed out of his corner to floor Valentin Campolo, 225, with the first punch of the fight. He arose at the count of eight and it was only a question of time before Buddy would stow his foe away after that. Valentin took several solid wallops before he went down again for keeps after one minute and 53 seconds of the first session.

Pat Comiskey floored Steve Dudas in the first round and won the decision after eight rounds of hard fighting. Dudas gave his younger foe plenty of trouble but Comiskey combined coolness with harder hitting and had a comfortable lead at the finish. Emanuel Murray turned in a sensational knockout victory over Elza Thompson in the second round of their scheduled six. After taking a terrible beating in the first session, Murray got the range and floored his opponent twice, winning by a knockout in the next round. Murray weighed 192¼ and Thompson 238. The gate amounted to $9,978.

The House of Upsets—The Queensboro Arena, conformed to its traditional standards when Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, upset Maxie Shapiro, East Side's classy aspirant, in the feature eight-round contest there. Shapiro entered the ring 3 to 1 favorite in the betting but that meant nothing to the determined Westerner who tore into his opponent from start to finish and refused to give Shapiro a chance to stand off and box, which is Maxie's favorite mode of battle. Rightmire weighed 128½ and Shapiro 128¼. This was Rightmire's first start under Eddie Mead's management and it appears as if he got started on the right foot.

Walter Franklin kayoed Jimmy Jones in the third round of the other eight-round feature. Joe Legon, Cuban welterweight, making his first start in New York, trimmed Ernest Robinson in a special six-rounder.

Pete Scalzo gained the decision over Mike Belloise at the Starlight Park Arena after eight hotly contested rounds. It was a nip and tuck affair with Scalzo enjoying the advantage because of his cleaner and more often delivered blows. Belloise weighed 128½ and Scalzo 126¼.

Augie Fleischauer and Sean Haynes went to a draw in the six-round semi-final. Sonny Simon trimmed Eddie Cooper while George Zeitz and Johnny Rudd battled on even terms in other six-rounders . . . . George Zengaras was too strong for Ray Sharke, Cleveland lightweight, making his first start in this city. It was a tough fight, with George's superior strength asserting itself in the last two rounds. Zengaras weighed 134½ and Sharkey 137.

In an exceptionally exciting scrap at the St. Nicholas Palace, Bobby (Poison) Ivy of Hartford, Conn., took the verdict over "Texas" Lee Harper after eight rounds. Ivy was on the floor in the first round but he survived that session and dropped his foe in the third and fourth rounds. It was nip and tuck all the way with Ivy finishing the stronger. Harper weighed 133½ and Ivy 130½.

Pablo Dano drew with Nat Litfin; Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Henry Huerta; Monty Pignatore defeated Mickey La Marr, while Lulu Constantino triumphed over Joe Echavarria in the remaining eight-rounders.

Saverio Turiello, Italian welterweight champion, has been added to the Eddie Mead stable. Turiello, who holds decisions over Milt Aron, Cocoa Kid, Andrea Jessurun, Joey Ferrando, Victor Troise and hosts of others, expects to get into the welterweight scramble and fight his way right to the top

. . . . If Billy Conn vacates his light-heavyweight title, it should be a merry chase for his title. Lesnevich, Bettina, Christoforidis, Jimmy Webb, Tony Cisco, Turkey Thompson, Jimmy Reeves, Solly Krieger and Tiger Warrington could make the division a very competitive one.

The Coney Island Velodrome started its summer season with an eight-round battle between Joey Fontana and Lee Harper. This fight was replete with knockdowns scored by both parties but Fontana managed to have the better of the bout and won the verdict. Norman Silvers kayoed Vankie Watson in the third of the six-round semi-final—Maxie Berger maintained his advantage over Bobby McIntire by winning their second contest, an eight-rounder, at the New York Coliseum. Berger's margin was quite convincing on this occasion and there were few dissenting votes about the verdict. Johnny Colan, fast rising middleweight, disposed of George Costulis in the fifth of the six-round semi. Rex Romus disposed of Julio Ortenzio in the same length of time.

Baltimore, which staged the recent featherweight title match between Harry Jeffra and Joey Archibald, is the home of many great fighters of the past and most of them are still prominently in the public eye, even though they are viewing the scene from the sidelines. Eddie Leonard, a former Philadelphia bantamweight in the early twenties, is now a capable referee—Benny Schwartz, who holds the record for drawing the largest gate in Baltimore in his bout with Pancho Villa, is making himself busy in sporting circles—Sylvan Bass is the matchmaker for the Century Athletic Club. He is the first one who whipped Ken Overlin—Heinie Blaustein and Benny Benjamin, who trained the Dundee brothers and other Baltimoreans, are on the advisory board of the Century, while Lew Fisher holds the reins as promoter—Baltimore drew $13,000 in the Jeffra-Archibald fight. Cocoa Kid, a welterweight, and Chalky Wright, a featherweight, recently drew $4500 there. It is a good fight city and has a live-wire boxing commission.

Jack Larrimore made a valiant recovery after being floored three times in his eight-round bout with Victor Dellicurti at the Queensboro Stadium. The knockdowns occurred in the first round and he suffered some uncomfortable moments in the second and fourth sessions, but he rallied courageously and won the verdict, though by a mighty slim margin. Dellicurti weighed 148½ and Larrimore, 147½. Quentin Breese outpointed Norment Quarles in the semi-final of eight sessions. Mutt Womer won over Teeko Born, while Norman Hurdman drew with Jerry Fiorello in other sixes on the same card.

Emil Joseph, Pittsburgh lightweight, is trying his luck around New York and is willing to clash with the best lightweights—Ray Foutts, who retired from promotional activity to manage boxers, expects to run a banner program at East Liverpool, Ohio, to break the monotony—Phil Furr scored one of the season's biggest upsets when he knocked out rugged Steve Mamakos in seven rounds recently—Nick Camarata, who retired from boxing several months ago, is training for his comeback. He had a good rest in Hot Springs and is rarin' for action again—Jackie Wilson, accompanied by Manager Walter Melrose, vacationed to New York after Jackie was operated on his right hand. Three months rest was ordered by the medicos, and Jackie is vacationing without any thought of training—Chalky Wright is anxious to return to the sunny climes of Hollywood.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

JOHNNY SWICKI, New England light-heavy, was the latest to fall under the heavy war guns of Ralph De John, going down for the full count in the first round of a scheduled 10-round contest in Fall River, Mass. De John had previously defeated Johnny Hayes in the same ring, making it two-in-a-row for Ralph in that city.

Irv Robbins has closed the Arcade gym, once known as the Brady A.C., leaving Syracuse without professional training quarters. Robbins is seeking a downtown site in a better location, hoping to cut down the overhead by starting conditioning classes for business people. This move has forced the local pugs to work at the Y.M.C.A., which is tough on the fans, as spectators are not permitted to view workouts.

The latest to announce his return to the ring is Mickey Barron, veteran Scranton featherweight, who used to regale local fans with some of the most spectacular slugging sessions ever staged here. Mickey is still young in years, but an old man in fistic experience. We wish him a lot of luck, for they don't come any gamer or more eager to please than this same Mickey.

Eddie (Babe) Risko, former world's middleweight champion, now a county sheriff, is as handsome as ever, and tips the beam at 180 pounds.

Boxing is decidedly on the upgrade in upstate New York with Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Binghamton and Utica either operating steadily again, or preparing to get underway.

LEFT HOOKS: Syracuse is to have a new auditorium for sports, conventions, etc., which is the best break boxing has been given here yet . . . . The new building will be erected in the fall, it is reliably reported . . . . Plans have been drawn, the site selected, and a deal is being made with the City of Syracuse to provide the land . . . . Two Joeys, Joey Brown and Joey Kushner, a pair of local featherweights, have long been at swords points, and every time they meet they wage a fight that is the closest thing to modified murder

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 48.

1—The Peter Maher-Bob Fitzsimmons fight.

2—Squire Abingdon was the wealthy backer of Jim Hall.

3—Bill Brady handled Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett.

4—Leonard held the lightweight title. Tunney was never knocked out. Dundee won the feather title from Eugene Criqui. Loughran retired as light-heavyweight king. Al Singer was knocked out in three rounds by McLarnin and Canzoneri stopped Singer in the first.

5—Godoy and Galento fought twice and Godoy won both times.

we have ever lamped . . . . Young Fisher, erstwhile Caveman of other days, who fought all the big names of his era, two decades ago, is working as a watchman . . . . Joe Baker, oldtime lightweight, is a baker; Matty Haley, featherweight, is now a heavyweight, and is employed at the Sanderson Steel Mill . . . . Al Wise, hard-hitting middleweight, raises police dogs, and Al Cross is a policeman.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

IT took a group of youngsters, youngsters who never had their names in lights along fistic row, to remove the crepe from the door of professional boxing in Rochester. There wasn't a name boxer on the card of ambitious lards who thrilled the fans that packed Columbus Auditorium to see the last professional show here. The Nello Nucelli-Ossie Sussman bout, in which Nucelli won a decisive victory over his courageous rival, was a thriller, as were the other five bouts. Nucelli's left jab had Sussman in trouble during the entire bout. Sussman fought on sheer courage as Nucelli completely outclased the Jewish buzzsaw. Sammy Secreet, another lad who made his professional debut, also won his bout on a decisive victory.

Following is the result of the last pro show—Frank Genovese, Toronto, decisioned Billy Furrone, Syracuse, in six; Nello Nucelli, Rochester, decisioned Ossie Sussman, Rochester, in six; Henry Smith, Rochester, won T.K.O., over Charlie Firizze, Albany, time 2:40 of second; Frankie Flynn, Rochester, decisioned Jocko Sullivan, Buffalo, in six; Sammy Secreet, Rochester, won T.K.O. over Norm Codaro, Batavia, time 1:02 of fourth; Johnny Flynn, Batavia, decisioned Battling Buck, LeRoy, in four.

The Elks Club closed its doors for the season with the same stellar bouts that were seen on every Monday night during the year. The club is making plans for a big outdoor show to be seen at the Red Wing Stadium during the Elks' State Convention next month. Some of the best amateur talent in the country will appear.

The Airport Athletic Club of Dansville staged a stellar show at Ceres, a town about 25 miles out of Dansville. A good crowd was there to see Roy Harding of Wellsville defeat Ray Lewis of Buffalo. This main event bout was a rough and tough affair with Harding winning a hard-earned decision. The entire show was exceptionally good. Art Farrell and his partners are now planning to bring boxing back to Mt. Morris, another town in the Dansville district.

Fistic Morsels: Joey Paul, younger brother of Kolby, popular amateur, made his fistic debut in the Elks' battle pit last week.—Frankie Rath, Rochester's favorite amateur, is going great by winning 12 out of 12 via the kayo route.—Scott Clay, popular welterweight, is now living in N.Y.C.—Nello Nucelli proved that he was Sussman's master in his ring debut.

Sammy Secreet, Nucelli's stable mate, also won his ring debut. Ossie Sussman won a host of new friends with his brilliant display of courage on the last pro card.—Al Traino is in training.

Fight fans, fighters, managers, promoters and others wishing advice or information on matters fistic should send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Sam Porcelli at 47 Cleveland St., Rochester, N. Y.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

MARCUS PITTS, now a resident of Springfield, Mass., is now ready to box anyone in the featherweight class, as his hand, which he hurt in winning over Tony Dupre, is mended and he is anxious to prove his standing in the disputed title class. Pitts, who fought Jeffra in his first 10-round fight, feels confident he can win over Jeffra now.

Both Al Castonquay and Doug Murchie, good cards in Holyoke, lost to Art Dorrell of Texas. Dorrell also won over Frankie Terranova of New York.

Babe Amos of Syracuse, N. Y., is ready to make a comeback. He is training faithfully. He will be seen in the New England clubs soon.

Lou Campbell of Chicago, Ill., will move to Springfield, Mass., shortly and will box around this section. He has been going good lately. His only setback was a decision to Carl Vinciquerra in Chicago.

Howell King of Springfield, Mass., former Olympic welterweight champion, is compelled to fight middleweights. He beat Coley Welsh of Portland, Maine, in Boston, Mass.

Leo Bradley is the hustling matchmaker of the Federal A.C. . . . . The Thompsonville Amateur Club will operate during the summer under the matchmaking of Joe DeMaria, who also does the Valley Arena booking . . . . Northwestern Air Base, of Chicopee, Mass., will be a tonic of the boxing clubs of this vicinity as the soldier boys go in for good boxing attractions . . . . The Civic Club and Joe O'Brien's Gym in Springfield, Mass., are the training quarters for Springfield talent and Harry Borden's and Ed. Blaine's gym and Boys' Club are the Holyoke training places . . . . Jimmy Ace Clark is back in Springfield, Mass. Clark can be reached through the writer, also Babe Amos and Marcus Pitts . . . . Eli Cohen, Teddy Stella and James Gregory are all hustling for the Federal A. C. Club . . . . The Boys' Club of Springfield, Mass., staged amateur bouts for the benefit of the Boys' Camp.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 12)

BOXING owes a vote of thanks to Mike Jacobs for continuing to stage boxing shows on a big scale despite the conditions brought about by the European War and the American war scare. No one could blame Uncle Mike if he suddenly had decided to quit the game and rest on his laurels until such time as business conditions warranted the resumption of big time boxing. Those who have been in the promotion field must now realize the courage of the New York promoter in carrying on under such adverse conditions.

The attendances at the recent Conn-Lesnevich championship fight and the Godoy-Louis world heavyweight title contest would have discouraged any other promoter but Mike Jacobs from mapping out extensive plans for the outdoor season, plans that call for four more world championship fights, a Conn-Pastor bout, and several others of minor importance. Quit is not in his make-up.

Most of us have criticized Uncle Mike from time to time for errors of judgment, but this is one time when we who love our boxing should doff our hats to the man who is gambling on a big time scale just to give the fight fans the best that the sport holds forth with the limited first class available talent.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE Marquis of Queensberry staged another of his shows at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, the profits of which went to the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Appeal. The sensation of the night was the brilliant boxing of the Sunderland featherweight, Tommy Smith, now in the Durham Light Infantry, in France.

For 10 rounds Smith gave a boxing lesson to his opponent, Jackie Rankin, of Southall.

Rankin had previously been carrying all before him, and in his two previous contests had stopped the ex-flyweight champ, Peter Kane, in six rounds, and outpointed Johnny King, but against Smith he was made to appear easy.

Smith on this showing, his first London appearance, seems a certainty to annex the featherweight title, when he meets Nel Tarleton for this honor.

Another bout that thrilled the crowd was the 10-rounder between Freddie Simpson, of Basingstoke, the ex-amateur champ, and Irish Johnny Ward, the fighting fury.

After a terrific last round that was worth 15 rounds of many championship contests, Ward was given the decision.

Dave Finn, of Stepney, was ruled out in the fifth against Ronnie James, of Swansea, for persistent holding.

Ginger Roberts, of Whitley Bay, gained a very narrow decision over Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area lightweight title holder, from Becontree, over 10 rounds.

George Odwell, of Camden Town, boxed well to outpoint Taffy Williams, of Swansea, at the end of 10 rounds.

Pte. Harry Groves outpointed Freddie Morris of Stepney over 8 rounds.

Ben Valentine, of Fiji Islands, outpointed George Davis of Notting Hill over 10 rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Davis was a last minute substitute for Eddie McGuire, and was not in condition for such a strenuous opponent as Valentine.

George Odwell, of Camden Town, knocked out Billy Bird of Chelsea, in the third.

A good bantamweight was revealed when Lou Walsh, former manager of Ben Foord, brought along Bill Jenkinson of Torquay, to battle with Billy Armstrong, of Blackfriars, for the latter was outclassed and retired at the end of the sixth round.

Sergt. Instructor Dave McCleave knocked out Albert O'Brien of Hoxton, in the fourth at Reading.

Jim Fluty, of West Indies, outpointed Sergt. Instructor Bob Savage in another 10-rounder, and a lad who is destined to go to the top is a young middleweight from Slough, Bruce Bishop, who knocked out Lance Corporal Cass in the second.

Arthur Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, outpointed Jackie Potts, of Hanley, in 10 at Hanley.

Harry Lazar, of Aldgate, was awarded the decision over Johnny McGrory, of Glasgow, in their eight-rounder at the Devonshire Club, but Referee Jack Hart's decision met with a storm of disapproval from the fans who were of the opinion that the Scot had done enough to merit the decision.

Larry Webb, the well known Walthamstow sportsman, entered the field as a boxing promoter, when he staged his first show at the Walthamstow Sports Center.

His star bout over 10 rounds was between Freddie Mills of the R. A. F. and Stafford Barton of Jamaica, and the latter who was conceding 14 pounds, retired at the end of the sixth.

In the supporting 10-rounder Alf Edwards of Birmingham turned in a smart performance when he got the nod over Johnny Cunningham, of Bethnal Green.

Jackie Ryder, of Beetle, won over Battling Jim Hayes, of Leeds, when the latter retired at the end of the sixth of a scheduled 10-rounder, claiming a damaged hand.

Harry Davis, Bethnal Green's pride and joy, outpointed George Merritt, of Silvertown, over eight rounds, at Hackney, and "Smiler" Bush, of Stratford, drew with Pte. Joey Brown, of Stepney, in another eight-round contest.

Harry Watson of Aldgate outpointed Henry Kitson of Ipswich over six rounds, whilst Bruce Bishop, of Slough, knocked out Ernie Higley, of Bethnal Green, in the first round, as did another visitor from Slough, Joe Prince knocked out George Andrews of Hackney in the first.

Wally Downs, of Tylerstown, defeated Ronnie Bishop, flyweight champion of Wales, over 10 rounds at Crumlin.

Bob McLuckie, who sensationally kayoed the Welsh welter champ, Taffy Williams, was held to a draw by Charlie Hall, of Newcastle, in a 10-rounder at Leith.

Billy Sommerford (sparring partner to Jackie Paterson) after looking all over a winner against Chick Stewart, in their 10-rounder at Bellshill, fell away towards the end, and Stewart ran out a good winner.

Harry Craster, of Middlesborough, lost no time in his contest with Mog Gwilliam, of Maestag, when they met at Middlesborough, for in the first round after a short rally, Craster let fly a left and a right to the Welshman's jaw that put him down for the full count.

Ginger Sadd was too experienced for Jackie Potts, of Crewe, and won comfortably on points at the end of 10 rounds at Hanley.

Johnny Cunningham, of Bethnal Green, defeated Joe Slark, of Egham, over 10 rounds, at High Wycombe, after a good bout.

After a brilliant contest over 10 rounds, Jim Watson of Edinburgh, outpointed Don Cameron, of Glasgow, by a narrow margin at Leith.

Laurie Buxton, the colored lightweight from Watford, scored a kayo win over Tich Collins, of Bedford, when the latter was put down for the full count in the third of a 10-round bout at Dunstable.

The Devonshire Club went back under the banner of the B.B.B.C. as a licensed promotion, since the rebellion fizzled out, and as a top liner, Leo Lee, of Canning Town, outpointed Joe Thompson of Newcastle over 10 rounds.

A fight more to the liking of the crowd was that between Lance Corporal Bob Savage of Stepney, and Jim Fluty, of Camden Town, and these two battled away for 10 rounds, with the crowd standing on its toes cheering them on. Savage took counts of 9 in the third, and 8 in the fifth, from heavy right hand punches, but weathered the storm, to make a grandstand finish, to receive the decision.

Ronnie Bishop, ex-flyweight champion of Wales, upset the odds when he kayoed the popular young favorite, Jimmy Stubbs, of Runcorn, in the fourth of a 10-rounder, with a hard right to the head, at the Liverpool Stadium.

Jim Fluty, of Camden Town, gave a smart performance when he outpointed the Newcastle welterweight, Billy Reynolds, over 12 rounds, at the Hounslow Football Ground.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, made one of his rare appearances at Belle Vue, Manchester, and defeated Southpaw Jim Berry, of Newcastle, at the end of the sixth round, when the latter retired with a badly cut mouth.

Tom Reddington (Salford) forced Martin Thornton, of Ireland, to retire after four rounds of a scheduled 10-rounder, at Bristol.

Kid Tanner, of British Guiana, well outpointed Jimmy Gill, of Nottingham, in a 10-round contest at Nottingham.

Lew Smith, of Blackpool, repeated his previous win over Jackie Saunders, of Ireland, when he forced Referee Jack Dare to stop the bout in his favor in the seventh at Liverpool.

Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, stopped George Dower, (Royal Navy), in 2 mins. 30 secs. of the first, of a scheduled 10-round contest at Cleethorpes.

Bob Ramsay, of Stepney, won a well earned decision after a good scrap against Jackie Gubbins, of Stratford, over eight rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Smiler Bush, of Stratford, kept up his winning sequence when he outpointed Johnny Walters of Holborn, after eight rounds.

A lad who promises to make the grade, if his form in his first professional contest be any criterion, is Bill Davis, of Stratford, for he stopped Bob Hastings, of Islington, in the second round, and did it with distinct class. My advice is look out for this lad . . . he will be heard from.

George Howard, of Finsbury Park, gained a T.K.O. win over Ben Valentine, of Fiji Islands, in the ninth, when the referee stopped the contest in Howard's favor, and the Fiji lad had sustained a damaged optic.

Lefty "Satan" Flynn, of Jamaica, ran out a point winner over Jackie Potts, of Crewe, after 10 hard-hitting rounds.

Charlie Knock, of Hanley, beat Stafford "Buzz" Barton, of Jamaica, when the latter retired at the end of the sixth of a 10-rounder. It seems that Barton has lost a lot of the "Buzz" that once made him a formidable menace to any middleweight.

Laurie Buxton, of Watford, easily outpointed Ken Incley, (R.A.F.) over six rounds.

Alf Marsh, of Stepney, won on points at the end of 10 rounds against the hustling, bustling Luton middleweight, Johnny Boyle, in the feature bout of 10 rounds, at the Stadium Club.

Jordan Tarone, of Jamaica, and Peter Johnson, of Stepney, fought a smashing six-rounder, to a draw, and Sid Nathan of Aldgate impressed when he outpointed Teddy Catlin, of Luton, on points after six interesting rounds.

Sergt. Instructor Dave McLeave knocked out Alfryn Morris, of Wales, in the second of a 10-rounder at Watford.

Taffy Williams, Welsh welterweight champion, reversed a previous decision when he received the decision over Bob McLuckie of Scotland, over 10 rounds at Leith. The decision was not well received.

Tom Thomas, of Wales, stopped Paul Jones, of Newcastle, in the fifth of a 10-round contest at Bellshill, after a hard-hitting bout.

Bobby Watson, of Leith, forced Referee Harry Jennings to stop his contest with Jackie Saunders of Dublin in the third at Middlesborough, when the latter was in a bad way.

Jimmy Stewart, of Edinburgh, gained a narrow points win over Joe Curran, of Liverpool, in a hard fought 10-rounder.

Terry McStravick, the brilliant Belfast featherweight, gave a boxing lesson to Lloyd "Kid" Hartley, of Jamaica, in a 10-round contest.

Dennis Chadwick, of Bridlington, and Johnny Jones, of Jarrow, battled through 10 rounds at a fast pace, and it was no surprise when the referee declared a draw.

Don Cameron, of Glasgow, gained a points win at the expense of Paddy Ross, of Sunderland, in a 10-round bout at Sunderland.

Joe Connolly, of Glasgow, proved a worthy substitute for Johnny McGrory, against Pte. Jimmy Lester, in their scheduled 10-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Joe Connolly proved superior to Lester in a hard fought bout, and the referee stopped the contest in the Scottish lad's favor, in the last round.

Billy Bird, the evergreen Chelsea welterweight, had an easy task to outpoint Bert Francis, of Plumstead, in the star bout over 12 rounds at Hammersmith.

Sergt. Instructor George Markwick, the Cuckfield heavyweight, defeated Martin Thornton, of Ireland, in the fourth at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when the Irish lad was disqualified for striking Markwick when the latter slipped and was on his knees.

Billy Armstrong, of Blackfriars, outpointed Peter Worth, of Dagenham, over six rounds, after a very good bout.

Corporal Len Rowlands, of Dagenham, narrowly outpointed Tommy Brown of Hackney, in a hard-hitting eight-rounder at Walthamstow.

Ivor Thomas, of Wales, defeated A/C Billy Smith, of Golbourne, in the second, at Syd Hull's Crystal Palace Show.

George Barrett, of Sidcup, knocked out Pat O'Brien, of Ireland, in the first of an eight-round contest.

In the final of the featherweight competition, Freddie Dixon of Vauxhall, defeated Arty Smith, of Buruley, in the fourth and last round, when the referee intervened.

Jim Fluty, the colored welterweight from Camden Town, improved with every bout, and in defeating George Henley, of Kings Cross, on points, in a hard-hitting 10-rounder, at Devonshire Club, Hackney, he proved that it won't be long before he will be meeting the top notchers in his division.

Smiler Bush, of Stratford, outpointed Bob Ramsay, of Stepney, after a great eight-round contest.

Pte. Joey Brown, of Stepney, fought a good battle to outpoint Charlie Hall, of Newcastle, over eight rounds.

Bill Davis, the smart Stratford featherweight, again showed his punching abilities when he knocked out Joe Newman, of Bethnal Green, in the second of a six-round contest.

Two Irishmen, fighting in London for an Irish promoter, at the Lyric Theater, Hammersmith, were seen, when Pat O'Connor met Paddy Roche over 12 rounds from Promoters Moss Leem and Corcoran.

O'Connor made the most of the fight from the first, and only the clever defensive work of Roche prevented the former from winning inside the distance, and the big crowd received the decision in favor of O'Connor with jubilation.

Roy Mills, of Sunderland, scored a kayo over Charlie Parkin in the fourth of a 10-rounder at Sunderland.

A good crowd turned out for Jack Bloomfield's show at Eastbourne, when Johnny Walters, of Holborn, outpointed Phineas John, of Edgware, over eight rounds.

Frankie Jackson, of Hull, and George Henley, of Barnsbury, fought 10 rounds to a draw.

Battling Jimmy Hayes, of Leeds, confirmed two previous wins over Tommy Burns, of Stockton, when he again received the decision over him, in a 10-round contest at Stockton in an open air show.

Jimmy Watson, of Edinburgh, once again demonstrated his brilliant boxing abilities, when he

knocked out Bobby Magee, of Newcastle, in the fourth at Leith.

Harry Craster, of Middlesborough, received a first class shock when Jack Clancy, of Sligo, outpointed him over 10 rounds in his own home town.

Ray Price, of Pontypool, outpointed Douglas Kestrell, of Cardiff, over 10 rounds, at Crumlin.

Two locals, in Billy Stevens and Billy "Kid" Andrews met at the Orange Hall, Bellshill, in a scheduled 10-rounder, but seven rounds were enough to settle this, as Stevens retired at the end of the round, of a keenly fought contest.

Johnny Blake, of Chelsea, put up a good show against Battling Charlie Parkin, of Mansfield, to lose on points after 10 rounds at Wisbech.

Lloyd "Kid" Hartley, of Jamaica, defeated Billy Masters, of Glasgow, in the seventh, when the latter's seconds skied the towel as a token of defeat at Swadlincote.

Eric Jones, of Coalville, won over Young Chocolate in the fourth of a 10-round contest, when the latter was ruled out for butting.

Emile Chang, of Jamaica, was forced to retire when in the lead in the fifth against Ginger King, of Glasgow, claiming a damaged hand.

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Should you wish to order any other of the RING Bookshop publications, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the writer, for a catalogue, which will be sent free of charge.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HARRY HURST, the most promising lightweight Canada has turned out in years, passed his first main bout test with flying colors. The dynamic punching Montrealer bombarded K. O. Labbe, of Lewiston, Maine, with such devastating effect that Labbe succumbed in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round headliner at the new Lachine Arena. The unbeaten Montreal youngster gave his experienced opponent such a terrific lacing that Labbe's brother and handler, Paul Junior, declared that he would persuade his brother to retire after absorbing such a beating from such a heavy-fisted foe.

Desse Greene, fiery Montreal bantam, got off to a bad start in his ten-round semi-final bout with Billy Constance, of Portland, but a strategic change of tactics in the later rounds saw him pounding Constance to a knockout defeat in seven rounds. Joe Marsh, soldier battler, and Zelis Amhara, popular in mat circles, staged a gruelling return eight round battle with Marsh again getting the nod. Harold "Babe" McLeod, popular southpaw welter, outclassed Young Chalifoux, of Portland, to win the six-round decision in easy fashion while Vianney Gauthier outbattled Charlie Driscoll, of Lewiston, in the opening six-rounder.

The show, though an artistic success, was a financial failure with Promoter Gordon Poirier deciding that it was his first and last attempt as a fight promoter, and that he'd confine his energies to playing professional hockey for Canadiens. The main factor was the poor location of the Arena, several miles outside the city limits.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Boxing opening up in Montreal but it's slow in comparison with the way the game was going here in other years . . . . Ray Lamontagne has opened the Forum for boxing . . . . Harry Smith is matchmaker for the Exchange Stadium that stages shows at popular prices . . . . Al Shank, two-fisted middleweight, hung up the gloves for a while, possibly for keeps, when he connected for a steady job . . . . His brother, Oliver Shank, heavyweight knockout artist, is also steadily employed. He is on verge of joining the R.C.A.F. . . . . The Air Force would be ace high in heavyweight competition in military tourneys if he joined them . . . . however, the Navy has also indicated its willingness to accept his application.

Promoters wishing to book Harry Hurst should contact Maurice Foreman, his pilot, at 424 Medical Arts Building, Montreal . . . . Johnny Greco, one of the leading amateur lightweights, has turned pro and has signed up with Raoul Godbout, who handles Dave Castilloux . . . . Gene Demers is boosting his protege, Camille Gosselin, as the leading claimant of the Canadian featherweight crown.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES . . . . Desse Green won the Canadian flyweight title with two punches, flattening Young Lamothe, of Quebec, in 27 seconds of first round at Harry Smith's opening outdoor show at the Exchange Stadium . . . . Paul Harvey, Montreal bantam, kayoed Leo St. Laurent of Quebec in four rounds in a nip and tuck fight to step into the forefront of bantam contenders . . . . Johnny Greco, as expected, made his pro debut successfully with a three round knockout over Kid Point, of Quebec, and Larry Bouchard, Montreal heavy, kayoed Joe Asselin, of Quebec, in second round after the bell had saved his victim in first stanza.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S a big fight town these days. Lots of good scraps, new faces, promising boys, and what more could you ask for. Answer is—big gates.

Angel Ruiz, dusky middleweight contender, drew in six rounds with Juan Serrano. Both boys put up a hot contest. Roberto Martinez, corking welterweight, won in four from Ramon Savedra, and Orlando Ramill drew in six round semifinal with Diego Sosa, Cerro bantamweight.

Manuel Sierra did quick work and scored a one-round knockout over Antonio Ramos. Sierra is a pleasing performer, and should make headway in the bantam division. Armando Diaz took a four-round thrashing from Jose Alvarez.

Santiago Sosa, sterling featherweight, scored a two-round knockout over David Plumas. Sosa's right to the jaw did the trick. Baby Louis engaged in an elimination bout for Cuba's featherweight title and was stopped in the second round by Joe Martinez, alias "Baby Chichi." Rene Cantero also scored a kayo over Felix Vallin in the second canto of a six-rounder. Later Sosa scored over Eligio Alvarez via the K.O. route in 2 rounds. Juan Villalba beat Sixto Cori, Matanzas feather, and Miguel Acevedo, bantam, scored a five-round kayo over Orlando Ramil. Emilio Rojo kayoed Jose Cardenas, Havana lightweight, in two.

Eddy De La Torre is coming along fast. This time he won in six from Diego Sosa. The contest was close, but Torre deserved the nod. Roberto Sosa was stopped in the first by Norberto Delgado.

Lorenzo Safora, clever Cuban bantamweight, easily won in ten rounds over Young Gonzalez of Spain. Safora is one of the finest boxers produced in Cuba in years. A return match is in the making, and Safora should repeat.

Sergio Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid," started off with a bombardment of lefts and rights and scored a four-round knockout over Jose Rodriguez. Napoles is now a full fledged flyweight.

Joe Pedroso, lanky Cuban lightweight, upset the dope by winning a close decision over the much heralded Carmelo Fenoy. Pedroso's long reach and jabbing surprised the Spaniard.

Carmelo Fenoy, Spanish lightweight star, was recently married.

Manuel Sanchez of the Bus Gang easily handled Ramon Rebollar and scored a six-round knockout.

Manuel Sanchez, Club "Guaguas" welterweight coming along rapidly, easily defeated Frank Campos, Kid Chocolate's boxer in ten rounds at the Arena Cristal. Felipe Martinez took a drubbing from Alfredo Chavez in six rounds. Chavez won easily.

Pedro Poey, fast rising featherweight, won in six rounds from Isidro Delgado. Poey displayed plenty of speed and style. This boy is going places if he continues his present rate.

Golden Glove fighters will be imported from New York next November to meet the cream of the local youngsters, and then the Cuban team expects to journey North to exchange gloves with the New Yorkers. Nat Fleischer of THE RING, and Jess Losada of Havana are preparing this program.

THE RING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

THE new Arena Nacional, which can hold 9,000 fans, was inaugurated recently. In the main bout, Joe Conde won the verdict over Paul Lee. The crowd filled the arena that can boast as being the best in all Mexico and perhaps in all Latin-American countries. George Sheppard, New York manager, was in Lee's corner. Sheppard also brought Young Johnny Buff.

At the Arena Mexico, Rodolfo Ramirez was beaten by Carlos Malacara but the judges gave a draw. Manuel Ortiz, from Los Angeles, ranked by Eddie Borden, was easy winner over Pancho Villa. In some other fights at the Arena Nacional, Manuel Villa defeated Mario Ramon by K.O. in the third round, and Battling Ancira drew with Agustin Bernal.

The Cava brothers, promoters at the new Arena Nacional, started promoting fights in Mexico about twenty years ago and have good ideas. They have decided to give wrestling programs on Thursdays and it seems they will succeed as they have a well located place.

American boxers wishing to fight in Mexico will do well to get in touch with Carlos Vera, at the daily newspaper "Novedades," Bucareli 23, Mexico City, D.F., Mexico.

IN THE PHILIPPINES
With DR. CONRADO MATA

JOE MENDIOLA, veteran bantamweight, though outboxed by his younger opponent, managed to get the decision which was booed by the gallery gods. Kid Cascones, his opponent, has a bright future ahead of him.

The Little Villanueva-Fighting Shadow eight-round fight ended in a draw, although it looked like Villanueva landed the more blows.

PCC Boy lost to Young Billy in another eight-rounder. The former is scheduled to clash with Little Villanueva for the flyweight championship of Rizal at the Mandaluyong Stadium this week. But as things now stand, it is Young Billy who may be called to meet Little Villanueva.

Luis Logan, local light-heavyweight champion and recent conqueror of Glen Lee, Nebraskan middleweight, has been tentatively engaged to fight Ceferino Garcia, half-owner of the middleweight championship of the world, at the Rizal Football Stadium. Logan promised to come down to 168 pounds for this melee.

The Philippines are sending a five-man boxing team to Tokyo, Japan, next month for a series of amateur bouts. Celerino Paguia, of National University, is the coach. The present team cannot be compared to the boxing delegation which was composed by the Padilla brothers, Jose Villanueva and others which successfully invaded Japanese rings seven years ago.

Here and there . . . . Paquito Limgenco continues to remain on the sidelines, refusing to promote boxing bouts which he successfully did six years ago . . . . Naning Sangle is also out of the fight picture . . . . Bebeng Gutierrez acts as the right hand man of Jes Cortes and Harry Goodman, and Bebeng used to be the big shot among promoters twelve years ago . . . . Eddie Tait, father of Philippine boxing, is busy with his sideshows and acts once in a while as announcer for the big bouts.

AS SEEN IN NEW ZEALAND
By DAVE BALLANTYNE

JOHNNY FOSTER, Canadian welterweight, received quite a boost from the press of Canada some weeks back, when he opposed a Negro, Thompson, in Vancouver. Johnny won on a "foul" decision, and reading between the lines, was rather lucky to do so. Foster has been one of the best of the overseas boxers to visit the Dominion in recent years, although one could not possibly say that he was up to the class of Jimmy Clabby, for instance. He arrived in New Zealand early in 1939 and remained until August, making many friends. It is interesting to note that while here, he defeated both the immediate past welterweight champion, Neville Mudgway, and the present welterweight champion, Vic Caltaux. As the welterweights in New Zealand are by far the most active in any class, some idea of the standard of New Zealand boxing can be gauged from Foster's performances.

The Australian, Les Sloane, who met with little success when he toured New Zealand last year, has been winning consistently since returning to his native soil.

It may be possible for the Auckland Boxing Association to arrange a bout between Johnny Hutchinson, the Negro American lightweight now in Australia, and a selected opponent, if present negotiations eventuate. Young Gildo and Hutchinson met twice in Australia and, honors being even, a further bout would be interesting.

Clarrie Marshall, a Gisborne welterweight, who twice previously had been turned down by the military owing to flat feet, has since passed the medical authorities and is now in the army. There's nothing like trying. Ask Clarrie.

Mickey Miller, bantam champion of Australia, who has held the title since 1936, and who successfully defended it at Leichhardt Stadium on April 15 against George Smedley, has difficulty making the weight.

At Auckland, Young Gildo, Honolulu, in his second start of the 1940 New Zealand season, dropped Clarrie Rayner in the seventh round. Once Gildo had warmed up, there was no doubt about the ultimate decision, the New Zealand boy being dropped on four or five occasions before the final knockdown. It is doubtful whether Gildo has ever been fully extended in a New Zealand ring. He is real class as boxers go. Gildo added to his victories by beating Jack Jarvis at the Auckland Town Hall in twelve rounds on points.

The Australian middleweight champion, Ron Richards, was beaten at the Sydney Stadium by the Negro, Archie Moore, whose record is becoming increasingly impressive. The fight was stopped in the tenth session and the American was awarded the decision on a T.K.O.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By HARRY E. WINKLER

RED GREEN and Tony Chavez, two Hollywood favorites, clashed in a bout at the Stadium, which was voted one of the greatest scraps seen in the Movie City in years. At the end of ten torrid rounds the referee raised Chavez' glove, but his opinion was not shared by the majority who witnessed the battle. And the sport scribes reported that the decision could just as well have gone the other way.

Chavez, smarting under recent losses to Jackie Wilson and Jimmy Garrison and determined not to be beaten by the up-and-coming Signal Kid, fought like a demon. In fact, Tony was so anxious to win that he ignored the rules on fouling, continually hit below the belt, used kidney punches and continued punching after the bell on three occasions. Many times during the brawl the gamesters stood toe-to-toe swapping punches, with Green having the best of most of these exchanges. There were no knockdowns, although Chavez rocked the Signal Kid in the fifth round, while Red had Tony on "dizzy street" in both the third and ninth frames. Chavez weighed 143, Green 140.

Big Boy Hogue, 151, outclassed Jimmy Lakes, 146, in the semi-windup. The bout was stopped in the fourth to save Lakes further punishment.

In San Diego—Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles Negro, scored a four-round knockout over Johnny (The Bandit) Romero, veteran San Diego southpaw. It was an exciting go all the way, with the Bandit having Turkey in bad shape in the second round.

The California State Athletic Commission has done some fine work in the interests of boxing in this state, but this body didn't do the boxing game any good and brought down heaps of criticism on our state when a majority of the commissioners voted a referee's license to a woman. However, the Commission, at its next meeting a month later, injected a rule that no woman will be allowed to referee a boxing match in this state, which ruling nullified the lady's appointment.

Matchmaker Jimmy Murray staged another of his Talent Shows, featuring outstanding preliminary boxers in five six-round bouts.

Johnny Jackson, New Orleans Negro, and Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican welter, were given the final spot, but it was the slowest fight of the night. Jackson won the decision in six uninteresting rounds.

Bobby Bonger, sensational young heavyweight, won over Clash Clinton, New Orleans Negro, in the fifth round of a bout holding down fifth place on the card. Bonger didn't display the punching power that has made him so much talked of, but he did stand out as the most promising fighter on the program. Clinton made a real fight of it, but was so badly beaten in the fifth that the affair was halted.

Otto Blackwell, colored battler of Honolulu, won a decision over Lee Orey, red-headed welterweight, in another six-rounder, that was hard fought all the way.

William Metcalf, middleweight protege of "Rochester," scored a T.K.O. over Bobby Yannes, veteran Mexican, in the fourth round when Yannes suffered a cut forehead.

Tony Navarro and Jimmy Liddell, two busy featherweights, pitched leather for six rounds in the opener to finish on even terms.

Two kids with iron fists were featured at Hollywood Stadium because the bout was certain to be a hard socking affair and end in a K.O. But the match didn't bring out the customers as was expected, for the kids, Guy Serean of Idaho, and Floyd Hagen of St. Paul, do not quite measure up to Hollywood main-event standards. The contest, although not fast, was an exciting affair because of the many knockdowns, scored mostly by Serean. The Idaho kid was dumped twice for short counts, but never appeared in bad shape, while Hagen was down for six long counts and was groggy much of the time. The bell saved Hagen in the seventh and the little St. Paul gamester was still in a fog when he came out for the eighth to be dropped again, at which point Referee Mushy Callahan called a halt. Serean weighed 132, Hagen 134.

In the semi, Andy Vasquez, 122, won the six-round decision over Harold Bell, 117, while in the four-round special, Larry Cisneros, 137, Denver, copped the nod over Willie Fields.

In Ocean Park—Red Nibert, 175, of Louisiana, repeated his win over Pancho Ramirez, 170, of Wilmington, in a fast eight-rounder at the Arena.

The local debut of Dencio Cabanela, son of the former great Filipino fighter, was spoiled by the ambidextrous Mexican battler, Carlos Miranda. In a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium, Miranda handed Cabanello a lacing in seven of the rounds, but could not drop the tough Filipino. The young Dencio is a pretty good fighter, punches well and is a real gamester, but Miranda had too much on the ball for the Filipino boy. Both weighed 142.

In the semi, Otto Blackwell, 145, Honolulu, stopped Jesse James Jackson, 141, Riverside, in the fourth round.

In San Diego—Shorty Hogue, 151, stopped Petie Mike, 155, in the second round of a scheduled six-rounder. Big Boy Hogue, 150, went six rounds to a draw with Lige Drew, 146, in the other half of the double feature.

Jimmy Murray has resigned as matchmaker of the Olympic Auditorium, giving lack of financial backing as the reason. Jimmy has worked hard to put the big club over.

George Latka, San Jose boxing professor, has erased whatever doubts there might have been as to whether he could outbox Jimmy Garrison, or not. Latka won over the Kansas City Irishman with something to spare, but Garrison, no slouch himself at the left-jabbing business, made it interesting for both Latka and the packed house. The contest was fairly close for the first six heats, but in the latter part of the bout Jimmy slowed up while the "Professor" speeded up. Latka weighed 135, Garrison 139.

Chief Evening Thunder, 135, punched Ray Campo, 132, for six straight rounds in the semi. The bout was so onesided that it should have been stopped long before the finish. Red Nibert, 175, won the decision over Jim Egnotoff, 196, in the four-round special. A sell-out crowd witnessed the show.

Floyd Hagen, St. Paul youngster, made one of the gamest stands seen in local rings in many moons in his clash with Guy Serean at Hollywood. Although the kid was battered all over the ring, he kept climbing off the floor and tearing in. Hagen packs a terrific punch, but takes it none too well and knows nothing of defensive boxing.

Toby Vigil won over Richard (Young) Polite in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium, but he barely did win and was none too impressive in doing so. It was Toby's first start since injuring his hand two months before, which may have had something to do with his showing. Polite outslugged Vigil in the early part of the fight, but Toby survived these blitzkriegs and easily outboxed the New Orleans Negro in the later rounds. Vigil weighed 137, Polite 139.

Chief Evening Thunder, 135, was held to a six-round draw by Memo Llanes, 131, in the semi. Johnny Petry, 184, Denver, punched out a win over Jim Egnotoff, 196, in the four-round special.

In Ocean Park—Johnny Petry, 184, Denver, upset the dope in scoring a K.O. over Blimp Williams, 309, Fresno, in the second round.

In Ventura—An enthusiastic crowd witnessed the first professional boxing program staged in this city in years. The well known Joe Waterman promoted the show, featuring Babe Brandelli and Everett Simmington. Brandelli won the decision.

Tommy Martin, colored British heavy, evened the score with Bob Nestell, but he has little to boast of, for there are many heavyweights who would have beaten the Nestell who faced Martin in that Olympic Auditorium ring that night. Nestell, apparently out of condition, displayed neither boxing ability, speed nor punch. Martin easily outboxed Nestell, who appeared "tired" as early as the third round. The Negro isn't much of a puncher but when he hit Nestell in the tummy in the sixth round, Bob took the count. Martin weighed 184, Nestell 190.

Bobby Bonger, 175, Inglewood's bright prospect, stole the show by stopping Tommy Carter, 173, Cleveland Negro, in a hectic first round of the semi. Although the fight lasted but two minutes, there were no less than fifty punches exchanged, with Bonger tossing most of them. Carter was dropped for a count of three and was leaning helplessly on the ropes when the bout was stopped.

In San Diego—Surviving a murderous attack in the first round, Turkey Thompson of Los Angeles, came back in the second to again stiffen Johnny (The Bandit) Romero.

It has been years since local boxing has been broadcast as well as Reid Kilpatrick is doing it these days. Kilpatrick broadcasts the Hollywood Stadium fights over KHJ. Thousands of listeners from Mexico to Canada tune in on Reid's accurate accounts of the Hollywood bouts every Friday night.

Jimmy Garrison chalked up another win over Georgie Crouch and proved beyond doubt that he is the master of the Colored Ice Cube. This writer gave Crouch only one round over Garrison, but in that round, the seventh, he punched the Irishman around plenty and it appeared that he might stop him. Garrison had been outboxing Crouch so easily that he apparently thought that he could finish it in the seventh and he came out slugging. However, three minutes of swapping blows with the harder hitting colored boxer convinced the K.C. battler that he should stick to boxing his opponent and he went back to the clever stuff in the eighth. Garrison weighed 141, Crouch 140.

In the six-round semi, Carlos Chavez, 122, won a close decision over Andy Vasquez, 120. In the special, Chuey Vargas, 149, stopped Nick Masiello, 150, in the third.

LEST I FORGET—Jimmy Dunn, well known Cleveland manager, is grooming a young heavy named Red Nibert, who is undefeated in seven starts . . . . Leon Zoritta, Los Angeles colored welter, is going great guns in Australia . . . . Wesley Sellers is still hounded by his jinx. The clever lightweight dropped another fight because of a cut eye . . . . Al Smith, Los Angeles Hebrew slugger, is a good card at Fresno . . . . Joe Waterman, Ocean Park matchmaker, is promoting a few shows at Ventura, an oil town about 65 miles from L.A. . . . . Jerry Pelton has a promising amateur heavyweight in Rod O'Dooley of Steamboat Springs, Colo. . . . . Manuel Ortiz and Manager Frank Lahey have returned from Mexco City, where Ortiz whipped Pancho Villa . . . . Jackie Wilson had his hand operated on and is in the east on a vacation . . . . Eddie Tait, former partner of the late Frank Churchill and well known for his promotions in the Philippines, is visiting in Los Angeles . . . . Henry von Stumme is in Minneapolis with his heavy, Chuck Crowell, and lightweight Chico Romo. The Baron intends to make the Mill City his headquarters for the next three months . . . . Otis Dedmon, Shawnee, Okla., amateur star, has entered pro ranks in Los Angeles and is being booked by Yours Truly.

The Red Green-Tony Chavez scrap was one of the best seen in L.A. in years. They are rematched . . . . Belle Martell, who has the distinction of being the only licensed woman referee, timekeeper and announcer, is retiring from the boxing game . . . . Irwin Kay dropped fights to both Newsboy Gavras and Joe Ybarra in the north . . . . Eddie McKenna, former crack featherweight, is directing the affairs of Eddie Sargota, a good looking heavyweight of Fresno . . . . There has been a regular epidemic of boxers trying to break contracts with their managers in recent weeks.

As a reminder, if you seek information on boxing conditions here in California, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany such request. Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

NORTHWEST BANTER
By TOMMY WRIGHT

A PAIR of Jimmys—Davis and Hill—are showing Portlanders plenty of boxing action. The fiery Jimmy Davis, Vancouver, Washington, lad, remains at the top of Northwest lightweight clubbers. The poker-faced St. Johns youngster is making a strong bid for the feature spots, however.

At Portland, Oregon—Still unbeaten in Labor Temple tests, Jimmy Davis dropped rough and tough Portland veteran Jack Curley for the ten-count in the fourth. "Young Firpo" Hill edged over bolo punching Mark Diaz, Los Angeles Filipino, for his third straight. A couple of welters, Zachie Schell of Gervais, Ore., and Johnny O'Connell of Portland tied into a crowd pleaser which saw Schell grab a T.K.O. in the fourth round. Giant Al Large, all the name implies at 6:6 and 210, drew with Dan Smith in a bloody four-rounder. Red Gray, Mehama, Ore., lightweight, decisioned Yakima's dusky Allen Woods. Pat O'Day, Reno, Nev., bounced Jack Moore of Albina in the fourth. A first-round kayo of Johnny Walker was the debut of Jack Renault, Portland heavy.

At Redmond, Ore.—Johnny Shumway, Prineville, Ore., back after a year's layoff, polished Joey Marino, Vancouver, Wash., in five seconds of the second round in the top bout at the Roof Garden. Prineville's Wally Miles dropped Kid Owens of Redmond in the third. Eliot Palmer, veteran Warm Springs Indian fighter, edged a decision over Walter Gaida, twinkletoed Redmond boxer. Slugger Cox of Bend, Ore., dropped Kid Marsh of Redmond for a nine-count in the first and then went on to take a four-round decision. Kid Kork, Bend, and Stanley Helvy of Redmond, drew.

At Portland—Jimmy Davis, 134, outpointed Red Gray, Mehama, Ore., 135, in the headliner at the Temple. Big Boy Carter, Eureka, Cal., 197, drew with Dan Smith, 188-pound Longview, Wash., logger. Bud Walner, Vancouver, Wash., kayoed Allen Woods, Yakima, Wash. Kid Thornley, Silverton, Ore., 154, took a technical kayo over Ralph Cronin, Boise, Idaho, 156, in three rounds. Jack Hibbard, Klamath Falls, 160, outpointed Kenny Austin, Omaha, Nebr., 162. Firpo Hill, St. Johns, 131, outpointed Young Nationalista II, Portland, 124. John Sullivan, Portland, 171, kayoed Glenn Gillett, Amboy, Wash., 169, in one round.

BETWEEN ROUNDS . . . . A floor starting uppercut is the chief weapon of fast traveling Jimmy Davis, Vancouver, Washington, high school lad. He picked up the punch from oldtimer Bud Johnson . . . . A young light-heavy with the Irish name of John L. Sullivan is causing quite a stir in pro circles of the Northwest. He is unbeaten in professional starts and is learning rapidly . . . . A dressing room feud between Pat O'Day and "John L." gave Portlanders their best grudge fight of the season, with Sullivan taking the decision . . . . Leo Turner is giving Kenny Austin another whack at his Oregon state middleweight title . . . . Salem fight fans will see their favorites cavort under the stars this summer . . . . Portland's John L. Sullivan took only 87 seconds to cut down Johnny Walker.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

MODEL BOY RAY LUNNY, a polite young man of some 130 pounds who boxes with ball-bearing smoothness and can pluck your eyebrows with his singing left hand, baffled Vern Bybee through ten rounds before 5000 popeyed customers at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium and became one of the hottest things this town has known since they threw out the Barbary Coast.

Lunny isn't of voting age yet, and just three of his twenty-one professional bouts have been main events, but he displayed such amazing finesse in trouncing Bybee that he is being mentioned as a near-future candidate for mayor of the light-weight division.

He slapped hard-socking Bybee at a distance time and again with a darting, straight left hand, outsmarted him in the close-range action, clipped him with short, solid right crosses and stinging left hooks, poured savage blows to the body and took at least nine rounds without once being in real danger from his opponent's heavy-fisted explosives. Bybee, no pushover himself, can box, punch and take it, but he was always one step slower than Lunny and consequently finished a poor second.

It is no longer surprising, but George Latka, San Jose lightweight, came up with another Academy Award performance to decision Jimmy Garrison, a six-minute egg from Kansas City, in their feature bout at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Garrison is a stubborn proposition and has licked more than a few good 135-pounders, but Latka again flashed the ring artistry that has made him a solid favorite in southern California and he won going away. A magnificent boxer, George must be ranked among today's top lightweights.

Tommy Simpson, veteran Oakland promoter, had more hard luck in a week than the ill-starred Anthony Adverse experienced in a year when he set out to stage an all-star boxing show at the Municipal Auditorium in Oakland. The show was to be topped by a ten-rounder involving Aurel Toma and Tony Olivera, backed up by another between Jackie Jurich and Johnny Gaudes. There's a lot of talent in that quartet, and Tommy had well-founded visions of a lucrative attendance, but—

Olivera came up sick, Gaudes disappeared without notice and the bottom fell out of Simpson's dream of spinning turnstiles. As a desperate last measure he put in Toma and Jackie Callura, a Canadian importation. The little Roumanian bantamweight beat Callura in an interesting ten rounds before a super-slim turnout of 300 fans, which wouldn't have been a respectable crowd when they held their fights on barges in the days gone by.

GLOVING BY THE GOLDEN GATE: Irwin Kaye, Los Angeles Jewish welterweight, lost his third consecutive San Francisco bout when he was stopped by Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito Mexican, in the fifth of an advertised ten rounds at the Coliseum Bowl. A badly slashed optic put Irwin out of commission after Ybarra had taken a slight edge in the early action. . . . The semi-windup was a scalp-lifting swatfest between Art Gonzales, San Diego Mexican, and Frankie Santos, local welterweight, which wound up in a draw after a half-dozen rounds of Grade-A mayhem.

Jackie Jurich hit Little Ceferino forcefully and frequently in their meeting at San Jose and was declared a technical knockout winner. . . . over the Filipino in the fifth of a scheduled ten rounds. . . . Dale Sparr of Colorado rattled punches off Harry Cahill's short ribs throughout their ten rounds at the Coliseum Bowl and was awarded an undisputed decision over the local middleweight. . . . Johnny Marquez, the smooth young Redwood City welterweight who once won a National A.A.U. championship, popped up in Billings, Mont., where he angled a six-round decision over one Solly Stark. . . . Clay Rowan, Stockton middleweight, winged Jack Dancer of Vallejo in the third inning of a Stockton headliner. . . . The Coliseum Bowl had three more inhabitants than a Nevada ghost town when Ray Salas of Berkeley and Mickey Willis, Sacramento lightweight, fought six rough rounds to a draw in the windup of a short bout program arranged by matchmaker Benny Ford.

Cristobal Jaramillo, self-admitted featherweight champion of Puerto Rico, receipted for ten rounds of beating at the hands of Ricardo Lemos, Los Angeles Mexican, in a Coliseum Bowl starspot. . . . Horace Mann, local bantamweight, climbed off the seat of his pants three times and slugged to a popular draw with Los Angeleno Lupe Cardoza in a savage companion ten. . . . Lloyd Delucchi's stratospheric ambitions toward a money shot at Young Corbett III went into a tailspin when the Mission District left-hooker was held to a draw by Leo Turner, colored Oregon middleweight, in a crude ten rounder at National Hall. . . . Pulverizer Pat Valentino, the socking Excelsior District curly locks, put over his twentieth knockout in twenty-five times at bat when he conked Charley Thomas, lanky Oakland colored light-heavyweight, in five rounds on the Lunny-Bybee program. . . . Armanda Sicilia, a very tough article from Chicago, beat young Clarence Thomas, Los Angeles Negro lightweight, in a sixer on the same bill.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

VINCE PIMPINELLA, New York middleweight, had an easy time in outpointing Jimmy Shepard, of Springfield, Illinois, in the ten-round feature, inaugurating Warren Murray's Miami Beach Arena. Murray formerly operated the same Arena some years ago. Pimpinella, through his victory, will tangle with belting Al Gilbert at a later date with this winner to face Ben Brown afterwards.

Only two rounds were required by the Southern heavyweight champ, Bob Sikes, to dispose of Pete Arnold, Detroit lad, in their feature bout in Jonesboro. Sikes received a much better test in a returner with Johnny McCarthy, who gave the Southern king-pin heaps of trouble last month, even in losing the decision. Sikes is improving his punch-power and his co-manager, Ed Stein, seems elated over the fact.

Remember, about a year ago, Nat Fleischer interested Cauliflower Canyon by sanctioning THE RING Heavyweight Tournament throughout the country in order to find prospects in that division? You recall that Nat opened the contest to all parties, knowns and unknowns. Unluckily, the South had none to venture in the field but as time clocked, over half-dozen Southerners have budded into ring prominence. Namely: Bob Sikes, Neville "Tiger" Beech, Irish Dan Dowling, Jack Baggett, Young Allen, Sandy McDonald, Maxie Doyle, Steve Martin and several others. We are hoping to interest Milo Solomito, Memphis fight promoter, to hold such a tournament, with Nat Fleischer in person, to present the winner with THE RING heavyweight belt, emblematic to Southern heavyweight championship. Such a move is worthy of nationwide recognition.

Yet another of the ole timers, a close buddy of Cunningham, is Billy Newman. At the turn of the century, Newman was the boxing czar and has seen every outstanding fighter of the last fifty-five years. Some of boxing's immortals who performed for him include Jim Corbett, Joe Gans, Frankie Erne, Kid McCoy, Tom Sharkey, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Kid Lavigne and Solly Smith.

Baxley Hardy, Georgia's latest gift to the glovers, body-walloped Leon Foucart of Jacksonville for a four-round T.K.O. win. Hardy was outweighed by 15 pounds but it didn't seem to bother him in the least. Foucart put up his customary game battle. Classy Jimmy De Witt of Jacksonville outsmarted Young Crawford in the eight semi, and won but after a hard tussle. In a sixer, Bogieman Coleman and Baby De Grasse were nip and tuckin' until Coleman cut Baby's eye, which called for a halt in the fifth, and Coleman winning a T.K.O. These bouts took place in Savannah and Buster White, Jr., promoted.

Billy Brittingham, Augusta, Ga.: Your query in Nat Fleischer's "Question Box" in the March issue of THE RING, asking if Pinkie May of your city had ever met Kid Chocolate . . . the answer is "yes," and with Chocolate kayoing Pinkie in the sixth round. Pinkie was among the very first opponents of the Cuban, and the latter knocked out Lew Feldman in twelve rounds, four years later, for the New York State feather title.

One of the country's most coveted boxing gyms is the one operated by Bill Gore. Thoroughly neat and nothing lacking, it is known all over the United States. Boxers, managers, trainers, etc., are especially invited for inspection and Bill's Southern hospitality is as well known as his famous quarters. Drop aroun' whenever in Miami Beach.

'Twas an honorable pleasure to make the friendship of Mark Fannon, THE RING's New England writer. Here is another fellow who is giving this great magazine every boost possible. To us, his column is a topper and interesting. Hope to meet many more RING boosters like Mark . . . . Ray Heling has a promising lightweight in George Feltes, who seems to have what it takes. Georgie is an admirable performer and a consistent winner . . . . Lew Raymond, popular New Orleans fight promoter, has another coming draw card in welterweight Jerome Conforto . . . . Jerome held Bobby Britton of Miami to a draw recently . . . . Carl Moss is to show his bantam star once more in home town Savannah before leaving. Tommy Kiene, says Carl, will face Barberton, Ohio's coming Irish Johnny O'Hara. Baxley Hardy, who made a big hit there in Savannah, is slated for the semi-against Tiger Eddie Spencer . . . . Prediction: Jacksonville will become a great fight center when the local Naval Air Base is completed.

Jack Larrimore, punching right-hander from Miami, lost his first in four starts at the White Plains Center, when Young Kid McCoy of Detroit bested him in a top bout. This McCoy is the real McCoy and has a future ahead. Joe Gould is booking the youngster.

Hal Cullen will trek to Cincy, Ohio, where his Florida sepian stinger, Frankie Lumpkin, will face Patsy Perroni, still going strong, and one of the several swatters who managed to stay the full ten rounds with heavyweight champ, Joe Louis. Cullen has his colored star against a worthy state rival, Elmer Kid Ray, before embarking to Ohio, they are to meet in Columbus, Georgia.

The Arkansas State Boxing Commission has named Vernon Hogue as the state featherweight champion. Hogue, who is managed by Noble Mullins, is a starter in the game and has reached the leaders of that class.

Johnny Caretuneto, Parris Island Marine, kayoed Buck Penland in the third round of a scheduled tenner, opening Charleston's fistic debut. A small crowd was on hand for some pretty good action. The Marine showed a paralyzing punch and had the game Penland on deck several times before the end came. In the semi, Tommy Todd, Jacksonville middleweight, lost a hair-line hotter to Floyd Carico.

Carico had to stave off a game and courageous rally but won no doubt due to the two knockdowns he accomplished. In another good bout, Curtis Lee, youthful ex-Golden-Glover, outweighed by 15 pounds, whittled Young Crawford down to his size and walked off with a nice win. Crawford was in there trying desperately for a knockout throughout the fracas. Charles Lesemann did the matchmaking.

Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville lad, scored a second round T.K.O. win over Charley Kuhn of Baltimore in the main event of the Ocean View Athletic Club. Tom unleashed a savage offense in that canto, especially with hooks to the body that fell Kuhn thrice to the canvas. Kuhn was in agony from these blows, and the referee, Matty Walsh, humanely stopped the slaughter and awarded Sharkey the T.K.O.

We notice that Joey Dunne and Lew Williams broke into the celebrated Dan Parker's column, The Broadway Bugle, Ditto for Tony Viscio, a cousin of the former Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle. All three are under Jimmy Ring, with somethin' good ahead.

Wish to correct an erratic statement given several months ago. We stated Jack Baggett held Ben Brown to a draw, which should read, Brown beat Baggett in ten rounds. Apologies to Ben and Manager Sobel.

Mannie Begal, once a fight manager but now clothing manager, still keeps up with the game by selecting boys who will bear watching. Mannie believes a fifteen-year-old younker, Eddie Webb, has the makings. As for Eddie, we can say he had no help whatsoever from any source, but happened to be at the gym whenever the boys were at their work. Just by watching them in daily workouts, Eddie soon picked up the traits and performs as if received the best of teachings. And Mannie seldom misses his shots.

Are you helping Nat Fleischer to build up his RING circulation? Don't forget, he needs all aid possible. THE RING is your magazine as well as his. All Jacksonville stands carry THE RING. Address news to Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

MANAGERS, ATTENTION!

Do you realize the value of THE RING's feature, "New Faces"?

This feature has placed before the public and promoters, young boys who, through our international publicity, have become known, and as a result, have been given the opportunity to show their wares in places where they had never before appeared.

Send in good pictures of young, promising talent with short biographical sketches and record for use, without cost, in this publication.

Managers are also urged to aid THE RING drive for advertising in the Managers' Directory. It's cheap—only $10 for six issues.

Where else can you get that kind of national publicity for yourself and fighters at such low cost?

Keep in the spotlight and help a worthy publication.

No ads less than for six months accepted.

Send with your advertisement pictures of all of your stable of boxers, with short stories to Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, and we will use these from time to time in "New Faces" and "Making the Grade," if they belong in that class.

We want your aid. Join the procession of star managers. Show your fighter that you are a live wire.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

ISHAM HALL, manager of Dick Demaray, is planning to start a new gym in Bismarck, N. D. Don Pontius, brother of Harry Thomas, is boxing as an amateur heavyweight and doing O.K. . . . Bill Burden, St. Paul Negro welter, is back in Mason City, Ia. . . . Harley Coleman will assist Billy Colbert in running Gibbons' Gym, as he is taking the place of "Spike" McCarthy . . . Jimmy Gibbons, former heavyweight, is now a cop on the St. Paul police force. . . . Louis Bell, St. Paul Negro, is a barbershop boot-black between fights.

Dick Ritchie, St. Paul heavy who looks a little like New York's middle, Victor Dellicurti, was an All-City tackle in 1935. . . . Johnny Kleber, curly-haired Melrose blond light-heavy who is undefeated, was an all-around athletic star in high school playing left-halfback brilliantly on the football team. Kleber, dubbed "Killer, K.O., and Blond Thunderbolt" respectively, is a former St. Cloud district Golden Gloves champion and Minneapolis quarter-finalist. . . . Karl Ogren's brother, Erik, a welterweight from Sweden, was named a member of the European team to invade America.

Back in '33, Everette Rightmire beat Minneapolis' Britt Gorman and Ollie Bartlett in 8, the same year Gorman kayoed Midget Wolgast in 6. In '34, Rightmire kayoed Bartlett in 3. Freddie Miller stopped Gene Espinoza in 8, and Ritchie Fontaine beat Billy McLeod in 10 the next year ('35). This is the same McLeod who lost twice to Hagen and once to Isaacs here.

Anyone wishing a list of all active promoters and managers in this vicinity, can get same by inclosing two-bits to the writer whose address is 252 Thomas St., St. Paul.

Austin, Minn. almost had a pro fight club. The Austin American Legion was going to sponsor the show, and Darwin Gomer, your correspondent, was to do the match-making, but chairman of the Athletic Committee James Morrow, M.D., and yours truly couldn't come to terms. . . . Mike Kleber, younger brother of Melrose' professional Johnny Kleber, is boxing amateur with success around Red Wing and Rochester. . . . Ed Bartylla, Sauk Centre bartender, plans to handle Richard Thomas, Eagle Bend amateur heavy, and younger brother of Harry.

George De Gideo, last year's Golden Gloves flyweight champ, who went to the fights in Chicago, and who holds a decision over Floyd Hagen, is boxing in better form, and will make it plenty tough for the 1941 boys in the Nationals.

Botts' Gym has been moved to a new location upstairs, as the West Hotel is being razed. . . .

Latest report has Dick Pudney paying Don Rerat $100 I.O.U. instead of $1500 for the contract of Billy Miske, Jr. . . . Matt Dougherty is a hard-hitting barrel-chested lightweight. Also THE RING'S Wisconsin correspondent—a fine loser. . . . Buzz Brown, St. Paul Negro welter is training again after several months inactivity. . . . Jackie Conway, former boxer, is doing fine work as a local relief investigator.

Clyde Wason was a Diamond Belt light-heavyweight champion five years ago. . . . Bob Burrill, former boxing writer, is Solly Stark's new manager. . . . Karl Ogren thinks Ole Tandberg, Swedish amateur European heavy champ, is only 3 years away from Joe Louis. . . . Billy Smith, back from 'Frisco with a broken right hand. . . . Harley Coleman is a former featherweight.

Tommy O'Loughlin has been offered $2500 to quit promoting boxing in Minneapolis, but he won't accept. Somebody wants the franchise, but the commish won't grant two pros in the Mill City. . . . Bud Hennigan, former Duluth middleweight, who once fought Jack Gibbons in a St. Paul prelim but lost, is the ace referee around Duluth now. . . . Danny O'Shea, former Minneapolis bantam is boxing instructor at the Minneapolis Citizens' Club, while Billy McCabe, former St. Paul lightie is instructing at the St. Paul A.C. . . . The wife of Harry Thomas recently gave birth to a baby girl born the same day as Thomas' birthday and also the same day as Thomas' father, Matt Pontius! . . . Amateur boxing outdrew pro boxing $54,517.11 to $51,062.57 the past year. . . . Tommy O'Loughlin has been awarded the Minneapolis pro franchise, with Harry Lennon gaining the St. Paul rights.

Pat Carr of Minneapolis was re-elected chairman of the state commission, Herb Grant of Duluth was re-elected vice chairman, with Jimmy Waters retaining his secretary job. . . . The commission plans to make a drive against illegal carnival boxing shows the coming summer with every sheriff in the state asked to help. . . . St. Paul outdrew Minneapolis in pro gate receipts, St. Paul drew $25,328.44 in 11 shows to $22,657.80 in 19 Mill City cards.

Minneapolis Armory—In one of the most well-attended shows of the season, Arne Anderson, 194½, Gutenberg, Sweden, came back from apparent defeat after six rounds, to floor his foe, Johnny Hanschen, 195, Minneapolis, for a six-count in the ninth, to win the unanimous decision in their 10-round rematch. In the 10-round semi, Billy Miske, Jr., 183½, St. Paul, surprised by scoring a nine round T.K.O. over Frank Rowsey, 176¾, Los Angeles, due to a badly cut eye-lid. Miske won all the way. Warren Corbett, 154, Minneapolis southpaw, whipped Johnny Rock, 156, Chicago, in six. Making his pro debut, Gordon Palmer, 165½, University of Minnesota student from Minneapolis, and 1940 Minneapolis Star-Journal Golden Gloves middle champ, kayoed Ralph Berlier, 158½, Grand Rapids, Mich., in three of four. Ray Isaacs, 134½, Minneapolis veteran, whipped Bobby Ryan, 135¾, Grand Rapids, Mich., in the four heat opener.

Arne Anderson has been suspended in Minnesota, the commission holding that Arne had no excuse for "running out" on his Ritzlaff fight. . . . Chuck Crowell, 225 lb. six foot five inch Los Angeles heavy is in town with stablemate Red Randy, Irish-Jewish welter. Both are here for a series of fights.

Sioux City—On the Miller-Bruce card, Don Swenson, 141, St. Paul, whipped Al Shapiro, 140, New York City, in the six-round semi. Chuck Blaine, 167, Oklahoma City, and Ted Morrison, 165, Fort Snelling, drew in six. Making his pro debut, clever Livi De Cora, 135, lanky Winnebago, Neb. Indian, held Bob McQuillan, 133, St. Paul, to a four round draw. In the opener, the veteran, hard-hitting southpaw Jack Harding, 155, Sioux City, won a close decision over Wayne Armstrong, 160, Newcastle, Neb. in four.

Minneapolis Armory—In one half of a double windup, Johnny Hanschen, 195, Minneapolis, won nine of the ten rounds to beat Billy Miske, Jr., 181½, St. Paul, for the second time. In the other ten-heat windup, Charley (Comeback) Ritzlaff, 194½, murderous-hitting veteran "Duluth Dynamiter" from Leonard, N. D., knocked out another veteran, Frank Rowsey, 176, Los Angeles, in five. This is Charley's second straight kayo. Southpaw Warren Corbett, 153, Minneapolis, continued his winning ways by edging out Red Randy, 152, Los Angeles, in a novelty distance here, five rounds. In a five round special event, two North Minneapolis rivals clashed, with Gordon Palmer, 164, scoring a two round surprise kayo over Don Brouillard, 163. As amateurs, these two clashed five times, with Brouillard victor twice and the ever-improving Palmer the winner in three. In the four round opener, two strangers appeared, with Johnny Wordson, 186½, Chicago, scoring a two round T.K.O. over Dale Walsh, 190, Crescent, Iowa. Gate was only $1500.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

SLIGHTLY over two years ago a skinny kid, who was doing time in Uncle Sam's army, drifted into Houston while on furlough, looking for a chance to box a prelim and earn a few dollars to help make his vacation more pleasant. He drew a local lad, Raymond Serrano, and although he displayed a lot of hitting power for a couple of rounds, he was woefully green and out of condition. After both fighters had visited the canvas several times, the brawl was called a draw.

A few weeks ago, that same lad returned to Houston, but it was a far cry from his first visit, for LEW JENKINS had returned the lightweight champion of the world, bringing the first title to the Lone Star State since Jack Johnson lifted the crown from big Jess Willard.

Lew Jenkins is a living example of the old story about being able to get a boy out of the country but not the country out of the boy. The champ is a modest, embarrassed youngster who doesn't seem to know just what to do when hordes of admirers and well wishers gang him, hence the reason for his tremendous personal popularity.

This writer has been very close to Jenkins since he pulled on his first glove and always knowing him for the swell kid and great fighter that he is, we were naturally elated at his victory over Ambers. Your humble correspondent flatly predicts that Henry Armstrong won't last as long as did Ambers and there are plenty other Texans who feel the same way about it and will be backing that judgment with plenty of long green folding cash.

ODDS AND ENDS: Texas has a real heavyweight prospect in Jack Marshall who went over big in New York . . . . Also another in Babe Ritchie, big Lubbock puncher. Ritchie, who is being trained by Tony Herrera, former lightweight star, has come a long way since his defeat at the hands of Max Baer last year. The Babe exhibited a marked improvement in his ring technique in ko'ing J. D. Turner, for the state heavy crown . . . . Willie Neyland, colorful local welter, who is so good there is practically no competition for him here, is planning a campaign in California. Neyland needed less than a round to flatten Fredrico Flores at El Paso . . . . Red Hutchins, the Southwest's top featherweight, tried to give away 12 pounds to welterweight Raphael Esparza, but the handicap was too great . . . . J. K. Read and his efficient matchmaker, Paxton Dent, have El Paso going nicely with good well-balanced cards . . . . Charles Cravotta, member of the 1932 American Olympic team, has opened a fight club in Houston and appears to be starting off well . . . . Note: Keep your eye on a New Orleans welter, named Jerome Conforto. He has what it takes.

If there is a better featherweight in the world than Jimmy Perrin, we would like to see him . . . . Personally we don't believe there is . . . . Alex Romero, sensational Mexican lightie, is a hit in El Paso . . . . Ervin Berlier is being hailed around New Orleans as the "miracle man." He is boxing in even better form than when he was tops among Southern lightweights some years ago. He recently scored one-sided victories over Manuel Villa II, Justo Jiminez and Manuel Azteca . . . . Jimmy Fletcher ko'ed Gabriel Rocha . . . . Battlin' Sam Richards has a successful all-colored club going weekly in Houston. Buddy Millard, Bill Bassett, "Pork Chops" Alexander, Baby Jack Thomas and others are the top cards . . . . Elby Pettaway is back in training after a month's rest. Elby handled by Hugh Benbow, former Houston promoter, is far and away the best fistic prospect in the state and should make himself felt nationally ere a year has passed . . . . Carl "Dynamite" Dalio is the deadliest puncher among the local fistic colony . . . . Harry Lane recently took himself a bride . . . . See you next month.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

NEVILLE BEECH, the Memphis Tiger, gained revenge on the local heavyweight hope, Tony Novak, by slashing his way to a merited eight-round victory in the main event of Gabe Kaufmann's great fighting card in Municipal Auditorium.

Beech's courage proved too much for the physically superior Novak, and though there were many dissenting voices raised after the decision, this writer is satisfied that the better man won, though, to be sure, the odds would be against a repetition of the victory were the boys to meet again.

Neville had little to offset Novak's hard straight left, little, that is, except sheer "guts," and that proved ample and sufficient. The Southerner would bull his way inside and hammer Novak about the kidneys, as the local Slav tried vainly to hold or cover up. Novak's sole weapons were a lunging left jab.

The Beech-Novak prelims were of an exceptionally high order, by far the best we have ever seen in Kansas City. The semi-final resulted in a six-round decision to the lion-hearted local welter, Vince McCoy, over Marvin Liddell, classy Indian battler from Oklahoma City. Liddell cut Vince to ribbons, and outboxed him from beginning to end, landing almost at will, but Vince's aggressiveness must have caught the eyes of the judges, who wasted no time honoring the home town boy. We couldn't see it that way. It was Marvin's first loss, and a tough one to take.

Another offensive decision was handed down in the featherweight brawl between Chet Ellis, spectacular local Indian, and Terry Thompson of St. Louis. Terry appeared to have won handily, but Chester walked off with the award.

Charley Dawson, veteran Negro 161-pounder of St. Louis, dropped Lewis "Brother" Jackson thrice in the third round, but Jackson, displaying the courage of a champion, came back to all but kayo Charles in the fifth. Dawson got the duke. Jackson is still Kansas City's most promising Negro battler. He has everything.

Harry Mills, crafty welter, broke his left hand in the second, but had enough left to outpoint spunky Al Dorlac of St. Louis in 6.

Bus Breese is keeping things going in Hutchinson and Great Bend, with a promising 150-pounder, Billy Moyer. During the month Moyer won a close duke from Elmer Allen Carson, Kansas City Negro, and outpointed Battling Chino Lopez, who was also stopped by Promoter Breese in eight. Breese beat Billy Ward in Great Bend in addition to his Hutchinson win over Lopez. Don Matthes, promising Hay, Kansas, welter, continued undefeated with a couple of nice victories.

A few more tough brawls like the one with Beech will help Tony immeasurably . . . . Young Beech fights almost exclusively on inspiration at present, but there is nothing to prevent him from cultivating a little technique to go with his great fighting heart . . . . The Beech victory leaves Irish Dan Dowling as this section's top heavyweight . . . . Dan floored Beech three times in defeating him down in Memphis . . . . Marvin Liddell is a graduate of Oklahoma City University . . . . he was accompanied here by Manager Rex Graham and heavyweight contender Junior Munsell, princely fellows . . . . Liddell lacks a punch but is a capable orthodox boxer.

Vince McCoy, who was given his Xmas on the 20th of May against Liddell, is a real fighting man, and he can sock with that right hand, but he, too, has worlds to learn . . . . We are glad to see that Colleague McIntire is knocking people out again . . . . Bobby may yet hit his stride . . . . Lewis Jackson, decked three times by Dawson, didn't stir until the count of seven the second time down . . . . when they get up and finish a fight and all but knock the other bird out after being flattened like that, they've got something . . . . Our address is 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kas. . . . . fans and fighters write to us, also you promoters.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

ALTUS ALLEN, nineteen-year-old protege of Sol Butler, received the opportunity of a lifetime and came through with banners waving when he scored a ten-round kayo over Johnny Paychek. Allen, the bronze sepia puncher, showed vast improvement in beating Paychek in at least seven of the ten rounds in a Chicago Coliseum feature, which was supported by three additional ten-rounders.

As early as the second round, Allen gashed Paychek's left ear with a damaging right-hand blast. In the ninth frame, Paychek had Allen in distress from sharp left hooks followed up by cross right-hand counters. In this round Paychek closed Allen's left eye.

In the tenth round and final chapter of this sizzling contest, Allen planted a right squarely on Johnny's jaw, flooring him for a nine-count. Johnny arose and Allen set sail and finished his man. Allen scaled 179 to his opponent's 189 pounds.

In the semi-windup, Nick Castiglione, West Side Italian lightweight, won a slashing ten-round decision over Yucatan Kid from Mexico. In the first heat, the Yucatan Kid dropped Nick for a two-count, but in the second, Castiglione, rugged 135-pounder, crashed home a heavy right that dropped the Mexican in his tracks. He barely beat the count and then was dropped for another nine-count two more times. The balance of the fight, eight rounds, was mild in comparison to the first two sessions.

In a third ten-rounder, Willie Joyce, sharp-shooting Gary, Ind., lithe colored battler, gained over Joey Silva, crosseyed but rugged Mexican pummeler. A cut eye caused the referee to stop the bout in the eighth round. They are also lightweights.

In the fourth ten-rounder, Anton Christoforidis, Greek middleweight champion of Europe, won on a T.K.O. over Jimmy Burns, game but thoroughly outclassed 160-pounder from Philadelphia, Pa., in the sixth round.

The four-round opener revealed George Kontopolis, another Greek battler, this one a Chicago-born welter from the West Side, fight Annunzio Ferrara of Milwaukee, Wis., for four heats to a draw.

Some 3,300 fans contributed the sum of $4,100 into the net till, leaving Promoter Alex Veck with a shortage of an approximate $200.

Johnny Barbara, who has registered into the top bracket of the welterweight ranks, following his double victory over the socking slav, Fritzie Zivic of Pittsburgh, is the most improved fighter.

Altus Allen belted Italo Colonello's eye aplenty, causing the referee to intervene and to award the bout to Allen. This gave Allen a total of nine wins in twelve starts. He then made it ten by beating Paychek.

Carl Vinciquerra, heavyweight from Omaha, Neb., in a comeback, stopped Tommy Johnson of the southside in the second frame of a bout slated for five rounds. In the four-round prelims, George Feltes, Milwaukee, Wis., 150-pounder, beat Johnny O'Hara, formerly Rock; Jimmy Cagney of Rockford, Ill., beat the aggressive Jimmy Santori, lightweight, and Tito Taylor, Southside welter, laced Tommy Speigal of Milwaukee, Wis.

Leo Rodak, masterful boxer, now scaling 132 pounds, won a well earned victory over Jackie Wilson, the Pittsburgh Phantom, at the end of 10 rounds. They have met five times. Rodak won twice. The other three ended in draw verdicts, two at ten rounds and the other in fifteen rounds.

Johnny Pleasant, '39 Golden Gloves lightweight champion, scored another win when he triumphed over the veteran Eddie McGeever, of Milwaukee, in the eighth. In the fours, Matt Dougherty, Milwaukee (Ring Scribe), won over Jimmy Cagney. They are lightweights. Harry Fredricksen, Logan Square middleweight, conquered George Amorine and Paul Frazier, nifty boxer, but brittle chin catcher, defeated Mike Sherman Edwards.

Frankie (Kid) Covelli was stopped by Petey Scalzo in the sixth round in an N.B.A. championship bout. This bout was held at Washington, D. C.

George Morelia, fiery Mexican hailing from out Texas, surprised Chicagoans with his startling ten-round victory over the highly-touted Willie Joyce, at the White City Club, under the promotional helm of Alex Veck. This lightweight battle captivated the fans.

In another main event, this one being the top-bout of ten four round active settos, Don Siegal, '39 All-American tackle from Michigan University, stopped Tommy Johnson, in the second round.

Jimmy Bivins, sensational Cleveland, Ohio, sepia punisher, who scales around 157 pounds, dropped the agile Paul Frazier, for the count in 57 seconds of the opening stanzas. A hectic right to the chin spilled Paul for a nine count and when Paul got up he was jolted for keeps.

In the windup, Leonard Bennett, hard-punching Detroit welter, outpunched the rugged Tony Motisi of the C.Y.O., in ten. In other matches over the four-round route, Johnny Balmer, Peoria 140-pounder, beat Ralph Guajardo; George Feltes, Milwaukee, repeated a previous win over Benny Rooster, Westside Chicagoan, and Lou Campbell beat Frank Greene, in a heavyweight match.

Mike Krismas, light-heavyweight, and Billy Seward, both fighting out of Chicago, won over Fritz Meier and Matt Dougherty, the latter along the kayo route. Two other Chicagoans, Eu Eulien and Johnny Williams, welterweights, were defeated, the latter also by the knockout route. These bouts were held in Milwaukee . . . . Carl Vinciquerra of Omaha, Neb., defeated Arne Anderson of St. Paul, Minn., at Omaha, Neb., in 10, and defeated by a knockout in one round, Lou Campbell in Chicago.

In other bouts on the above card, Johnny Pleasant, lightweight from the southside, stowed away Phil Latona, in the initial round, and Henry Wacker of Taylorville, Ill., drew the curtains for Willie Muldune, heavyweight from Cleveland, in one round. In the opening session, Billy Seward of Ingomoor, Mont., stopped Ralph Guajardo, Mexican 140-pounder, in the second heat. In the only bout to go the required distance, George Amorine of Newark, N. J., middleweight, beat Jake Carter of the southside, in four rounds . . . .

Vito Rizzo, featherweight protege of Jimmy Christopher's, will make his entry into the professional ranks shortly.

A CORRECTION: Paul Frazier spilled Mike Krismas in round three instead of the other way around as mentioned by me previously. Also Billy Seward stopped Jimmy Mason and not vice versa.

Billy Marquart eked out a victory over Sammy Musco at Omaha, in six rounds . . . . Memphis Red is now training the agile Star Harvey, who met with unbeatable success last summer. Harvey fights in the light-heavyweight bracket . . . . Tony Musto, Blue Island's "Baby Tank" punch of maul, is hankering for a shot at Altus Allen. Manager Bob Capocy says that his other battler, Tony Reno, is well liked by New York fans who have watched him in training. Reno is a 147-pound entrant.

For information on fight news in Chicago, write to Gene Engel, 180 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

THE meteoric rise of Dan Dowling was halted, temporarily, by Kansas City's Tony Novak. Time does not permit our getting the gorier details other than the fact that it was a four-round kayo. As our colleague, Dick Carter, was probably in at the kill, we refer you to his space for the lowdown. The big fellow has missed Otis Thomas and news that Thomas is soon returning from the coast, will be welcomed in Dan's camp. The heavyweight situation remains unchanged as a result of Dowling's defeat, or rather it is right back where it started. Beach was beaten decisively by Dowling. In turn, the Memphian stopped Novak. So, by finishing off Dan, Novak pulls back up even at the turn. Or how do you see it?

Paul Spica's intra-state Golden Glove operation was a huge success from the artistic standpoint. Paul may not have made any money but his show was really a humdinger. Our boys won all but two of the state titles though they were hard pressed in every bout. Even the incomparable Haire met a tartar and Art Cooper squeaked through by the skin of his teeth. Ray Standifer was giving Jim Richie a fair enough argument when the latter nailed him with an eight-inch right hander that ended the contest like that. On behalf of the RING, this department presented a trophy to the outstanding amateur since the Golden Gloves' inception. Leon Haire, obviously, was on the receiving end—for a change.

Missouri in general and St. Louis in particular, received a staggering blow when Chairman Russell Murphy and Frank Foss, chief deputy, saw fit to resign from their fistic positions. During the tenure of these men, boxing was dedicated to the proposition of sportsmanship and wrestling was relegated to its proper estate. When we called on Mr. Murphy's apparent successor, Col. John Griffin, we were told that the good, gray colonel had yet to accept. He will undoubtedly have done so by the time this piece is available. We hope he won't be influenced by outsiders. In short, if the state decides to recognize any of the current, bogus titles flitting about, or create new ones, or permit wrestling to be called anything more serious than an exhibition, you will know that Tom Packs is commissioner without portfolio.

INFINITESIMALS: Not a line did the *Globe* run on THE RING'S award. The award went to Mr. Haire. But THE RING mentioned the *Globe's* award. It went to Mr. Buese. Mr. Haire has accumulated three city titles, three state titles, one AAU title, one intercity title, two international titles in three years of campaigning. If that adds up to ten, and we think it does, we might add that Mr. Haire has won ten more titles than has Mr. Buese over the same period. How the color of an object reduces the stature of a subject, or vice versa. The *Post-Dispatch, the* paper here, stood up as usual.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

TOOTS BERNSTEIN lived up to his agreement in sportsmanlike fashion and laid his state middleweight crown on the line for his return engagement with Tony (Cianciola) Martin. Since their first setto more than a month previous, the fans had been demanding a rematch. Uncle Bill Mitchell arranged the details and the principals prepared for another hectic session.

In as thrilling a battle as has been seen here in many months, Cianciola reversed his former defeat and scored a knockout in eight rounds of fierce milling. The bout was stopped after Bernstein had courageously pulled himself erect from three knockdowns.

Bernstein suffered a bad cut in the early rounds, but not until the fifth was his defeat inevitable. They started with a flurry and brought the crowd to its feet with their willingness to trade punches. Bernstein landed the majority of the blows, but Tony's periodic right hand blasts evened matters. As the fight progressed, Cianciola's grenades were landing more frequently and were taking their toll. In the fourth Toots was down for a nine count. In the eighth Tony turned his right hand loose and it worked havoc until the referee intervened.

George Nyberg continued his fine work by knocking out Ralph Leslie in the semi-windup. The bout was stopped after Nyberg had outclassed Leslie for three rounds. Leslie is in the midst of a comeback after a long layoff.

In the preliminaries, Billy Seward flashed the same lethal attack he displayed several weeks ago and stopped Matt Dougherty in the second. Ray McKnight had litle trouble with safety-first Eu Eulien of Chicago, left handing him for a four-round decision. Jimmy Pierce made his professional debut in auspicious style by knocking out tough Johnny Williams of Chicago in three rounds. Mike Krismas of Chicago beat Fritz Meier in four. It was Meier's first start in nearly a year. In the opener, Don Goldberg swung his potent right on Kelly Ward's jaw, offset the more skillful attack of his opponent, and scored a second round kayo. The attendance of 3,000 paid $2,500 to see the card.

FROM THE PRESS ROW . . . . Tony Cianciola trained at Minneapolis under the watchful eye of his manager, Ernie Fliegal, for the Bernstein bout . . . . Joey Spiegal is overlooked on local cards. He is a regular performer at Chicago. In his latest starts he beat Ralph Guajarda and lost to Tito Taylor and Johnny Balmer. Balmer also beat Annunzio Ferrara . . . . Ferrara and Spiegal would make a splendid match. Spiegal beat Annuncio when they were both beginning . . . . Amateur promoters are trying to match Omar Crocker, former intercollegiate champion, and Savior Canadeo, international champ. Fans loyally back their respective champion in heated arguments, which indicates the match would be a sellout . . . . George Feltes beat Johnny O'Hara at Chicago . . . . Eddie McGeever lost to Johnny Pleasant in the eight-round semiwindup on the Rodak-Wilson card at Chicago. Rusty after a nine-month layoff, McGeever outboxed the Chicago colored lad but did not hit his stride until late in the fight.

OWING to restrictions on the importation of American magazines to Australia, Australians are urged to subscribe to The RING as that is the only way they will be able to obtain this magazine until the ban on American publications is lifted.

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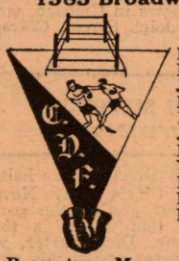

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

BILLY "THE KID" CONN took most of the play in our state last month, winning the decision over rugged Gus Lesnevich in a fifteen-round bout in Detroit's Olympia, successfully defending his light-heavyweight crown. Gus was highly regarded around this section, and plenty of the ringwise figured him for the next champion, but Conn had just too much on the ball.

Jimmy Webb, Chris Dundee's classy light-heavy, whipped Willie Pavlovich on the Conn card. Other bouts saw Don Seigal kayo Sandy MacDonald, Bob Smith win over Wee Willie Williams, and Jimmy Edgar's sensational pro debut with a kayo in one round over Billy Starkell of Flint.

Marty Simmons, busy light-heavy from Saginaw, saw service the past month, dropping a ten-round decision to Nate Bolden in Chicago.

Don Seigal, the former University of Michigan football star, has impressed as a puncher. In a Fairview Garden feature, Seigal kayoed Spike Franks in the third round after being decked for a nine-count in the second.

Eddie Scott, classy colored feather, has been doing well lately. In bouts for Walter Sharp at the East Side Fairview Club, Scott whipped Billy Eddy and Jerry Fingers.

The suspension of Benny Goldberg has been lifted. At this writing it looks like the flashy little Jewish bantam will test his boxing skill against the acknowledged punching power of Wee Charlie Parham soon. Parham holds the state title.

Billy Bengal and Joe Sutka, local middleweights, who have been rivals for some time, fought the same night, but not against each other. Sutka whipped the hard punching Al Tibbitts in a Chicago eight-rounder, while Bengal drew with the veteran Jackie Burke in Salt Lake City, Utah, over the ten-round route.

An all-star card was run in Pontiac. Jolting Jawn Whiter whipped Lou Thomas in eight rounds, and John Henry Thomas stopped Eddie Mader in four of the semi-final. Speedy Johnson decisioned Joey Michielove in a six. Other bouts saw Loy Henry whip Bud Dwyer, Eddie Scott beat Pat Thomas, and Landis White and Ed Pierz draw.

Irish Pat Thomas won over Jimmy McCormick in a six-round headliner at Fairview Gardens. Tommy Morris, shifty Indian featherweight, outpunched K. O. Green in the semi-final.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight doing good work around New York, carried too many guns for Jimmy Fantini of the Bronx, and decked him seven times before the referee called a halt in the fifth round.

Young Kid McCoy, Dearborn's "Golden Boy," turned in a fine performance in battling Paul Junior to a draw in Portland, Me. McCoy flashed a fine style, and had the Maine veteran in trouble on several occasions. The distance was ten rounds, McCoy's third bout of that distance.

In bouts at the Fairview Gardens, Mickey LaTeur decisioned Len Nelson and was stopped by Johnny Ryan. Harvey Dubs outpointed Mickey Wilson and Ace Langley defeated Harry Goodrich. Bobby Neal won over Langley, and Rudy Kozole dropped a decision to Perry Mason.

Gene Molnar, former favorite at the small clubs in this locality, is back in New York after some months spent in Florida. In his last Florida bout Gene whipped Irish Johnny Dean. In Yonkers, N. Y., Gene surprised by winning handily over Walter Franklin, classy boxing Bronx middleweight. Gene holds a win over Steve Belloise and a draw with Vic Dellicurti.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JIMMY BIVINS, that smooth, pantherlike kid from Cleveland, scored his ninth straight win in as many pro fights when he put the snore on Paul Frasier of Chicago in fifty-seven seconds of the first round. Bivins is the kid that your RING scribe has been raving about as being the outstanding middleweight in the business today. Bivins is under the direction of Claude Shane, well-known sportsman from Cleveland, and Wilfred Carter, better known as Whiz Bang Carter.

A natural bout for Cleveland is in the making. It is between Jimmy Bivins and Jimmy Reeves. These kids were both in the same stable as amateurs. Since turning pro, Reeves has boxed fourteen times, with only one loss, and that to the former champion, Teddy Yarosz. His last win was over Solly Krieger, former champion of the 160-pounders. Bivins has had nine bouts, not a single loss.

The local sport writers think that the bout should be made and I imagine it will not be too long before the two will go to the mat.

Solly Krieger, former champion, came into Cleveland to take a ten-round pasting from Jimmy Reeves at Bob Brickman's winning show at Public Hall. It was Reeves all the way with the exception of the fourth round, which you might have given to Solly. The Buddy Knox-Henry Cooper bout turned out to be a rather dead affair. When Knox received the duke, a near riot broke out when a couple of gamblers who lost some dough on the bout took a poke at one of the boxing commissioners. Anyhow, the decision was booed plenty.

Georgie Toy, sensational Chinese lightweight, who won the National A. A. U. title in 1939, won his fourth straight bout as a pro when he kayoed a kid out of Detroit by the name of James MacIver. Toy is a good prospect.

Joey Pirrone won over Steve Calla in a five-rounder. The first time they met, Pirrone had Calla out at the bell in the first round, but Steve came back to stop Joey in the fourth. In the rematch Pirrone won the duke after having Calla down in the second. Norm Reigel of Lorain, O., defeated Boom Bobby Berry in a good four-rounder. Al Sivillo beat Ruel Schockley in another four.

Akron, O.—Jack Wofford stopped the winning streak of Joe Horvath of Akron by getting the nod at the end of ten rounds; Big Dan Merritt of Cleveland knocked out Frank Wilcox in two rounds. Jimmy White of Cleveland kayoed Pancho Ortez in one. Billy Burke kayoed Clem Richards in three rounds. The bouts played to a large crowd.

Lorain, O.—Norm Reigel stopped Cleveland's Charley McCarthy in the seventh round. There was some question as to whether or not McCarthy was really out. The referee claimed Charley was still down when he reached the count of ten. So it goes on the books as a kayo win for Reigel.

News comes from Conneaut Lake Park in Pennsylvania that Frankie Elia is operating the Sportsman Tavern as well as an amateur boxing arena across from the Tavern. It is the old site that Max Schmeling used for training quarters when he stopped Willie Stribling at the Stadium in Cleveland.

Less Huffman of Columbus is raving about his sensational featherweight, Jackie Taylor, and by the looks of his record he has a right to do that. Taylor has boxed thirty-one times and lost but two. He recently defeated Pete DeGrasse at Dayton, O. Less also has a good middleweight in Roy Ross.

Jackie Carpenter! Put that name down in your book. He is a long, lanky kid, who weighs around 150 pounds. Can punch with both hands, has had but eight bouts as a pro and won these handily. He stands six feet, one inch tall and is about as wide as a cue stick, but he has something that has everyone around Columbus talking. He is under the direction of Ray Bartlett, who manages little Freddie Pope, another great prospect.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Tommy Thompson is promoting amateur shows in Conneaut, Ohio . . . . Sam Grippe is teaching boxing at the Centers in Ashtabula . . . . Dick Deutsch is planning a new arena called the Coliseum which can seat 4500 fans. He states that they will run weekly shows next fall . . . . Bob Brickman, who now is the only promoter in Cleveland, says he will run weekly shows at the Central Armory next fall, besides the big shows at the Public Hall . . . . Jimmy Avon and Tony LaBranche are promoting a small amateur fight club and are doing OK. . . . . Johnny Papke has reopened his Punch Bowl for amateur shows . . . . Phil Soloman is back from California . . . . Frankie Wallace is still a busy little fighter . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 414 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE rise of Joe Louis has brought a revival of Negro fighters in all eight divisions. Perhaps the two outstanding boys developed in middle western ring circles, are heavyweight Buddy Walker of Columbus, O. and lightweight Herschel Joiner of Cincinnati. Walker staged a "blitzkayo" in his home town, over the Lou Thomas of Indianapolis. Buddy bombed out Thomas in the fourth session.

At Cincinnati, Joiner demonstrated that his T.K.O. victory over Freddie Miller, former feather champ, was no fluke, when he handed out a nifty lacing to heavier Johnny Stevens, the southpaw, in ten sessions at Music Hall arena.

Ray Bartlett, the Columbus, O. manager, is putting in the rings toward national renown with his two aces, Jackie Carpenter, a cutie welterweight and Freddy Pope, the best bantamweight this part of the country has produced in moons. Carpenter knocked out Kid Ash in three rounds on the Walker-Thomas card, this being his sixth knockout in eight starts, winning 2 decisions. He is slated to make his main event debut on May 27 in Columbus. Pope is just recovering from a badly injured hand and by the time this goes to press, Freddy will be back in harness and ready to go again.

Bartlett also has a nice looking colored lightie in Charlie Bell, a former amateur sensation. The Columbus manager is one of the best liked pilots in this territory.

With the 1940 outdoor season on, it looks like Cincinnati will have three promoters in the field. Benny Becker plans to operate at the air cooled Music Hall arena. Bobby Evans is sure to promote several big time matches and Walter Nichols made his debut at the Parkway Arena on May 29.

Bob Thomas and Young Harry Wills, Cincinnati Negro heavyweights, made impressive showings on the Walker card in Columbus. Thomas surprised in winning a six round decision over Buff Mellinger and Wills did likewise in holding the veteran Unknown Winston even in the same number of sessions. George Kirsch of Akron won a four round decision over Charlie Ketchell, Columbus heavy in the opener. The card was staged at Haft's Acre.

At Louisville, Ky. Buddy Wright and Kid Brock battled to an eight round draw in the main event. Jimmy Fox, Cincinnati won a six round decision from Pat Crowder. Chief Wahoo Twohouse scored over Jackie Shaw in 4 and his brother Chum Twohouse knocked out Johnny Oller in 2 rounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . my new national and international publicity services for managers of fighters and for independent fighters and promoters, is going good . . . . those seeking publicity should contact this writer, JIMMIE AMANN, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . This address also available for those persons interested in securing my fight result service semi-monthly for the small fee of one dollar per year. . . . Since Little (Sonny Hatsme) Ceferino, the Filipino bantam from Dayton, returned from California where he knocked out M. Freitas in 2 and lost on a T.K.O. to Jackie Jurich, former flyweight champion, the little fellow has been pretty much in demand.

Syd Fishel of Washington, D. C. is looking for action in these parts . . . . as is Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill. . . . . Less Huffman's Jackie Taylor, is a sure shot to fight Dayton's Joe Marinelli on an outdoor card in the Gem City . . . . they fought last fall, with Marinelli ekeing out a very close decision . . . . Walter Red Johnson, Jamestown, N. Y., sensational welter youngster under tutelage of Franky Canzoneri, will soon start on a tour which takes him to New Orleans, Texas and California. . . . Independent boxers of all weights, who have no managerial connections and wish to be booked around this territory, should contact Jimmy Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, O. . . . Be sure to enclose your record and a photo if possible. . . . Buddy Walker, the Columbus heavyweight, drew a forty dollar house about a year ago, and the other night seven grand was checked in the turnstiles. . . . THE RING Magazine can be purchased at all of the leading downtown Hotels in Cincinnati.

Sammy Angott of Louisville won some recognition as world's lightweight champ on the Derby Eve card at Louisville, Ky., when he beat Davey Day of Chicago in 15 advertised championship rounds.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

MAXIE FISHER, the Newark Jewish lightweight, seems to improve with age. He scored his sixth straight victory when he gave a boxing lesson to Young Jack Sharkey of Union City at Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark. Fisher won as he pleased. Maxie took the place of Allie Stolz, who became ill. Now fans are waiting for a "natural" between Fisher and Stolz. Maxie introduced Stolz to the fight game and taught him the fundamentals. They were great friends and both under the same management, but now are separated. Their match should draw at least $5,000 in Newark. Fisher and Sharkey drew a crowd of 3,400 fans who paid $2,961.

Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City lightweight, fought a ten round draw with Teddy Baldwin of Philly at Newark. In an eight rounder Danny Tauriello, Newark Italian, started his comeback by whipping Tommy Fontana of New York and over the same distance Joe Stack of Philly won a very unpopular decision over Morris Parker of Newark. In a six No-No Quevas, Puerto Rican bantam, had a slight edge over Firpo Pedro of Camden.

There will be a new boxing set-up in Paterson this summer. Joe McKenna of New York will team with James J. Braddock. They will run at the municipally owned Hinchcliffe Stadium at prices ranging from 40 cents to $1.25. Braddock is also president of a soft drink company.

Tippy Larkin flattened Frankie Wallace of Cleveland in the fourth at Garfield. In a scheduled ten rounder Mike Piskin, the Freehold farmer, technically stopped Paulie Griffiths of Scranton in the eighth. . . . Hughie Gartland is promoting at the Park View Arena near Schools Stadium in Newark. . . Al De Vito has split with Andy Watts, Al now handling Young Phil Sharkey.

Dave Chacon, whom Jim Brady picked up in Miami Beach, lost his second fight to Red Cochrane at Elizabeth on a card that drew well over $2,000. In the semi final Freddy Archer decisioned the Passaic County favorite, Midget Doyle, in a rough session. . . . Babe Culnan, the Newark promoter, is recovering from an appendectomy. It was the first time Babe ever took a "cut."

Allie Wolfe, brother of the former Newark mauler, Norman the Kid, is planning a comeback. . . . Vito Marsilla expects to have the busiest gym in the country this summer. . . . Bouncing Benny Levine was flattened in Jersey City and decided to stop his comeback, the latest in a series. . . . Lou Halper, the former middleweight, is in the paper bag business. . . . His home town fans are wondering whether Tony Galento will be as strong as ever against Max Baer without the advice of his departed manager. . . .

Joe O'Gatty, Toms River heavyweight now living in Newark, started his comeback training by acting as sparring partner for Joe Louis. . . . Jack Ennis, Asbury Park middleweight, made another in a series of comebacks when he lost the decision to Billy Soose in Pa. . . . Anthony Malanaga is the new boxing inspector in Essex County. He succeeded the late Dan Scarpone. . . . Frank Poreda, Jersey City battler, is also an expert golfer.

Gene Mickens, the Weehawken heavyweight, outpointed Domingo Valin of Oakland, Cal., in eight at Jersey City. Mickens received his first professional training under Joe Jeanette. . . . The Farley clan of Fleming avenue, Newark are great followers of the game and their favorite fighter was Mickey Walker.

There is need in New Jersey for new fighters with good records in all weight classes. Out of state battlers desiring action here should address the writer at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Send 25 cents for a complete list of matchmakers and promoters in this state.

Jim Brady, who manages Dave Chacon, is now booking Kenny La Salle, Texas puncher. . . . Jimmy Marsilla sold Johnny Buff's contract to George Sheppard. Buff went to Mexico where he scored two knockouts and two decisions. . . . The two battles between Red Cochrane and Dave Chacon in Elizabeth drew a total of $4,500 which makes sports editor John Hall of the Elizabeth *Journal* proud of the home city. . . . Ace Ratner, brother of Ernie, will soon make his debut as a featherweight. Ace was caddy for Craig Wood when the latter won the Metropolitan Open.

Jay Macadon, South Orange war horse, is still good enough to fight main events in New York clubs. He jumped in as a last minute substitute for Billy Soose and lost a decision in eight rounds to Vince Pimpinella. . . . Freddy Archer, up and coming featherweight, fought his first main bout in Newark when he outpointed Ritchie Carangelo in eight.

Johnny Juliano, Paterson bantamweight, hasn't lost a fight in all of his 33 pro bouts. He's a favorite at White Plains in New York. . . . Joe McKenna of New York will promote at Hinchcliffe Stadium in Paterson for the outdoor season. Abe Simon reversed a previous decision when he outpointed Eddie Blunt in the opener at Meadowbrook in Newark. Although it rained show drew $1600 gross.

With numerous new clubs being developed throughout the state Vito Marsilla is doing great business at his gym on Market Street in Newark. Most of the leading boxers in New Jersey train there, some coming from a distance of 75 miles every day because of the excellent facilities. . . . Joe Grace has one wish: That is Danny Tauriello soon reverses the knockout scored against him by Johnny Wargo of Pittsburgh.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

PHILADELPHIA has recaptured its place in the fistic sun through the importation of outstanding fighters. Right now there is a keen rivalry between Herman Taylor and Phil Glassman, erstwhile partners. Taylor stages his shows at Shibe Park, home of the major league baseball teams, while Glassman holds sway at the Philadelphia Gardens. Another promoter here who is doing business on a higher scale is Jimmy Toppi. The latter is staging his outdoor fistic duels at the Cambria Stadium and also at Jimmy Dougherty's plot in Leiperville, Pa.

Fritzie Zivic, the Pittsburgh welterweight, seemed to convince the fans that he was going places in the 147-pound field until he ran afoul of Johnny Barbara, the wild bull of Chicago. Barbara scored two awards over the Western Pennsylvanian and established himself as a front runner in the welterweight division.

Al Brown, not to be confused with the bantamweight championship claimant of a decade ago, recently returned here after a successful tour of Australia. Brown claims that the boxing game is going great guns in the Down Under territory. Another Philadelphia fist slinger who still is in Australia and doing mighty fine for himself is Johnny Hutchinson. He is expected back some time next month.

Tommy Cross, local lightweight, in the opinion of Commissioner Leon Rains is the logical man to face Tommy Speigal for the state 135-pound crown. Cross is a fistman who takes them all on and asks no questions, seeks no quarter and asks none. Besides being a wonderful boxer, he is also one of the best showmen around this sector.

Bob Montgomery is another fighter who has caught the fancy of the boxing fans. Properly termed the "Bobcat," this warrior recently elevated himself to stardom when he came within a split second of knocking out Al Nettlow. Montgomery is a fighter of merit and undoubtedly one of the best gate attractions hereabouts.

Another crack colored gladiator is "Perpetual Motion" Bobby Green, as willing a mixer as we ever laid eyes on. Bobby not so long ago had the fans standing throughout ten of the most spectacular rounds of fighting ever witnessed in a local ring when he swapped punch for punch with Al Mancini.

Jimmy Tygh seems to have found himself. Always an underdog in his recent battles, the Tiogo fighter has upset the dope in each of his bouts. In his last four battles he started off by knocking out Eddie Cool, forcing the latter into retirement; then a draw with Benny Bass followed with a victory in a return bout and a conquest over Billy Marquart. Tygh has changed his style of fighting. Previously a careful type, he is today a chance taker of the first water. Which has greatly aided him in his winning bouts and has made him a real gate attraction around here.

Tony Morgano, the southpaw who recently attempted a comeback, was beaten but not disgraced by Billy Maher. Morgano fought a dogged bout and after the battle news leaked out that he fought with an injured ankle. Maher, a protege of Mickey Diamond, would make a good fighter if only he would take more liberties in the ring, instead of being strictly a counter puncher.

Philadelphia fans were mighty glad to hear that Chris Dundee became the manager of a world champion, Ken Overlin, who dethroned Ceferino Garcia from his middleweight perch. Dundee is a native Philadelphian and although he now maintains headquarters along the Great Fight Way, he still is one of our own. Here's hoping that his titleholder holds on to his laurels for many years.

Jakey Friedman, who brought Al Ettore into the spotlight, is now grooming a bantamweight prospect in the person of Johnny Forte, younger brother of Tommy. Critics already acclaim Johnny as a fighter of promise and about ready to tangle up with the better grade of 118 pounders.

Keep your eyes on Billy Mims, a terrific punching lightweight, who recently made the fans sit up and take notice when he knocked out Norment Quarles. Mims cast caution and fear to the four winds against his more experienced and odds on favorite foe to score one of the upsets of this year.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT Carlins Arena, The Century Club showed Charlie Gomer, 138½, against Bucky Taylor, 141, in a return go set for ten rounds. In this Gomer repeated his knockout over Taylor, only this time it only required three rounds. In the semi of six rounds Lambertine Williams, of Baltimore, closed strong in the late rounds to gain the duke over Harvey Massey of New York. In a supporting six, Jimmy Collins still continued to win, when he was awarded the decision over Hitoshi Tanaka.

The featherweight champion Joey Archibald lost his title to the ex-bantam champ, Baltimore's own Harry Jeffra over the fifteen round route. The editor Nat Fleischer acted as a judge, and Arthur Donovan was referee. In the six round semi-final Jimmy Collins added another win to his already long list when he easily defeated Bobby Woods. In a supporting six Johnny Forte, of Philadelphia, proved too much for Hitoshi Tanaka, winning by a technical knockout in the fifth round.

Once again Louis Kid Cocoa hooked up with Billy White in the main go of twelve rounds, and once again they showed to a capacity house that drew three thousand dollars. This time the panther made quick work of the tiger, and stopped Billy in the second round. Cocoa has the best left hand of any fighter today, and with this he set Billy up for the kill, and a right hand flush to the jaw did the work.

In the six round semi, Eddie Finnazo making his first start in some time in a local ring was the winner over a stablemate of White,'s Red Rice. In the other six Frankie Romero, another of George Sheppard's boys stopped Pete LeBianci in the third heat.

Jimmy Collins making his first start as a main bout performer was awarded a T.K.O. against Sammy Laporte when the latter complained of an injured side, and was counted out standing in the ring at the start of the seventh round. In a very hard fought eight round semi, Johnny Forte won the duke over Marius Pitte, of Washington, that saw both boys roughing it up from the first bell. Three four rounders completed the card.

In Washington at The Riverside Stadium, Jorge Brescia and Roy Lazer were featured in the main go of ten rounds, with Brescia being awarded the decision after a very rough fight. Brescia 196½, Lazer 201½. In the semi-final set for eight rounds, Maynard Daniels, of Washington, made quick work of Teddy Martin, of New York, when he stopped him in the first heat. In a supporting eight, Sammy Magro, of Birmingham, won the duke over Baltimore's Vic Finnazzo.

At the Washington Ball Park, Promoter Joe Turner showed Pete Scalzo against Frankie Covelli. Petey went right to work on Frankie and up to the fourth round the fight was fairly even. At the start of the fifth, Pete started to go to town and had Covelli down four times in this heat. In the sixth Frankie went down again, and this time the referee stopped the fight and gave it to Scalzo on a T.K.O. Buddy Scott of Washington won the duke in eight over Felix Del Paoli of Phillie. Carl Guggino of Washington won the nod over Jackie Carter of Miami in eight.

Promoter Joe Turner booked a natural, when he signed up Phil Furr and Steve Mamakos to battle for the Welterweight championship of The District, and before the largest fight crowd in some time, Furr was awarded the duke via a technical knockout in the seventh, when Mamakos was unable to answer the bell. Twice in the second, twice in the third and twice in the fourth, Steve was on the floor, felled by that pile driving right hand of Furr's. Al Gilbert won his tenth straight fight when he stopped Johnny Roach of Wilmington in the third round of a six rounder. In a six Billy Banks won over Buddy Moore, and in another six Frankie Wills won over Eddie Finnazzo.

FISTIANA ALLEY—A manager who deserves a world of credit is George Sheppard, who has about the busiest stable of boys in the game today, headed by that top notcher Louis Kid Cocoa. Others that have shown here are Charlie Gomer, Harvey Massey, Tommy Speigal and Joey Greb. He will be remembered as the pilot of Jack Portney and Lou Raymond, when they were at their best. One of the best prospects that this town has seen in years is the son of the ex-welter champ Joe Dundee. His son Lou with only four professional fights looks like the proverbial million dollars. None of these four fights were soft touches, and he has been victorious in them all, and looks better with each fight. Another that looks very good is the young heavyweight Al Lewis who easily stopped his foe in the first round of his first pro fight. He is being tutored by that capable Frankie Garcia. That classy heavyweight of Max Prock's, Bob Godwin will be ready to return to the fistic wars about the time this goes to press. Mike Kearns heavyweight is still an unknown to the local fight fans. In the gym this boy Jack Hobler looks like a million, and when Mike will send him out, the fans are sure of seeing a classy looking heavyweight. The writer will be glad to answer all letters but they must have return stamped envelope.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, Ia.—The 10-round heavyweight bout between Eddie Murray of Shelby, Ohio, and Cyclone Lynch, Denver, Colo., ended in a draw. Murray scaled 220, and Lynch, 190. In the other bout Frank Jones, Des Moines Negro heavyweight, scored a T.K.O. over Marion Mosley of Fort Madison, Ia., in the sixth round of their billed 10-rounder. Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, stopped Slug Eldridge, of Pond Creek, Okla., in the fourth round. Chet Jones, Oskaloosa, Ia., beat Earl Claybourne, 137, of Des Moines, in the four-round opener.

Waterloo, Ia.—Dishing out a whirlwind attack, Ed Murray, Shelby, O., heavyweight, knocked out Frank Jones, of Fort Dodge, Ia., in the first round.

Sioux City, Ia.—A large crowd turned out for the first outdoor boxing card of the season at the Riverview Park arena under the lights. The card marked the opening of the season with Ted Zanfes doing the promoting. In the six-round feature event, Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City heavyweight, and Red Bruce, Pittsburgh Negro, fought on even terms. In the other bouts Don Swenson, St. Paul, Minn., welter, scored over Al Shapiro, of New York. Jackie Simmons of Kansas City scored a kayo over Ray Penney, Minneapolis lightweight, in the first heat. Levi De Cora and Bob McQuillan fought on fairly even terms. Jack Harding scored over Wayne Armstrong, and Ted Morrison and Chuck Blaine fought a draw.

Lake Park, Ia.—Benny Schour, aggressive Adrian, Minn., lightweight, won a two-round kayo over Buddy Cordemon, of Ringsted, Ia. Henry Schour stopped Ralph Terhark in the second round after dropping him six times. Ralph Schour beat Butch Cordemon in a fast bout. Ray Moyle beat Bones Oris, and Bud Goodell beat Gene Weaver. Promoter Hanson is negotiating with several well known fighters for future cards.

Des Moines, Ia.—Eddie Simms, 200, Cleveland, O., won a 10-round decision over Cyclone Lynch of Denver. In preliminaries, Al Powell, 167, Des Moines, outpointed Mike Mickelson, 180, of Waterloo, in four; Lewis Taylor, 133, of Des Moines, outpointed Tiger Lilly, 135, in four, and Dick Williams, 135, of Melcher, Ia., outpointed Chuck Barratta, 133, of Des Moines, in another four-rounder.

Omaha, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha, heavyweight, scored over Arne Anderson, of St. Paul, in eight rounds. Billy Marquart, of Winnipeg, beat Sammy Musco, Omaha lightweight, also in eight rounds.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . Sammy Musco, Omaha lightweight, returned home after a triumphal tour throughout the Southern States where he met some of the best lightweights in the country, including Lew Jenkins, present lightweight champion, and a host of others . . . . Johnny Goodson, fighting as a heavyweight around Iowa, hails from Ruthven, Ia. . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, scored over Sammy Garcia, of Quincy, Mass., in 10 rounds at New Bedford, Mass., and beat Maxie Shapiro in New York in eight . . . NOTE—Clifford Cochrane, Jr., of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada: suggest you get in touch with THE RING Magazine . . . . NOTE—J. J. Swartz: If anything turns up will head it your way . . . . Joe French. Please get in touch with directors of the tourney at Sioux Falls, S. D. . . . . Al Cohen, of Trenton, N. J., would like to show his light-heavyweight prospect, Larry Lane, around Iowa . . . . Bill Treitus, of Fort Bragg, Calif., sorry, I have none left. Get in touch with THE RING. . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . When writing to promoters, please mention THE RING . . . . If you wish a reply to your letter, cover the postage . . . . In the second outdoor boxing card of the season staged at the Riverview Park arena, in Sioux City, Andy Miller defeated Charley Neaves of Kansas City; Jackie Simmons, of Kansas City, beat Harold Burheim of Sioux Falls; Wilbur DeCora of Winnebago beat Noel Kellison of Sioux City; Levi DeCora won over Al Shapiro of New York; Jack Harding of Sioux City gained the edge over Carl Lauten of Kansas City; Wayne Armstrong put Don Kelly of Sioux City out by the kayo route in the opening bout.

QUAKER CITY TOPICS

With AL PERNO

THE past indoor season has been the best Philadelphia has experienced in the past eight years. The chief reason for the sudden revival of the fistic sport here is the merry war raging between Herman Taylor, Philly's premier promoter, and his former partner, Phil Glassman. Since the dissolution of their partnership last July, each has been trying to outdo the other in their fistic presentations with the result that fans here have been witnessing great fights between fighters of national prominence.

With the Republican National Convention opening in Philadelphia on June 24, there is a strong possibility fans will see the fistic "natural" they have eagerly been awaiting between Bob Montgomery and Jimmy Tygh, rival local lightweights. This bout figures to draw a tremendous gate. Taylor has Montgomery tied up and Tygh's managers, Lou Lalli and Blinky Palermo, are perfectly willing to do business if the price is right.

Bob Montgomery certainly convinced everyone else, if not Al Weill, that he is Al Netlow's master when he trounced the Detroiter in their third meeting at Shibe Park. Weill's remarks to ringsiders following the announcement of the decision got him hailed before the boxing commission. The gate of $11,092.84 was a big disappointment to ringmaster Taylor.

Philadelphia fighters have been going great in out-of-town appearances. Gus Dorazio's victories over Harry Bobo and Wild Bill Boyd in Pittsburgh have earned him a bout there next month with Billy Conn. Wickey Harkins, Germantown welterweight, was rewarded with a shot against Steve Belloise on the Louis-Godoy card, when he clicked at the St. Nicholas Arena against Vince Fratello of Jersey City. Teddy Baldwin, Jack Puggy's clever lightweight, put up a sensational scrap with Billy Beauhuld in Newark and is being mentioned there as a probable opponent for Tippy Larkin.

Phil Glassman's suit against Herman Taylor for an accounting of partnership profits finally came up in court before Judge George Owen Perry, who dismissed the suit and ordered Glassman to pay the court costs. Glassman had sought to establish his claim that the partnership with Taylor extended to the latter's contracts involving Tony Galento, Bob Montgomery and Gus Dorazio . . . . Tony Morgano, a top-ranking lightweight a few years ago, essayed a comeback under the wing of Jimmy Toppi during the indoor season and after four straight wins, lost a close decision to Billy Maher . . . . Tony went into the ring with two bruised ribs and a sprained ankle to save the show and won a lot of friends with his great showing.

Jimmy Toppi closed his fifteenth indoor season by running a big show at Convention Hall with a card made up entirely of local fighters. Jimmy took a bad beating at the gate but came up smiling as usual. Toppi, who has the small club business accurately figured out, has an ambitious schedule planned for the summer, running weekly shows at the Cambria Stadium and at the Leiperville Arena . . . . Jack Puggy and Mickey Diamond had two good wins on the Toppi card when their two lightweights, Billy Maher and Mike Evans, came through with victories over Tony Morgano and Buck Streater, respectively . . . . Prince Henry, popular retired Allentown featherweight, is assisting Charley Ettinger and Curley McFadden in running weekly pro shows at the Allentown Fair Grounds . . . . Mike O'Cue, veteran handler of amateur fighters, recently took out a professional manager's license and has a promising stable of former amateur champions, including Frankie Donato, Lennox Dingle, Johnny Noce and Carl Moss . . . . Johnny Jadich, former junior welterweight champion, is back in the ring game again as trainer for the O'Cue scrappers.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS

By FRED SPETRINI

WELTERWEIGHT champion Henry Armstrong scored a technical knockout over Ralph Zannelli of Providence, in the fifth round in the Boston Garden, in Boston, Mass. Zannelli was downed four times, three of them were for nine counts and one for an eight count. Armstrong weighed 140½, and Zannelli 145½. Joe Boscarino, 148, New York, scored a technical knockout over Nat Bor, 157, Fall River, in the fourth round. George Salamone, 141½, Boston, defeated Maurice Arnault, 136, France. Bell Weinberg, 201, Chelsea, beat Herb Coonan, 185, Rochdale. Bill Tordiglione, 142, Boston, scored a technical knockout over Ticky Ford, 135, Lawrence, in the fourth stanza.

Manny Almeida, Rhode Island's No. 1 matchmaker, has returned to the promotional field and has presented the best fistic talent to the local fight fans but they have failed to realize that Manny is doing all he can to revive interest in the boxing game in Little Rhody. Keep up the good work, Manny, your prayers perhaps will be answered soon. If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' addresses, send me fifty cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. My address: 57 Grove St., Providence, R. I.

Larry "Dynamite" Bolvin of Providence, scored a sensational knockout over Lou Transparenti of Baltimore, at 2:11 of the eighth round in a 10-round main bout at Infantry Hall. A terrific straight right to the midsection and a sizzling left hook flush on the chin ended the Baltimore featherweight's visit to Providence. Bulletin: Keep an eye on Bolvin! Dusty Brown, 132, Fall River, outpointed Leo Dulmaine, 136¾, Webster. Pat Doyle, 131, Fall River, defeated Ollie Barbour,

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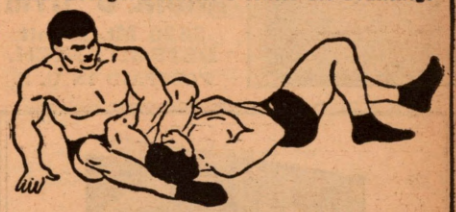

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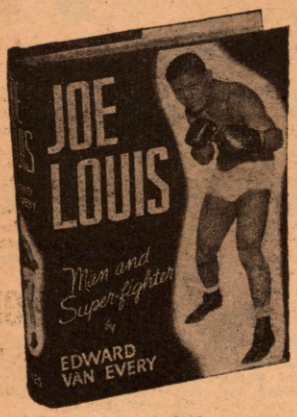

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NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

"IRISH" BOBBY RUFFIN, New York featherweight, scored over Eddie Lander of Chicago in a rousing ten-round bout in New Orleans. Ruffin was awarded the verdict before more than 5500 fans and although the referee and two judges voted unanimously for Ruffin, the contest was close.

Lander, a strong young Jewish lad, appeared to tire in the closing sessions. It was then that Ruffin made his bid and a last round rally, in the opinion of the writer, entitled "Irish" Bobby to the decision. But in bowing in defeat, Lander lost no friends and there is some talk of putting these two youngsters in an encore duel over the fifteen-round route.

Due to the Municipal Auditorium, where the A. B. A. stages their boxing shows, being leased for the month of June to an ice carnival, the next show in the Crescent City will be held July 8. Lew Raymond left for New York during the middle of June to confer with Pete Reilly and Max Waxman. Lew is anxious to close with Reilly for Pete Scalzo's services against Jimmy Perrin and also try and strike a deal with Waxman for Harry Jeffra for a tussle with Perrin in New Orleans.

Scalzo and Perrin, be it for the N. B. A. featherweight title or an over-the-weight contest, would draw from $12,000 to $15,000 and against Jeffra, Perrin would draw as much providing it be a title contest. Right now, thanks to the hard work of Maurie Waxman, pilot of Bobby Ruffin, Pete Scalzo is just about the hottest fistic morsel in these parts. Waxman had Pete Reilly's fighter on the sports page every day when he (Maurie) wasn't boosting Bobby Ruffin.

I can truthfully state that with just an announcement of a Perrin-Scalzo match in the local papers, without any other ballyhoo, they will easily draw the amount mentioned above.

Charley Barrett opened his new boxing club over in Mobile, Ala., June 7, with a ten-round bout between Jimmy Perrin and Paul Tennessee Lee of Indiana. Barrett was assisted in the promotion by Lew Raymond and Broadway Johnny Cox. Barrett plans to run about every two weeks and the place can seat 6000.

Although I have never seen Bob Sikes in action, they tell me Ed Stein of Little Rock has a potential heavyweight threat in the Arkansas youngster.

Sam Slotsky, veteran fight manager and promoter, was a visitor in New Orleans during the month of May and after a short stay the erstwhile pilot of Tracy Cox departed for San Antonio, where he plans to stage boxing shows this summer. Slotsky was one of the few Texas promoters that gave Lew Jenkins work after the latter was flattened a couple of times and Slotsky was instrumental in making it possible for the new lightweight champion to get to New York.

"Lew is apt to tag Henry Armstrong in quicker time than it took him to dispose of Ambers," says Slotsky.

Bobby Britton, welterweight son of the former 147-pound champion, Jack Britton, clicked in big league style last month with New Orleans fight fans when he battled Jerome Conforto to a draw. It was a close fight with opinion about divided. But all agreed that Bobby is tops as a club fighter.

Paul Grey and Promoter Morales resumed Negro boxing in New Orleans during the month of June. At one time Negro boxing in the Crescent City attracted huge crowds but lack of local material hampered Grey and Morales. But a series of new talent shows is expected to bring the Negro fights back to the popularity it once enjoyed.

Nickie Camarata returned last month from Hot Springs, where he took the batch for three weeks. Nick said he never felt better in his life and is now awaiting word from Chris Dundee before heading back to New York for a busy summer campaign among the lightweights.

Ervin Berlier, recognized as Southern lightweight champion a decade back, chalked up another spectacular win on his present "comeback" campaign during the month of May when he got off the floor to register a victory over Manuel Villa II of Texas. A challenge to Nickie Camarata resulted in a tremendous ovation for Ervin, and if the southpaw can win another fight or two he and Camarata will pack 'em in at Lew Raymond's club.

Two new clubs were granted licenses by the Louisiana Athletic Commission in May to stage Negro fights in Shreveport. They are the Sherman-Gordon A. C. and the Johnny Williams Post of the V. F. W. Just write the above clubs in Shreveport, La., and they will receive your mail.

Due to unforeseen happenings during the past few weeks, the writer has been unable to get around to answering mail received from different parts of the country. Same will be answered this month. The writer's address is 1531 Annunciation Street, New Orleans, La.

President Dick Burke and members of the Boxers' Protective Association of Louisiana presented Jimmy Perrin with a beautiful trophy last month as a reward for his brilliant fighting and as a lad who accomplished the most for boxing in the Pelican State during the past year. The B. P. A., started during the latter part of 1939 by Lew Raymond, now boasts of more than 300 members. Prexy Burke and Raymond, along with the board of directors, voted that the B. P. A. will award annually a trophy to the one doing the most for boxing in New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana.

"Bonnie" Geigerman, pal and ardent booster of Leo Rodak, recently returned from a visit to his folks in New York, where he tried to persuade some of the managers of the topnotch lightweights to journey to New Orleans and mingle with Nate Lewis' sterling protege.

"They wouldn't give me a tumble," said Geigerman on his return to the Crescent City. "It looks like they are either too busy or their fighters are on the sick or injured list."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Salt Lake City, Utah: Tiger Jack Fox, veteran Spokane 175-pounder, showed that he still retains a bit of zip on his fast one by knocking over Indian Ernie Collins, a tough 'un, in four heats.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: The veteran Ogden, Utah, welterweight, Jackie Burke, fought a ten-round draw with Billy Bengal of Detroit, Mich. Bengal, a newcomer to western rings, made a big hit in his game stand against Burke.

At Grand Junction, Colo.: Arcade (Windmill) Pearce, 186-pound Magna, Utah, puncher, smashed out a ten-round decision over Ernie Collins, 185-pound Shoshone Indian of Reno, Nev.

Pearce had the redskin on the deck in both the sixth and tenth rounds but was unable to keep him there. Collins had the Utah mauler in trouble several times with his incessant body attack. The bout was one of the first staged in the western Colorado metropolis in several months.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: Still riding the crest of a sensational winning spree, ancient Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane 180-pounder, pounded out a well earned ten-round decision over Al Delaney. Delaney came in at 187 pounds.

At Craig, Colo.: Jackie Burke, veteran Ogden, Utah, middleweight, punched out a ten-round decision over "Rattlesnake Jack" Carson, Mt. Harris, Colo., ringster.

At Sterling, Colo.: In what was erroneously advertised as a bout for the Colorado 175-pound title, Harold Bath, Fort Morgan, outpointed Frankie Mann, a fellow Fort Morgan product, in a ten-round go. The highlight of the battle was the seventh round when Bath floored Mann no less than six times. With all due respect to both Mann and Bath, neither boy has any more claim to the state title than the family milkman. Why the Colorado boxing commission permits practically any and all matches to be advertised as "title" affairs keeps these state championships in a hopeless muddle.

The Denver-dominated state boxing commission has a new member in the person of Charles Bromley, law partner of Tom Morrissey, former commissioner, who resigned to avoid the Hatch "clean politics" act.

The appointment of Mr. Bromley once more clearly emphasized that "politics" more than ability is the determining factor in selecting the men that attempt to run the ring game in this state.

Just why the powers-that-be continue to name only Denver men to the state boxing commission is beyond our comprehension. Fully eighty per cent of the fight cards staged in Colorado are held in the southern part of the state, and I have seen but two cards in the past five years that had a commissioner in attendance. Just why we continue to refer to the Colorado set-up as a Colorado Boxing Commission is a mystery—far better to call it what it actually is—The Denver Boxing Commission.

B.E.M., Waterloo, Ia.: No, Frank Gotch and Jack Johnson never met in a wrestler-boxer contest.

Al Hastings, Phoenix, Ariz.: There are many old books on boxing, such as Pugilistica, Boxiana, Fights For the Championship, In the Days of the Giants, etc., but they are largely in the hands of collectors and are extremely hard to buy. Nat Fleischer, editor of this magazine, might be able to give you some idea of where some of these books may be obtained.

Remember, I have a list of ACTIVE fight promoters in this neck of the woods that you can have for a two-bit piece. By this list I don't mean that I will furnish you with the name of every Tom, Dick and Harry that has taken out a license in the past decade, but it will include those promoters who are staging boxing shows with any degree of regularity.

Also glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry here in the Rocky Mountain region. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel. P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JACKIE DONOVAN has signed for two matches under Mike Jacobs' promotion and thus the young Irishman gets his big opportunity at last . . . . Donovan and his manager, Billy Michael, paid Jacobs a visit in the big town and received considerable publicity in the New York press . . . . Before these lines appear in print our new Civic Stadium will see a wrestling show staged by Jack Herman and a boxing show presented by Charlie Murray . . . , There is really no boxing news amounting to much at present in Buffalo.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

SAMMY GARCIA, making a comeback, was whipped by Everett Rightmire, contender from Sioux City. The Quincy boy weighed 124, Rightmire 126.

Boston—After 10 hard nip-and-tuck rounds, George Salamone and Bob Poison Ivy again wound up even. George looked the stronger throughout, using a left jab and a sharp right to good advantage, while the Poison Kid's aggressiveness and continual infighting offset the East Boston boy's long range work. Bill Weinberg and Herb Coonan fought hammer and tongs for six rounds, with the verdict going to Weinberg. Coonan was down for eight in the first but finished strong in the last frame, landing a series of hard punches to rock Weinberg, but this was not enough to overcome his lead.

Johnny Shkor smothered Armand Roy with punches until the referee stopped the encounter in the fourth. Bill Tordiglione knocked out Bill Connerty in the opening round. Sam Shumway used a straight left to defeat Fred McLean, in six. Tom Casey and Frank Mercurio fought to a six-round draw.

New Bedford—Ted Lowry won by a T.K.O. over Jack Dubois, tough Fall River Frenchman, in eight rounds. Dubois fights around the 150 mark, while Lowry weighs 165. Lowry, who has enjoyed a weight advantage over most of his opponents, should be fighting lightheavies. Larry Baker, 170, Boston, knocked out Sam Shumway, 168, Webster, in two rounds.

Boston—Howell King and Coley Welch battled through ten furious rounds, with King being declared the winner. Welch was the aggressor throughout, giving King a body beating with his unspectacular but effective body attack. King shook Welch several times with a snappy jab and long hooks, but most of them were cleverly blocked by Coley's gloves. How the decision was unanimous for King, we fail to see.

Al Sinibaldi, rugged Berlin, N. H., lightheavy, punched too hard for Joe Piaster, Worcester, knocking him out in the first. Bill Weinberg was awarded a T.K.O. over Al Bouchard, Fall River, in the third, when Referee Jack Johnson, former world's champ, decided Bouchard's eye was in too tough shape for him to continue. Irish Micky Canty, 146½, Springfield, captured the hearts of Boston fans as well as the decision, in giving Tony Gouveia, 148, Brockton, a boxing lesson in four rounds. John Askew, Brockton, won a wild four-round slugging bee from "Wildcat" Grande, Springfield. Al Dutra, Cambridge lightweight, made his pro start by stopping Jimmy Jones, Brockton, in four.

New Bedford—Larry Baker outboxed and outfought Ted Lowry to take every one of the ten rounds. Sam Shumway stopped Joe Delgada in two rounds.

Portland, Me.—Fighting his first battle since his defeat by Armstrong, Paul Junior, 141½, was held to a draw by Kid McCoy, 139½, Detroit, ten rounds. Junior was a shade ahead going into the tenth but McCoy's reserve evened the score on the fading Junior. Billy Lancaster, 151, Portland, defeated Chick Richards, 154½, Boston, in the six-round semi-final.

Boston—Henry Armstrong had a workout at the expense of Ralph Zanelli in defending his welterweight title. Ralph the Ripper started with the do or die spirit and held Armstrong even in the first round, but made a mistake in keeping in close, for the brown flash punched him from all angles while circling around him. For one brief flash Zanelli gave the fans faint hope, just before his downfall. He boxed Armstrong at long range, getting the better of this work, but was too far gone by this time to continue this style.

The referee stopped the fight in the fifth, when Zanelli was helpless against the ropes. At no time was Zanelli threatening and seemed slow and inaccurate compared to the champ. Out on his feet after the second and down for counts in the second, third and fifth rounds, the Providence Powerhouse made a game but futile stand against tremendous odds.

George Salamone, 131½, East Boston, whipped Maurice Arnault, 136, France, in the eight-round semi-final. George forced the fight, outboxed his longer-armed opponent and landed the more damaging blows. On at least three occasions the East Boston boy had the Frenchman dazed by his sharp hitting right. All in all Georgie had the upper hand throughout and never looked better. Joe Boscarino, 148, New York, was awarded a T.K.O. over Nat Bor, 157, former Fall River welter, at the end of the fourth when Bor complained of a fractured jaw. Bor's failure to block Boscarino's right, which found its mark repeatedly, caused his downfall. Billy Tordiglione, Boston, 142, was given a T.K.O. over "Ticky" Ford, 135, Lawrence, when the bout was stopped due to Ford's cut eye. It was a savage, hard-punching duel until Ford's eye, which was cut in the first, caused the bout to end after the third. Wee Willie Weinberg, 201, Chelsea, made it two straight in shading Herb Coonan, 185, Rochdale, in a six-rounder.

FLASHES . . . . In 40 rounds of boxing, Poison Ivy hasn't once been accused of holding . . . . Have you noticed how many N.E. boys are being ranked by Eddie Borden? . . . . The Weinberg-Coonan battle was one of the fastest heavyweight fights seen here in years . . . . According to Al Lefebvre, Tony Dupre can no longer make 118 pounds . . . . This leaves the bantam title vacant.

Tony Petronella is doing a good job with his protege, Larry Bolvin . . . . When in Framingham get your RING at Sterns, opposite the R.R. station . . . . Al Sinibaldi, colorful lightheavy, can be booked through this writer at 28 Front St., Ashland, Mass. . . . . Lew Jenkins once begged for a chance to show in Boston . . . . Slugger White is the current sensation in Fall River.

New Bedford—Ted Lowry, 169, got even for the whipping he received a week before and stopped Larry Baker, 165, Boston, in seven. Pedro Corchado, 140, New Bedford, stopped the winning streak of Jimmy Cook, 137, Portland, by a T.K.O. in the fifth. Tony Costa, Woonsocket, R. I., won a six-rounder over Pat Doyle, Fall River.

Gyms, clubs, barber shops, or any other place where the sport crowd gathers, are urged to keep a RING in view where new readers can look it over. Once they glance at this interesting magazine, they will look for another copy. It's contagious.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

THE big fight of the month in Maine took place in Portland, and saw Kid McCoy, the youthful Detroit lightweight, hold Paul Junior to a 10-round draw. The battle was close all the way, with Junior taking an early lead, and McCoy finishing strong to even it up. Jim Braddock, former world's heavyweight champion, was in McCoy's corner. Other bouts on the card saw Billie Lancaster win the decision over Chick Richards of Boston. Tiger Lambert of Biddeford defeated Johnny Lawless of Bangor; Eddie O'Tash of Dover won over Duke Demers of Sanford.

Coley Welch, Portland's young middleweight, lost a close one to Howell King in Boston, on May 16th. Welch was the aggressor all of the way and in the opinion of the majority present the worst he should have had was a draw.

South Berwick—Flash Dutil, of Lewiston, won the decision over Johnny Mack, of Sanford, in a six-round bout. Jake Desautel defeated Henry Perry of Portland in another six in the semifinal.

Sanford—George Blaisdell, of Portland, won from Clyde Willard, of Rochester, in six rounds, and Harvey Driscoll of Portland and Eddie Latourneau, of Sanford, battled to a six-round draw.

Grand Fall, N. B.—Johnny Lifford, of St. John, N. B., won over Eddie O'Tash, of Dover, in 10 rounds. In the semifinal, Cecil Braithwaite, of St. John, and Johnny Lawless, of Bangor, went eight rounds to a draw.

South Berwick, Me.—Ticky Ford, of Lawrence, Mass., defeated Larry Noble, of New York, in a six-rounder. Other bouts saw Clyde Willard of Rochester, defeat Everett Ladd of Westbrook, and Billie Jordon, of Portland, knock out George Gingrass, of Rochester, in two rounds.

Brunswick, Me.—Lefty La Chance, of Lisbon, knocked out Ernie Burke, of Portland, in two rounds. A surprise victory, which now makes La Chance one of the outstanding featherweights in the state.

St. John, N. B.—Frankie Nelson, of New York, won the decision over Cecil Braithwaite, of St. John, in eight rounds, and in another eight, Johnny Lifford, of St. John, won the nod over Jimmy Cook of Rumford, Me.

Madawaska, Me.—Biff Lemieux, of New Bedford, won over Jimmy Duvall, of New York, in a 10-rounder. In the semi-final, Bob Daigle, of Fort Kent, and Johnny Lawless, of Bangor, battled eight rounds on even terms.

Rockland—Carl Lawless, of Bangor, punched out a decision over Tommy Reagan, of Bangor, in an eight-rounder.

Sanford—Jackie Cole, of Boston, took the decision over Duke Demeres, of Sanford, in six rounds, and in the semi-final, another six, Mal Smallwood, of Boston, decisioned Bill Jordon of Portland.

Brunswick—Eddie Latournea, of Sanford, again defeated Jimmy Duvall, of New York, in a fast six-rounder. In the semi-final, Jackie Davis, of Bath, fought a six-round draw with Schoolboy Green of Lewiston.

Brunswick—Eddie Byron knocked out Carlo Calles, of Portland, in four rounds; Tiger Lambert, of Biddeford, kayoed Young Cote, of Dover, in two; Bill Jordon, of Portland, defeated Sid Dubois in four rounds, ond Bob Thompson, of Portland, knocked out Chick Willard, of Rochester, in two.

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JACK DEMPSEY

GREETS YOU IN PERSON

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT WILLIAMSPORT — The Williamsport Sporting Club, of which Eddie Leroy, former lightweight pugilist, handles the matchmaking, presented the outstanding boxing card of the past month. The show attracted approximately a crowd of about three-thousand people. In the ten-round featured windup, Billy Soose, Farrell, Pa., middleweight, easily outpointed Jack Enis of Atlantic City, N. J. The fight was Soose's most of the way, with Enis doing his most damage "in-close." Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of days gone by, refereed the Soose-Enis match. Harry Balough, New York's premier announcer, worked in that capacity.

In the semi-final of six rounds, Howard Burton, colored clouter from Wilkes-Barre, won a hard-earned decision from Rego Dell, Italian welterweight from Dunmore. Dell staggered Burton in the fourth round with a vicious left-hook to the kisser, but the Negro held on and got beyond the "dreamy" stage. The battle without a doubt was the best action scrap on the night program . . . . Bull Santos, middleweight from Shenandoah, registered the upset of the year when he scored a 37-second kayo over Jimmy Young, highly rated battler from Dunmore. Santos appears as the outstanding prospect hereabouts and should be a big attraction for promoters before the indoor season rolls around.

Joe Bellott, Williamsport welterweight, earned a six-round decision over Johny Gall of Freeland. Bellott had a "shade" of the best of it in a match that had the fans applauding throughout . . . . Billy Dockens, Harrisburg Negro, lost a verdict to Mickey Grandenetti of Laporte. Grandenetti cinched the decision when he floored Dockens for an eight count in the third round . . . . Programs of this kind will be presented Williamsport fans in the future according to Matchmaker Eddie Leroy.

At Scranton—Joe Nealon, veteran Scranton lightweight, engaged in his first local "main-bout" at the Town Hall only to lose an eight-round decision to Pete Kolloff of New York City. Kolloff was the "master" throughout majority of the eight stanzas . . . . Honeyboy Jones, colored Pittsburgh light-heavyweight, won an eight-round decision from Gunboat Davis, local colored glove wielder. The battle was the best of the night, with Jones, having a slight edge.

Jack Munley, Old-Forge, light-heavyweight, lost seven out of eight rounds of his match with Eddie Saxon of Syracuse, N. Y., only to see the verdict rendered in his favor. The fans booed the decision for over twenty minutes.

Chuck Ketchuk, Binghamton, N. Y. heavyweight, managed by Jersey Jones, kayoed Nick Rabin of Allentown in the second round of a scheduled eight. Ketchuk in the Rabin meeting was making his fourth local appearance and showed vast improvement over his previous showing. In the opening bout George Marinko of Swoyersville scored a three-round knockout over Tommie Purcell of Scranton. The show drew a gate of around $1,200, which was below expectations.

At Wilkes-Barre—Billy Speary, Nanticoke featherweight and former National A.A.U. amateur champion, made his first start as a "main bout" performer. Speary was matched with Johnny Forte of Philadelphia in an eight-rounder. The decision went to Speary, who won five out of the eight rounds and one being even.

With Billy Speary in the main event role, the paid attendance exceeded any other gate in the past six years. The show drew a net-gate of $1,300 which being very good for Wilkes-Barre, as in recent years the town has been drawing slightly under the thousand dollar mark.

Ira Hughes, colored heavyweight from Pittsburgh, kayoed Ralph Kosolosky of Pringle-Hill in the third round of the scheduled six-round semi-final . . . . Jack Munley, Old-Forge "biffer" won the six-round deision from Huel Goodwin of Philadelphia. Munley floored Goodwin for an eight count in the third round . . . . Eddie O'Leary, Pringle-Hill featherweight, won a close verdict over Joe Maffie of Philadelphia in a hotly contested six rounder . . . . Bull Santos, fast climbing middleweight from Shenandoah, added another win to his long list of kayo victories by kayoing Homer Jackson in two rounds.

In another Wilkes-Barre boxing show, Frankie Terranova of New York City was defeated in an eight-round windup match by Howard Burton, local Negro. Burton had too many gloves for the New York veteran, and at no time was he in danger. Burton appears to be the classiest thing in the Coal Fields and within due time will be fighting the world's best in his division . . . . Billy Speary, Nanticoke, won via the T.K.O. route by stopping Joey Hoffman of Rochester in the second round. This show was stated by Bill McDade and was the final indoor show, drawing a gate of around a thousand dollars.

At Scranton—Joe Downey, former amateur heavyweight "star," who has been battling with success around Philadelphia recently, returned to his native Scranton to show his fistic wares before a local audience. Downey appeared in the eight round semi-final at the local Armory against Hughie Glynn, local Irish gloveman. After eight "slugging" rounds, Downey was declared the winner, but left the battle pit with "cuts" all over his face which required six stitches to stop the flow of blood. The Glynn-Downey bout was one of the bloodiest ever staged hereabouts in recent years. A return match is in the making and should sell out any local arena.

In the 10-round main event Billy Soose, Farrell, Pa. middleweight, continued his winning streak by pounding out a ten-round verdict over "Irish" Eddie Pierce of South Africa. The match was close and one judge voted a "draw" with the other judge and referee casting their ballots in favor of Soose.

Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre welterweight, won a six-round verdict over Red Greegan of Pittsburgh. Creegan, a protege of Ray Foutts, who accompanied the redhead and worked in his corner with Ray Arcel . . . . Another Foutts protege, Mike Raffa, had better luck in his six-rounder by winning the verdict from Firpo Lopez of Philadelphia. Raffa showed lots of class and is welcome back in the Hard-Coal Field again . . . . In the four-round opener Jimmy Mack of Carbondale fought a draw with Jack Price of Dunmore. Mack, a protege of Johnny Holstein's, looked good and shows promise.

A BIT FOR ALL . . . . Williamsport showed signs of "real fistic life" as a town that can support high-class boxing programs. With Eddie Leroy at the helm the town should again be a good boxing center . . . . Benny Leonard was a great asset to the Williamsport show, on which he appeared as the guest referee . . . . White fighters wanting work in the Coal Regions can contact the writer at 212 Ad Lin Bldg., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Pete Susky refereed the Joe Downey-Hughie Glynn bout, which was one of the roughest matches staged here . . . . Rocky Glen will again be the scene of outdoor boxing. The club will be taken over by the Anthracite A.C. and plans to conduct weekly boxing shows.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

PROMOTERS Art Rooney and Barney McGinnley came out with a natural heavyweight brawl in the top ten-rounder of an all star show at Forbes Field in which Gus Dorazio of Philadelphia won the unanimous decision over Wild Bill Boyd of Seattle, Wash. Both Dorazio and Boyd previously beat our highly-touted Harry Bobo and this looked like a very good attraction, but drew less than 10,000 cash customers and a gross gate of $16,209 . . . . Fritzie Zivic, the Personality Kid, won by kayo over Ossie Harris in the third round of another ten. This was the first setback for Harris as a pro. Irish Jimmy Webb of Dallas, Tex., won the decision after ten rounds with Johnny Kapovich of Baltimore, Md. . . . . Loyd Marshall of Cleveland, Ohio, really beat Tony Cisco of Norristown, Pa., but after the ten rounds the officials disagreed and the bout was announced as a draw . . . . Jackie Conn won the four-round opener over Frankie Marr.

Jake Mintz opened his Hickey Park Bowl with Bad Boy Erv. Sarlin and Jimmy Webb in the top rounder. It was Sarlin's first setback in a long time and his first ten-round affair. It was a good bout and despite the cool evening the opening of the Millvale Bowl drew a house of $1,604 . . . . Johnny Rucker, Negro of the Hill, 134, won the decision after eight rounds with Mike Gamiere of Cleveland in the semi-final spot. Red Dorgan won by T.K.O. in the third round over Jess Glenn of a six-rounder. Lou Pitts won over Pat Grimes in four rounds. Steve Walters took a beating for two rounds of the fourth opener, then in the third won by T.K.O. over Art Canter.

At the Sports Arena . . . . Big Jim Thompson, local Negro, won the ten-round decision over Curtis Sheppard of New York, also colored, at 230. Thompson had a weight advantage of 50 pounds. Thompson scored a nine-count knockdown in the fifth round . . . . Bobby Brooks, Hill Negro, won by T.K.O. over Lon Rutherford in the fourth round of the six-round semi-final . . . . Freddie Bey scored three nine-count knockdowns in the first Tony Costa lost by T.K.O. in the fourth to John Henry Thomas . . . . Lou Pitts easily defeated Frankie Marr in the opener of four rounds. Bill Dummer was the matchmaker and had a fair house.

At the Sports Arena . . . . George Hughes, colored clouter of the Hill, won by T.K.O. in the ninth round over Domingo Valin, of California. Loyd Marshall of Cleveland, Ohio, won by T.K.O. in the second round over George Gano of Trenton, N. J., the referee stopping the affair . . . . Charley Brant, the Sommerset southpaw, was knocked down five times, then in the second lost to Curtis Sheppard, a hard-hitting Negro from New York . . . . Lou Pitts of Homewood won the duke after four rounds with Ted Pritchard a home town rival. A fair house was on hand for Matchmaker Bill Dummer.

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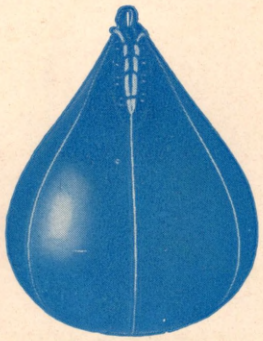

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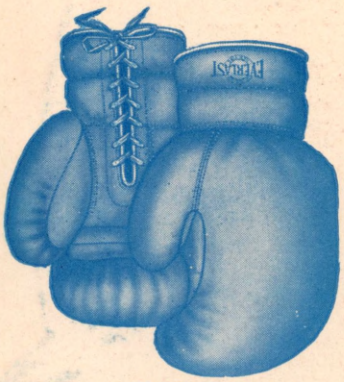

14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE		$ .39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	"	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	"	"	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	"	7.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	"	"	.95
	Special colors to order	"		"	"	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
Add 10% to cash orders for postage.
On Foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

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